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EDWARD HYDE,

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OB. 1674.

MONK'S CONTEMPORARIES.

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

BIOGRAPHIC STUDIES

ON

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

BY

M. GUIZOT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

ANDREW R. SCOBLE.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1851.

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PREFACE.

1658

In the English Revolution, two figures, Charles I. and Cromwell, tower above all others, and fill the history. Among the personages who, though they do not so largely occupy the stage, took a considerable part in the scene, Monk is not the only one who deserves to be closely studied and intimately known. When I published my "Collection des Mémoires relatifs à la Revolution d'Angleterre," I prepared sketches of the principal actors, and particularly of those who were at once actors and historians, similar to that which I had already written of General Monk. I have now collected these biographic studies into a volume; all of them have been carefully revised and completed, and some are entirely new. They constitute, together with Monk, a sort of gallery of portraits, in which personages of the most different character appear in juxtaposition—chiefs or champions of sects or parties, Parliamentarians, Cavaliers, Republicans, Levellers,—who, either at the termination of the

political conflicts in which they were engaged, or when in retirement towards the close of their lives, resolved to describe themselves, their own times, and the part they played therein. In the drawing together of such men, and in the mixture of truth and vanity which characterises such works, there is, unless I am greatly mistaken, abundance to interest persons of serious and curious minds, especially amongst us and in our times; for in spite of the great diversity of manners, contemporary comparisons and applications will present themselves at every step, however careful we may be not to seek them.

GUIZOT.

Paris, March, 1851.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

To dilate upon the character of the present work, after the ample explanation given by M. Guizot in his own Preface, would be superfluous; but a few words in reference to the circumstances under which it was originally composed, may not be out of place, as it belongs to a most interesting period of its distinguished author's career. About thirty years ago, whilst M. Guizot was Professor of History at the Sorbonne, he published some pamphlets on political questions, which gained for him the ill-will of the ministry of the day. Upon this, his enemies sought to drive him from the university, and to deprive him of bread; but their machinations only stimulated him to increased effort, and he nobly replied to their attacks by the publication of his "Collection of Memoirs relating to the History of the Revolution in England." This great work, which extended to twenty-seven volumes, was enriched by him with copious annotations, and biographical sketches of

the various authors whose works he had translated. These sketches he has recently revised and enlarged; and they are now presented to the British public, for the first time, in a complete form.

It only remains for me to add, that I am indebted to my friend Mr. R. M. Theobald for a translation of several of the articles; and that an English version of M. Guizot's new work on the History of Representative Government is in active preparation, and will speedily be published.

A. R. SCOBLE.

London, July, 1851.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Denzil Hollis	1
Edmund Ludlow	29
Thomas May	58
Sir Philip Warwick	72
John Lilburne	80
Lord Thomas Fairfax	109
Mrs. Hutchinson	130
Sir Thomas Herbert	140
John Price	144
Edward, Lord Clarendon	147
Henry, Lord Clarendon	153
Bishop Burnet	157
Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham	171
Sir John Reresby	174
On the Eikôn Basilikè	177
On the Memoirs of James II.	189

MONK'S CONTEMPORARIES.

DENZIL HOLLIS.

[1597—1681.]

In order properly to understand a revolution, we must consider it at its origin and termination—in the earliest plans which it puts forth, and in the definitive results which it attains. In these its true character is revealed; by these we may judge what were the real thoughts and wishes of the people among whom it took place. All that occurs between these two periods is more or less factitious, transitory, and deceptive. The stream winds and wanders in its course; two points alone, its source and its mouth, determine its direction.

Just in this manner, during the course of a revolution, parties are formed and transformed, divided and subdivided, and seize the empire by turns, to lose it again each in its turn; but that is really the national party which appears at the origin and termination of the crisis—which, after having begun the war and endured all its vicissitudes, finds itself, at last, strong and wise enough to restore peace.

This honour belonged, in England, to the Presbyterian party, and to the political, rather than to the religious, reformers of that party. The English revolution, in 1640, took its first steps, and committed its first faults, under the guidance of the Presbyterians; in 1688, it was accomplished and concluded under the banner of the Whigs—a new party, very different from the Presbyterians, but inheriting their essential principles of public liberty and national government. They constituted, at that period, the national party in England.

Denzil Hollis, the younger son of the Earl of Clare, born at Haughton, Nottinghamshire, in 1597, was one of the most

important and honourable members of this party; we meet with him at every step in the events of his lifetime, and all his contemporaries bear testimony to his worth. "He was," says Clarendon, "as much valued and esteemed by the whole party as any man; as he deserved to be, being of more accomplished parts than any of them, and of great reputation by the part he acted against the court and the Duke of Buckingham, in the Parliament of 1628."* Burnet says, "He was a man of great courage, and of as great pride; he was counted for many years the head of the Presbyterian party. He was faithful and firm to his side, and never changed through the whole course of his life. He was well versed in the records of Parliament: and argued well, but too vehemently; for he could not bear contradiction. He had the soul of an old stubborn Roman in him. He was a faithful but a rough friend, and a severe but fair enemy. He had a true sense of religion: and was a man of an unblamable course of life, and of a sound judgment when it was not biassed by passion."†

Hollis's first steps in life seemed to destine him to favour rather than to opposition. When he left college, he was attached to the person of the Duke of York, afterwards Charles I., and lived for some time on terms of the most intimate familiarity with that prince, accompanying him in the chase, partaking in his pleasures, and sometimes even sharing his bed. But he had been brought up by a haughty father, who openly lamented the departed glories of Elizabeth's splendid court, and despised James I., his timid pretensions, his contemptible pride, his avaricious countrymen, and his shameful favourites. "He who fears his enemy does not love his friend,"‡ was the device of the Earl of Clare, and his son remained faithful to the motto. In 1624, young Hollis was elected to represent a Cornish borough in the House of Commons, during the last Parliament of King James, and took an active part in the defence of the public liberties. In the following year, on his accession to the throne, Charles withdrew the seals from Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, a friend of the Earl of Clare. The earl considered himself affronted. The king informed his two sons that he would make them

* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion (Oxford, 1819), vol. i., p. 276.
† Burnet's History of his own Time (Oxford, 1823), vol. i., pp. 166-167.
‡ "Qui inimicum timet, amicum non amat."

Knights of the Bath at his coronation; but both refused the honour. Denzil even declined to take part in a brilliant masquerade in which the king had assigned him a place.* In matters both of business and festivity, in affairs which concerned either the interests of the state or his own personal relations, he already displayed that passionate haughtiness, that fidelity to his cause, his friendships and his enmities, that mixture of popular principles and aristocratic feelings, which were destined subsequently to make him one of the most active founders of that great Whig party, which has done so much for the credit of the British nobility, and for the liberty of the English people.

It was in 1628, during the Parliament rendered famous by the Petition of Rights, that his political activity really commenced; he was then one of the most ardent opponents of the court, the Duke of Buckingham, and all the oppressive measures under which the country groaned. On the 2nd of March, 1629, the Speaker of the Commons, in obedience to the orders of the king, was about to declare the adjournment of the House, and to leave his chair, when Mr. Hollis made him resume his seat, and kept him there by force, saying: "God's wounds, Mr. Speaker, you shall sit still till it please the House to rise."† Charles I. had overstepped his lawful authority; the Opposition followed his example; and both parties hurried rapidly along this fearful road. After the dissolution of the Parliament, Hollis and several others were cited before the Privy Council, for what they had said and done in the House. Hollis was the first interrogated. "Wherefore," he was asked, "did you, contrary to your former use, that morning that the tumult was in the lower House of Parliament, place yourself above divers of the privy councillors, by the chair?"—"At some other times, as well as then," he answered, "I have seated myself in that place; and as for my sitting above the privy councillors, I take it to be my due in any place wheresoever, unless at the council-board." In the course of his examination, he protested that he came into the House with as great zeal for his majesty's service as any one, but added, that as his majesty was offended with him, he humbly desired that he might rather

* Biographia Britannica, in the life of his father, John Hollis, Earl of Clare, vol. iv., p. 2641.

† Hansard's Parliamentary History, vol. ii., col. 490.

be the subject of his mercy than of his power. "You mean rather of his majesty's mercy than of his justice," said the Lord Treasurer.—"I said of his majesty's power, my lord," replied Hollis.* He was condemned to pay a fine of one thousand silver marks, and was sent to prison, where he remained for more than a year. Nearly all his friends met with the same fate, and Charles, thus freed from the parliamentary Opposition, reigned for twelve years with blind confidence, as if the day of retribution were never to arrive.

It came, however, and the Opposition re-appeared in the Parliament of 1640, much more exasperated and powerful than it had ever been before. Charles found himself face to face with, and at the mercy of, those men whom he had treated as insolent and impotent rebels. Hampden, Pym, and Hollis were, from the first, the declared leaders of the Reforming and Presbyterian party, in whose train followed all the future factions, as yet unaware of their own existence, and striving only to hasten forward the general movement. Strafford's trial placed Hollis, for a short time, in a painful dilemma: Strafford had married his sister, Arabella Hollis, and the difference of their political opinions had not interfered with their friendship. As a member of the committee appointed to examine into the charges brought against Strafford, Hollis strove to save the head of his brother-in-law, by attributing his conduct to the pressure of public violence. Secret negotiations commenced between the king and the chiefs of the reform party. A cabinet was projected of which the leaders were to form part, and, when in office, to reform the government according to the wishes of the country. Hollis was to be made Secretary of State. The life of Strafford and the maintenance of the Church were the price of this concession. The king assented to this plan, but soon grew cold, lent his ear to other counsels, and conspired against the Parliament, while continuing to negotiate with it. Whilst the king was hesitating and deceiving, Strafford was accused, judged, and condemned. Another negotiation was then set on foot, that the Commons should rest satisfied with his banishment. Hollis conducted it, it is said, with some success in the Commons. The king promised to go in person, and present the earl's petition to the Houses. Hollis had drawn up the speech which his majesty was to deliver. But the king did

* Hansard's Parliamentary History, col. 504.

not keep his promise, though made sincerely, any more than he kept those which were forcibly extorted from him. Strafford's head fell, and Hollis plunged into the whirlwind which swept over the country.

He was sincere, resolute, and high-spirited. He asserted and defended the liberties of England, just as a gentleman would assert and defend his own personal rights. In his eyes the Parliament was the people, and the House of Commons the Parliament. To secure the decided and continual preponderance of the House of Commons in the Parliament, while paying due respect to the Crown and the House of Lords, was, in his opinion, and in that of all the Presbyterian party, first, the right of the country, and secondly, the only means of abolishing the tyranny of the King, the Church, and the Court. Hollis marched forward to this object, ever in the foremost rank, by all ways, over all obstacles, accepting, that he might surmount them, sometimes the assistance of an insurrection, and at others the subtleties of legists. And when, after two years' duration, the parliamentary struggle ended in the civil war, Hollis no more hesitated to maintain his rights by arms than he had formerly hesitated to assert and demand them. He raised a regiment, took his position, as colonel, in the army under the command of the Earl of Essex, and on the 12th of November, 1642, his regiment, though unassisted, stopped the march of the royal army for some time at Brentford, seven miles from London, and prevented it from falling unexpectedly upon the city.

Neither Hollis nor his party entertained any subversive designs, either against royalty or English society; they merely intended to maintain the legal government of their country; but they were far from suspecting what a difficult and dangerous transformation that government would have to undergo, before the House of Commons could become its mainspring; and their error was to believe that, by appealing to force, they alone would be the gainers, and could measure its employment at their will. When force, however, has once taken possession of society, no one can tell what it will do, whither it will go, or who will make use of it, and with what intentions. There begins at once a series of unlimited and obscure occurrences which surpass the foresight and will of men; occurrences which sometimes ennoble nations and found good governments, but from which contem-

poraries, very erroneously, hope to educe a success much more prompt and personal than the advantage of their posterity.

When the Presbyterians saw that their hopes were deceived they were astounded, and quite unwilling to suppose that their faults had anything to do with their reverses; and soon they found fresh cause for indignation, in the discovery that the Independents, the Republicans, the army, and Cromwell were employing against them the same artifices and the same violence which they had themselves put in practice against the king's partisans. What marvel that one portion of the Parliament believed itself justified in making war against another, when the Parliament had itself made war against the king, an integral part of every parliament! Why should not the Independents have eliminated the Presbyterians from the House of Commons, when the Presbyterians had already eliminated therefrom so many royalists, for no other reason than that they were hampered and hindered by their resistance? The design of the Independents was, it is true, subversive of the entire fabric of English society, and contrary to the wishes of the nation; that of the Presbyterians was moderate and national: thus, one of the two parties passed by like a terrible accident, the other resumed vigour to oppose its enemies, and finally gained the victory. But as for the means employed, as for the illegal and tyrannical use of force, one had opened out the way for the other; it was by walking in the footsteps of the Presbyterians that the Independents learned to tread them under foot.

Parties will never acknowledge such a similarity; and, of his faction, Hollis would have been the last to recognise it, for he was the most passionate of all the moderate reformers. But passion is full of both blindness and penetration. If it conceals faults, it discovers perils. Hollis quickly perceived the gravity of the dangers which the Independents and Cromwell were preparing for the Presbyterians. Peace and the reconciliation of the king with the Parliament were the only sure means of averting them. Hollis was early favourable to peace, as he was wearied with embarrassment and anxiety, and weighed down by the shackles imposed upon him by his recent conduct, the still furious contest, and, above all, the necessity of defending himself against the king even whilst becoming reconciled with him; but he was as ardent and sincere in his efforts for reconciliation as he had been in his

resolution for war. In 1644 he was sent to Oxford, with eight other commissioners, to attempt a negotiation; and on the very evening of his arrival he went, with the consent of his colleagues, and in company with Whitelocke, to pay a visit to the Earl of Lindsey, a nobleman of the king's household, and their mutual friend. The king came to Lord Lindsey's suddenly, while they were there, and, advancing towards them with great affability, said: "I am sorry, gentlemen, that you could bring to me no better propositions for peace, nor more reasonable than these are." "Sir," replied Hollis, "they are such as the Parliament thought fit to agree upon, and I hope a good issue may be had out of them." "I know," continued the king, "you could bring no other than what they would send. But I confess I do not a little wonder at some of them; surely, you yourselves cannot think them to be reasonable or honourable for me to grant." "Truly, sir," said Hollis, "I could have wished that some of them had been otherwise than they are, but your majesty knows that those things are all carried by the major vote." "I know they are," answered the king, "and am confident that you who are here and your friends (I must not say your party) in the House endeavoured to have had them otherwise, for I know you are well-willers to peace." "I have had the honour," observed Whitelocke, "to attend your majesty often heretofore upon this errand, and am sorry it was not to better effect." "I wish, Mr. Whitelocke," replied the king, "that others had been of your judgment, and of Mr. Hollis's judgment, and then I believe we had had an happy end of our differences before now; for I do earnestly desire peace, and, in order to it, and out of the confidence I have of you two that are here with me, I ask your opinion and advice what answer will be best for me to give at this time to your propositions, which may probably further such a peace as all good men desire." "Your majesty will pardon us," said Hollis, "if we are not capable in our present condition to advise your majesty." "We now by accident," added Whitelocke, "have the honour to be in your majesty's presence, but our present employment disables us from advising your majesty, if we were otherwise worthy to do it in this particular." "For your abilities," answered the king, "I am able to judge, and I now look not on you in your employments from the Parliament, but as friends and

my private subjects, I require your advice." "Sir," said Hollis, "to speak in a private capacity, your majesty sees that we have been very free; and, touching your answer, I shall say further, that I think the best answer would be your own coming amongst us." "How can I come thither with safety?" asked the king. "I am confident," returned Hollis, "there would be no danger to your person to come away directly to your Parliament." "That may be a question," said the king; "but I suppose your principals who sent you hither will expect a present answer to your message." "The best present and most satisfactory answer," urged Whitelocke, "would be your majesty's presence with your Parliament." "Let us pass by that," answered the king, "and let me desire you two, Mr. Hollis and Mr. Whitelocke, to go into the next room, and a little to confer together, and to set down somewhat in writing which you apprehend may be fit for me to return in answer to your message, and that in your judgments may facilitate and promote this good work of peace." "We shall obey your majesty's commands," replied Hollis.*

They went together into an adjoining room, and having carefully disguised their handwriting, drew up a paper containing the advice which the king had requested. But their good-will was as powerless as it was dangerous. At Oxford, their advice produced no result. At London, denounced by Lord Savile, a courtier and traitor in both camps by turns, this advice became the text of a serious accusation which was vigorously urged against them, in the House of Commons, by the Independent party. Hollis was the special object of their abhorrence. They endeavoured to separate Whitelocke from his companion, and promised to free him from any evil consequences. Whitelocke had some dislike for Hollis, whose first answers in the House had been, in his opinion, too open and haughty. But, for a man like Whitelocke, prudent and sensible even in his pusillanimity, the hour of defection had not yet arrived. He continued faithful to Hollis, ably defended their common cause, and after a long examination, in spite of the efforts of the Independent party to leave the matter at least in suspense, the House decided that no proceedings should be taken upon the accusation.†

* Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 113 (London, 1732).
† Ibid., p. 161.

From this moment Whitelocke retired from the struggle, and Hollis engaged in it with redoubled ardour. He became the declared and personal adversary of Cromwell, Ireton, and all the leading Independents, attacking them in the House, denouncing them to the people; incessantly employed in predicting their crimes and unveiling their plots; provoking against them sometimes secret conferences, and sometimes public resolutions; and caring little if he envenomed their hatred against himself, provided that his own antipathy, though powerless, had free course.

Accordingly, when the Independents triumphed, when Cromwell became supreme in the Parliament as well as in the army, Hollis was one of the first proscribed. In August, 1647, excluded from the House of Commons, and accused of high treason, he took refuge in France, at Sainte-Mère-Eglide, in Normandy, near the coast; as if he were still determined to watch, from the other side of the ocean, what was going on in his own country, and unable to detach his soul from the cause he was no longer able to defend. For one moment, the battle-field opened to him again; the Presbyterians regained their ascendancy in the House of Commons. Hollis crossed over to England immediately, and resumed, with his former earnestness, his conflict with the Independents and Cromwell, and his exertions for peace with the king. "One day, Commissary-General Ireton speaking something concerning the secluded members, Mr. Hollis thinking it to be injurious to them, passing by him in the House, whispered him in the ear, telling him it was false, and he would justify it to be so if he would follow him, and thereupon immediately went out of the House, with the other following him. Some members who had observed their passionate carriage to each other, and seen them hastily leaving the House, acquainted the Parliament with their apprehensions; whereupon they sent their serjeant-at-arms to command their attendance, which he letting them understand, as they were taking boat to go to the other side of the water, they returned; and the House taking notice of what they were informed concerning them, enjoined them to forbear all words or actions of enmity towards each other, and to carry themselves for the future as fellow-members of the same body, which they promised to do."*

This pacification was as false as Hollis's victory in a duel with

* Ludlow's Memoirs, pp. 94-95 (London, 1751).

Ireton would have been vain. These ardent attacks of the Presbyterian leaders were only a transient gleam, the last flickering light of an expiring party. The power had passed into the hands of the Independents; and Cromwell felt his confidence mount as high as his ambition. "What a sway Stapleton and Hollis had heretofore in the kingdom," he said; "I know nothing to the contrary but that I am as well able to govern the kingdom as either of them."* Four months after fortune had apparently smiled once more upon the Presbyterians, they were expelled *en masse* from the House of Commons; the king was brought to judgment, and Hollis resumed, at Sainte-Mère-Eglide, on the other side of the Channel, the melancholy and inactive life of an exile.

It was during his first sojourn in this retreat, that he wrote his Memoirs, to which he prefixed the following dedication:

"To the unparalleled couple, Mr. Oliver St. John, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, the Parliament's Lieutenant-General, the two grand designers of the ruin of three kingdoms.

"GENTLEMEN,

"As you have been principal in ministering the matter of this discourse, and giving me the leisure of making it, by banishing me from my country and business, so is it reason I should particularly address it to you. You will find in it some representation of the grosser lines of your features, those outward and notorious enormities that make you remarkable, and your pictures easy to be known, which cannot be expected here so fully to the life as I could wish. He only can do that, whose eye and hand have been with you in your secret councils, who has seen you at your meetings, your Sabbaths, where you have laid by your assumed shapes (with which you covered the world) and resumed your own; imparting each to other, and both of you to your fellow-witches, the bottom of your designs, the policy of your actings, the turns of your contrivances, all your falsehoods, cozenings, villanies, and cruelties, with your full intentions to ruin the three kingdoms. All I will say to you is no more than what St. Peter said to Simon the Sorcerer, 'Repent therefore of this your wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thoughts of

* Major Huntington's Reasons for laying down his Commission; in Maseres Select Tracts, vol. ii., p. 405.

your hearts may be forgiven you.' And if you have not grace to pray for yourselves (as it may be you have not), I have the charity to do it for you, but not faith enough to trust you. So I remain, I thank God, not in your power, and as little at your service."*

Hollis doubtless intended to publish his work, and at least to curse the enemies whom he was no longer able to combat. But the trial of the king, the establishment of the republic, the empire of Cromwell, the rapid succession of prodigious events, removed this useless design far from his own thoughts. He did not even continue his Memoirs, and they were not published until 1699, nearly twenty years after his death.

The book is a historic dithyramb against the Independents, written as if the Presbyterians had never had any other adversaries, and had never themselves been conquerors and oppressors. Not only does Hollis confine his narrative to the conflicts of his party against the republicans, the fanatics, and the army, but it appears as if this was all that he had any recollection of, and that the conduct of the Presbyterians, at the commencement of the civil war, was altogether absent from his thoughts. If this great omission be borne in mind, Hollis's narrative is true, of a striking moral truth; and, notwithstanding the vehemence of his resentment, the impetuosity of his language, and the floods of invective which he pours forth, without, however, giving vent at any time to all the anger which he feels, he has not calumniated his enemies. He has supplied us with the most faithful picture that has been drawn of the insolent violence and imperturbable hypocrisy of a party which was both military, demagogic, and devout, animated and sustained by unbridled passions, blind faith, and shameless personal interests.

This party derived a portion of its strength, it is true, from a purer source; for the Independents, and the various factions which were connected with them, had caught glimpses of some truths regarding social organisation and the rights of man, far superior to the political theories of the Presbyterians. But the time was not ripe for the application, or even comprehension, of these truths; they were confused, disordered, and stifled beneath monstrous absurdities, and were as yet capable neither of forming a system, nor of founding a

* Memoirs of Denzil, Lord Hollis, pp. xiii.-xv. (London, 1699).

government. Thus, although they powerfully assisted in securing the momentary success of the Independent party, they exercised no great or lasting influence upon its conduct; and no one need be astonished that Hollis, in common with the noblest spirits of his time, could discern in this party nothing save the passions of an ignorant multitude, and the ambition or avidity of its chiefs.

So long as Cromwell reigned, Hollis resided in Normandy, in sad and dignified inaction, sometimes sharing in the secret hopes and proceedings of the Royalist party, but taking no part in the intrigues of the Cavaliers of the court. Too clear-sighted and proud to lend himself to the frivolous hopes or subaltern schemes which ill-fortune suggests to exiles, he was, nevertheless, one of those who, in their frank and persevering courage, never renounced the idea of serving their cause and combating its enemies. When, in 1659, after the death of Cromwell, England, restored to herself, was compelled to seek on all sides for a government, in the midst of the lassitude and impotent agitation of all the factions which the revolution had produced, Hollis re-appeared at the head of the Presbyterians, who foresaw, and prepared the way for, the restoration of Charles II. He could labour in this cause without abandoning his principles, or belying, in the slightest degree, his past life; as a high-born gentleman and open partisan of monarchy, far from having ever thought of dethroning the Stuarts, he had never ceased to protest against their expulsion. He was, however, one of those Presbyterians who, though desirous to recal Charles II., wished to make terms with him, and impose upon him some of those conditions which his father had so often refused. But the people cried, "The king! the king!" The Presbyterians themselves were weary, and powerless to renew an energetic struggle with the Cavaliers. Monk employed his taciturn ability to prevent any one from hindering the progress of events, and diverting the country from the course which it had resolved to take. Charles II. returned unconditionally. The Presbyterians submitted silently to a defeat as inevitable as its consequences were certain. Hollis was one of the committee who proceeded to Breda to present the king with the homage of the House of Commons. He was specially appointed to be spokesman. At the moment when he was advancing towards the king, Mr. Henry Howard, brother of the Earl of Arundel, roughly interrupted him, saying that it was great insolence in him to pretend to an honour

which belonged to another commissioner, his relative. Hollis haughtily maintained his right; the quarrel grew warm; at length Charles interfered, and requested Mr. Hollis to discharge his commission.* His discourse was an effusion of loyalty and joy, sometimes rising into eloquence, interspersed with very severe reflections upon the fallen authorities and their partisans, and breathing a deep, though repressed, feeling of the dignity of the Parliament.† When Hollis had returned to London with the king, some complaints were raised in the house against the language he had used; the upholders of the republic and of Cromwell, lately so powerful, were still susceptible, and persons had not yet lost the habit of fearing them. The House, however, supported Hollis, and authorised him to print his speech.‡

Six months had not elapsed from this period, and Hollis was sitting in the High Court appointed to judge twenty-nine of those men who had lately been judges of the king and masters of the country, but who now no longer inspired fear, and had not yet become objects of commiseration. As it generally happens, vengeance smote the most courageous and sincere, those who neither denied their actions, nor would humble themselves before their conquerors. Hollis condemned them without scruple or hesitation. They were the same men whom he had zealously opposed when at the height of their power, sitting in judgment upon them even then, and declaring them guilty of the public misfortunes and the ruin of the laws. It never occurred to him that the justice of the laws ought not to reach them, or that they could be bound up with the cause of the liberties of England. However, his language during the discussion of the bill of amnesty proved that, even in the first heat of triumph, he was not favourable to violent measures, or to a spirit of reaction.§

In 1661, at the opening of the Royalist Long Parliament, Hollis left that House of Commons in which he had fought so many hard battles, and was created a peer of the realm by the title of Lord Hollis, Baron of Isfield.

A new career was now about to open before him. He had lived in France, and was well acquainted with the French language. In the House of Commons, whenever any despatch

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 346.
† Hansard's Parliamentary History, vol. iv., col. 36.
‡ Journals of the House of Commons, vol. x., p. 57.
§ Hansard's Parliamentary History, vol. iv., col. 78.

or document in that language had to be explained, it was he who generally undertook to act as interpreter.* He possessed the esteem and confidence of that national party which the new reign was careful to conciliate. In June, 1663,† Charles II. appointed him his ambassador at the court of Louis XIV.

The mission was a difficult one. At the beginning of that year, the Count de Comenge, French ambassador at London, had received orders to negotiate a treaty of alliance with the English court, for the purpose of terminating the dispute of the two monarchs about the possession of Acadie, regulating freedom of trade between their subjects, and abolishing respectively the rights of escheat. The secret and special object of Louis XIV. was to prevent Charles II. from forming an alliance with Spain. But no satisfactory agreement could be arrived at regarding the conditions of the proposed alliance. The cabinet at London thought that the fault lay with the Count de Comenge, and hoped to gain better success by transferring the negotiation to Paris.

Lord Hollis was not well adapted to bring such a matter to a successful issue. He entertained against Louis XIV. and his government all the prejudices of an Englishman, a member of the House of Commons, and a Protestant. He was naturally high-spirited, taciturn, and susceptible; and he thus added the asperities of his own character to the difficulties of the existing political juncture. He arrived at Paris in September, 1663, and had first of all a private audience "to greet the king." But when his first public audience was being arranged, he mooted a question of etiquette with so much obstinacy, that he delayed his audience for six months. M. de Lionne, then minister of foreign affairs, gives the following account of the matter to M. de Comenge, in a despatch dated December 30, 1663:—

"In order to perform at once the orders which the king has given me, and to fulfil your wishes as expressed in your last despatch, I shall be careful to inform you that there is no truth in the statement that we desired to impose on Mr. Hollis any conditions at all disgraceful to the crown of England, and that he has been personally ill-treated, as you inform me that the Spaniards and their partisans have spread

* Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 118.

† Lord Hollis's letters of credence are dated Whitehall, June 21, 1663.

the report throughout London. On the contrary, it is but true to say that the king has every reason to complain (though he has not yet done so) of the proceedings of Mr. Hollis, in that he has taken it into his head to call in question an order which has existed for centuries in this court, and which, as he very well knows, is practised daily by all the ambassadors of crowned heads. This order is that the carriages, which the princes of the blood are accustomed to send to honour their entrance, should precede those of the ambassadors in the procession; whereas Mr. Hollis claims that his carriage should have the precedence. In other words, he desires that his majesty, in order to please him, should in some measure degrade the princes of the blood, by depriving them of a right which they have possessed from time immemorial; and also that he should, at the same time, offend all other crowns, or at least declare that their ministers have all been in error, and have failed to maintain, as he has done, the dignity of their masters.

"As recent examples are less likely to be contested or disbelieved, he has been duly informed of the conduct of the Count de Fuensaldagna, the Marquis de la Fuente, the Count de Tott, the ambassador-extraordinary of Denmark, and MM. Nani, Grimani, and Sagredo, the Venetian ambassadors, who are usually most exact in all matters of ceremony, that they may thus maintain themselves in the same rank as the representatives of crowns. Mr. Hollis admits the truth of these examples, but he says that they cannot serve as a rule for the ambassador of England; to which objection we have the civility to make no answer, though there are many things which we could easily urge against him on this point. The king ordered me to pay him a visit yesterday on his behalf, to try and induce him to hear reason; but as his majesty himself, if he had undertaken the task, would never have succeeded, you will readily imagine that my mission failed entirely of success.

"I remarked that he rested his claim principally upon three particular cases, and I will tell you my answer to each of his arguments.

"The first was, that in the year 1564 (if I mistake not) an English ambassador came to swear to a treaty of alliance, and was accompanied at his entrance by a Marshal of France (*quod notandum*); but on the day upon which the treaty was sworn,

the king sent M. de la Roche-sur-Yon, a prince of the royal race, of the branch of Montpensier, to fetch him from his lodging; and Mr. Hollis deduces this consequence, that the prince thus gave precedence to the ambassador, because, he says, it is not likely that the king, being desirous to honour the said ambassador, would have sent to him any one who would afterwards have taken precedence of him.

"I urged two things in reply to this: first, that before the time of Henry III., the princes of the blood in France held no rank unless they were peers, and took precedence only according to the date of their peerage, so that other princes frequently preceded them; secondly, that his authority does not state that the Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon walked after the ambassador; and that, in order to show him that his argument of likelihood might very probably be false, only six weeks ago, the Prince de Condé and Monseigneur le Duc were sent by the king to conduct the Swiss ambassadors to his presence, but that they, nevertheless, preceded the ambassadors, although his majesty desired to do them all honour.

"The second instance that he alleged was that one of our kings, I do not remember whether it was Henry IV. or Louis XIII. that he mentioned, on another similar occasion of swearing to an alliance, being accompanied by all the princes and others, took the English ambassador by the hand, and made him walk by his side to the church, where he afterwards sat down on the king's right hand, while the princes and other nobles of the kingdom remained standing on his left hand.

"I replied to this, that when a reason proves too much, it is of no force; and that, if the English ambassador were seated and the princes of the blood standing, it is evident, if the thing be true, as it possibly may be, that the ceremony occurred in honour of the ambassador alone, and that the princes did not claim to take any part in it. As in fact, when the king is in any place, and all pay their court to him, there is no regular rank maintained; otherwise it would be requisite that the greatest and most considerable nobles should always be nearest the person of his majesty, which is not the case; that the ambassador, therefore, could not gain any advantage from the fact that the king, being perhaps desirous to converse with him, had taken him by the hand, and talked with him as they walked to the church.

"The third instance was that he read me a letter from a secretary, whom he did not name, who informs him that having, by order of the King of Great Britain, inquired of Lord Leicester how matters had been arranged here during the embassy which he and Lord Scudamore undertook in the reign of the late king, that lord had told him that at his entrance he rode in the king's carriage, which was followed by the queen's carriage, and immediately after by his own and Lord Scudamore's; and that a Swedish ambassador had contested his place with Lord Scudamore, but after some disputes the Swede had given way.

"I replied to this that there were either no princes of the blood at Paris, at that time, or that Lord Leicester had not a good memory, or that he was not well informed of what was going on behind him and out of his sight.

"There was undoubtedly no necessity for me to enter into this discussion, and it would have been sufficient for me to have informed him that he was opposing a privilege which the princes of the blood have possessed from time immemorial, and to which all the other ambassadors of crowned heads yielded daily without any difficulty.

"He then told me that he had hit upon the expedient of making no public entrance, and tried to persuade me that such a course would prejudice no one. I could not agree with him, but maintained, on the contrary, that, with the exception of himself, all others who had any interest in matters of this kind would be placed at a very notable disadvantage;—for the princes of the blood would be degraded from their privilege, all the other ambassadors would be obliged to confess that they had hitherto been in error, and the king would be injured most of all; for the other ambassadors would not fail immediately to put forward the same claims, and, if his desire was granted, it would be impossible to deny them their request of making no public entry, after the novel precedent which he would have established. That not only would the suppression of this ceremony abolish for ever a custom which is of some lustre in the courts of princes (as our example would be infallibly followed in all other courts), but it would finally appear that this expedient had ended only in doing the king one of the greatest injuries it is possible for him to receive, by depriving him of the means of assuming and continuing in possession of the precedence

which has been yielded to him by the King of Spain; and I begged Mr. Hollis to infer from hence whether his expedient were practicable, and whether the king could accede to it.

"The conclusion was, that Mr. Hollis told me that he greatly desired that I would show him a single instance in which an ambassador of England had given place to the princes of the blood, as he would be glad to have good cause for abandoning his claim. This morning I have sent to him MM. de Berlize and de Bonneuil, who will prove to him, from a book printed a long while ago,* that at the marriage of Louis XII. with Mary, the sister of the King of England, in 1514, all the princes of the blood were seated above the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the English ambassadors. I do not know whether, after the promise he has given me, he will be satisfied with this example, although it is so conclusive, and occurred at a time when the princes of the blood royal in France did not hold so high a rank as they do now. Besides, the English ambassadors always pay the first visit to the princes of the blood."†

Business matters were as difficult to arrange as questions of etiquette. "I cannot believe," wrote M. de Lionne to the Count de Comenge, "that the Chancellor (Lord Clarendon) can consider Lord Hollis capable of conducting any important negotiation, and much less of arranging and concluding a treaty between two crowns. As soon as he has had his public audience it will quickly be perceived, by the course which he will adopt, what kind of orders he is commissioned to execute."‡

Hollis was not wanting in capacity; but no one had less disposition than he felt to make England a satellite of France, and he displayed with haughty stiffness his aversion to a policy which he could find no means of eluding. In April, 1664, he submitted to M. de Lionne a draft of a treaty very similar to that which had just begun to be discussed in England. "I can already perceive plainly, by the proceedings of Lord Hollis," wrote Louis XIV. himself to the Count de Comenge, "that the negotiation will make no quicker progress here than it did in London."§ This was, in fact, the case; it

* Cerémonial Français, by Godefroy, p. 745.

† This inedited despatch is printed from the original in the archives of the French Foreign Office.

‡ Despatch of 26th December, 1663; French Foreign Office.

§ Letter of 25th June, 1664; French Foreign Office.

lingered on, but no tangible results appeared; Hollis had a splendid house in Paris, arranged and kept in the English fashion, as he would, in no respect, conform to the manners and usages of France.* It was not long before the political relations of the two courts escaped from his hands. Charles II.'s sister, Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, became the real ambassadress of her brother to Louis XIV., and of Louis XIV. to her brother. On the 22nd of November, 1664, M. de Lionne wrote to the Count de Comenge:—"His majesty has not forgotten to give his best thanks to Madame for the kind reception and good treatment which you experience from the King of Great Britain and all his ministers; and his majesty gave her to understand that he would be very glad if she would convey his acknowledgments to the king her brother. He considered that it would be better for the thing to pass through this channel than by the medium of Lord Hollis, whom we see, by the way, about once a year."†

Hollis was held in no greater consideration at Whitehall than at the Louvre, and, while Louis XIV. would hardly listen to him, his own king seized the slightest pretext for laughing at him. On the 1st of December, 1664, M. de Comenge wrote from London to M. de Lionne:—"You will doubtless be as much surprised as I was to learn that a man of high rank, of mature age, and of exalted office, has written to the king of England that the queen, our mistress, has been brought to bed of a *black (more)* daughter. Be not astonished that I have not yet told you his name; I cannot make up my mind to do so, and I must break the matter to you gently, lest you should fall down in a fainting fit at the name of Lord Hollis. I am not the author of this bit of news. It has been related by the whole court of England, and by the king himself. If the story be true, which is hardly credible, it must of necessity be that the slight acquaintance which that nobleman has with the French language has made him commit this gross—I don't know what to call it; and that the first news he received was that the queen had been brought to bed with a *dead (morte)* daughter, and that, by a play upon the words, he manufactured this piece of intelligence; or that his secretary did not rightly understand

* Biographia Britannica, vol. iv., p. 2650.
† Archives of the French Foreign Office.

him, and has improperly expressed his intentions; for, without malice it is impossible to believe that a sensible man could have made so gross a mistake, though it is attributed to him even by the king, his master; and although he blames him greatly, I cannot but think it would have been better to conceal such a misapprehension on the part of his minister, than to publish it."*

Hollis soon perceived that he had lost all his influence, and his correspondence with the English court became as melancholy as his relations with the court of France were unpleasant. "I have received yours of June 27th, most welcome to me," he wrote in confidence, on the 19th of July, 1664, to his friend Sir William Morrice, then Secretary of State; "and I give you my humble thanks for it, be the contents what they will, which must be what the complexion of the time affords, and not always what you and I would desire. Cloudy enough it is for the poor Protestants, methinks, in all quarters; and nowhere worse than here. The poor people of Privas, that are forced from their lands and houses, are not suffered to carry away their moveable goods with them, but are robbed of it as they go; and the country of Gex, by Geneva, which the Duke of Savoy passed over to the King of France upon an exchange, but with that condition for the freedom of their religion, which they have ever since enjoyed from the time of Henry IV., being all Protestants: now all their temples are every one pulled down to the number of three-and-twenty, and the exercise of their religion suffered but in two places, where they are glad to make use of barns; and no reason given for it to such as have been deputed hither, both from them and from the canton of Berne, to endeavour to obtain some favour in it, but *Le Roy le veut*. . . . . All seems to make for the greatness of France. The weakness, and divisions, and ill counsels, and ill successes of the undertakings of all the other Christian princes and states, are the elevation of this young king, who may be raised so high that his brains may turn, and he may *suis viribus ruere*—commonly the fate of human greatness. Yet he hath certainly great advantages of his own, besides what his neighbours contribute to make him great; a clear understanding, a good judgment, an indefatigable industry; then a vast treasure and absolute power within his kingdom. . . . . If once he can get to be consider-

* Archives of the French Foreign Office.

able at sea, he will be formidable indeed; and yet need not our master fear him except he will; and he only of all the princes of Christendom is out of his reach, who can prejudice him, and receive no prejudice from him; except it be that the other plow with his heifer, get within his councils; so will he unriddle his riddles, and I doubt not doth now. . . . . Sir, it makes me mad, that I wish myself ten thousand miles off, to be the unhappy man that must be forced to deliver up the honour of my king and nation. Oh! that I had never come hither, or that I might soon be suffered to return from hence, where I shall be ashamed hereafter to show my face, which hitherto I could hold up with some comfort, though I received no favour or kindness from them." *

Hollis's wish was soon granted. The assistance which, during the year 1665, in virtue of the treaty of defensive alliance made in 1662, Louis XIV. gave to the Dutch in their war against England, induced the recal of the ambassador, who had long been almost as disagreeable to his own court, which he enlightened in spite of itself, as he was to the French king, whose policy he watched with the most hostile sagacity. Though recalled in December, 1665, a violent attack of gout detained Hollis in Paris until May, 1666; and, during this interval, the two courts renewed their endeavours to treat of peace. Louis XIV. has himself transmitted to us, in his Memoirs, the details of this futile attempt:

"The Queen of England," † he says, "continuing to manifest a strong desire for peace, I was wishful to make use of this means to defend myself against the pretentions of the King of England, who maintained that, as he had been the first to declare war, I ought to be the first to send an envoy into his kingdom to negotiate peace. For I represented to him that the house in which that princess resided ought to be considered by us both as neutral ground; that the respect due to her dignity would in a moment settle all those preliminary questions of etiquette, which frequently cause as much difficulty as the substantial provisions of treaties; that the anxiety which that queen manifested for peace might at any hour furnish him with expedients for clearing away all the difficulties that pre-

* This letter is printed at length in Collins's "Historical Collections of the Noble Families of Hollis, Cavendish, &c.," p. 159 (London, 1752).

† The Queen Dowager Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I. See "Œuvres de Louis XIV.," vol. ii., p. 107 (Paris, 1806).

sented themselves; and that lastly, as she had made the proposition, it would not be reasonable to negotiate without her concurrence, and thus deprive her of the honour of success.

"But the principal reason which made me lean towards this place, was the advantage which I thereby hoped to gain of being able to give instructions to all the ministers I might employ, about every matter that occurred during the course of the negotiation.

"The King of England, who seemed at first to see through my design, for some time was disposed to insist upon the contrary; but at length, having become more tractable, he empowered his ambassador, Lord Hollis, to act for him; who proceeded on the —th of April to the residence of the Queen of England, where Lionne was present on my behalf, and the ambassador Van Beuninghen on behalf of the States of Holland. At first all parties were very courteous to each other, and expressed, in the strongest terms, their hope that a satisfactory agreement might be come to; but when they had entered upon the business, the English ambassador, finding that nothing was proposed to him but what had been previously suggested, intimated that he could not conclude any arrangement, and, a few days afterwards, received orders to withdraw from my court, where he had remained until then, although war had been declared. Meanwhile, the Queen of England found it necessary to take her departure for the waters, before Lord Hollis had received final instructions from his master; she begged me, that if the treaty were continued, the negotiation might still be carried on in her house, just as if she were still present. But whilst these treaties with our neighbours were being broken off, others were concluded with more distant nations."

Towards the end of May, 1666, Lord Hollis finally left Paris to return to England; and M. de Gomont, who was deputed by M. de Lionne to accompany him as far as Dieppe, gives an account of his journey and embarkation in the two following despatches:

"Dieppe, May 29, 1666.

"In obedience to the orders of the king, which you were pleased to convey to me, I have accompanied the English ambassador to this place, where he arrived yesterday evening, and where I shall remain with him until his embarkation. In order to give you an exact account, I have to inform you that

on Monday, the 24th instant, he left Paris, and, proceeding on his journey, dined at Pontoise, and slept at Magny the same night. On Tuesday, the 25th, at about five o'clock in the morning, his secretary-of-legation arrived, together with a person named Petit; who brought several letters to the ambassador, and, among others, I know that there was one from Madame. The secretary-of-legation remained in his suite, and Petit posted back to Paris. He is the man who was formerly secretary to the ambassador, Lockhart, and afterwards in the service of the Earl of St. Albans. From Magny, my ambassador went forward, dined at Ecouy, and slept at Rouen, where he remained on Wednesday. On his arrival at Rouen, M. de Montausier paid him a visit, which the ambassador returned on the following day; and, besides these civilities, very few people have seen him, except one Madame de Cambremont, of Lower Normandy, who has been with him nearly all the time. Some merchants have visited him, by means of whom he received his money; and also one M. de Saint-Simon, Grand Provost of Normandy. On Thursday, the 27th, he left Rouen and proceeded to Toste, where he dined and slept that night. M. de Montigny, the commandant, came to pay his respects to him; and, after I had informed the said M. de Montigny of the king's intentions, and as there was nothing to be done for the ambassador, except to pay him private civilities, he desired that the mayors and sheriffs of the town might pay him their respects in a body, as they had done when he passed through the town three years before. I represented to him that circumstances had changed since then. He then told me that what induced him, as well as the corporation of the town, to desire to pay him this compliment was, that as several sailors from this place are prisoners in England, he hoped that the ambassador would use his influence to obtain their liberation. As I did not think the matter was of any consequence, I allowed them to do as they wished.

"There are in the roadstead here a frigate of thirty guns, and a yacht belonging to the Duke of York, which have been sent for the use of the ambassador. There is also a French vessel in the port, which the ambassador wishes to hire to carry over his baggage. This vessel cannot leave the harbour until high tide, which will not be until Tuesday, the 1st of June. And as I perceive that my lord the ambassador is not

disposed to leave without his luggage, I do not think that he will embark until Wednesday, the 2nd of June; although he might start this very day if he pleased, as the time is favourable for the frigate and yacht. He has, moreover, told me several times, that he was anxious to present himself before his master, the King of England, as quickly as possible. His present conduct makes me doubtful of this, for his luggage is not a matter worthy of any consideration, if he is really desirous to obey his master's orders with all diligence.

"I have gathered from his conversation that he never was of opinion that the king his master would treat with the Bishop of Munster. He says that if the said bishop had not begun to arm, the king would perhaps not have sent any of his troops to the Dutch; and that up to that time there would not have been any rupture; and that by the accounts which he will give to the King of England and his Council of State, it will not be his fault if they interpret matters more favourably than they have hitherto done; and that he could easily conceive that each had manifested considerable warmth in his turn. He tells me all that he pleases; I listen attentively and think myself bound to report it to you, that you may attach to it such belief as you please. I find him extremely polite and civil, but I remark that he is not devoid of anxiety. I learn from a small barque, which arrived here this morning from Holland, that nearly all the Dutch fleet is collected together to the number of one hundred and thirty sail; and the master of this barque tells me that it is rumoured that Admiral Ruyter is to pass by the north, to join M. de Beaufort at La Rochelle."

The second despatch is as follows:—

"Dieppe, June 1, 1666.

"I have just witnessed the embarkation of the English ambassador, who will have the finest possible weather for his passage. He desired me to present his very humble thanks to the king for the honour which his majesty has done him, and to assure you, sir, of his good offices. He pressed me to accept a present of two hundred silver crowns, which he had lodged with a merchant to be employed as I might desire. I neither wished, nor thought it right, to receive it, as I thought neither the king nor yourself would wish me to do so. He has many times assured me that, by the course of conduct he would pursue, it should be clearly perceived that it was not

his fault that matters had not been brought to a good accommodation, although perhaps such might not be the opinion entertained of him; and that what might have given rise to this opinion was, because he had plainly expressed his views upon the novel conduct pursued towards the ambassadors, and upon the little attention which had been given to that which was done by the servants of the Princess de Carignan to his own servants, of which he had complained only by order of the king his master and the Council of State; and which had been considered an extraordinary proceeding, and was the reason why he had not accepted his majesty's present. I observe by his conduct that he is not at ease, but full of anxiety. It seems that his return to England is not agreeable to him; and, when on the point of embarking, he received information from a merchant that the Dutch fleet had sailed out, to the number of one hundred and five vessels. He expressed his astonishment at this, and told me that he had no Dutch passport, and that if any of their vessels should come up with his ship, his voyage might be retarded. I replied that I thought it my duty to inform him that the vessels of the States would assuredly manifest great respect for his majesty's passports. He answered that he had no doubt of it, but that he hoped, nevertheless, that he would have no occasion to make the experiment. On taking leave of him I wished him a speedy return into France to negotiate a peace. He told me he did not think he should return, but that it might very probably come to pass that, in a short time, the king his master would send some other ambassador."*

In 1667, the year after his return to his native land, Hollis left it once more to go and negotiate the peace of Breda. This was his last diplomatic act. The foreign policy of Charles II. gave just offence to his honesty and manly pride. He absented himself almost entirely from the court, was assiduous in the discharge of his duties in the House of Lords, and ever proved himself one of the firmest supporters of the national party. But he had fallen into a state of profound melancholy; in 1676, writing, in the unreserve of friendship, to M. Van Beuninghen, the ambassador of the States-General in England, he bitterly deplored the state of dependence and humiliation into which his country was falling, ascribed it chiefly to the bad government of James I., Charles I., and Charles II.; and

* Archives of the French Foreign Office.

concluded with these remarkable words: "I make no doubt to affirm that if the government of the Parliament had not been interposed in the middle, the government must have sunk ere now; for save what they did, we have not taken one true step, nor struck one true stroke, since Queen Elizabeth's time."*

By an unexpected incident, this haughty Englishman, so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of nationality, and so hostile to all foreign influence, was one day publicly accused, before a Court of Justice, of manifesting too great complaisance and fondness for foreigners. In 1669, he had taken as his third wife a Frenchwoman, Esther de Lou, widow of Jacques Richer, Lord of Cambernon, in Normandy. His marriage and residence at Sainte-Mère-Eglide had obtained for him many connexions in that province. In 1671, two young Norman gentlemen, who had unfortunately become implicated in a criminal prosecution at London, wrote from their prison to entreat the aid of Lady Hollis, with whom they claimed relationship. Hollis took up their defence with characteristic ardour, obtained numerous witnesses to their innocence, accompanied them to the Court of King's Bench, and was about to speak on their behalf, when Lord Chief Justice Keeling stopped him, saying that he must not interrupt the court. Lord Hollis replied that "it was neither to interrupt the court, nor to do them any wrong, to inform them of what had passed." "My Lord," answered Keeling, very angrily, "it is not the first time you have been observed to appear too much for strangers."† This was, perhaps, in allusion to the secret, though justifiable, connexion which Lord Hollis, as well as Lord William Russell, maintained with Louis XIV. by means of Barillon and Ruvigny, the French ambassadors at London.‡ However this may be, Hollis did not patiently endure this uncalled-for reproach; he repelled the charge, before the public, in a pamphlet in which he defended both his own cause and that of the two young Frenchmen, and before the House of Lords, in a petition in which he complained of the indignity which had been put upon him, and demanded satisfaction. The Lord Chief Justice was brought before the House, and obliged to

* Collins's Historical Collections, pp. 152-157.
† Biographia Britannica, vol. iv., p. 2650.
‡ Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. ii., pp. 131, 134, 146.

acknowledge his error, and to ask pardon of the House and of Lord Hollis.* The old Baron of Isfield, on his seat in the Upper House, was as warm a friend and as untractable an enemy, as Denzil Hollis had been, forty years before, on the benches of the House of Commons.

He continued to live in noble repose, taking scarcely any part either in public business or parliamentary debates, resisting the bad policy of the times by silent reprobation, and that only when resistance was a duty. Charles II. was in the habit of attending, in the most familiar manner, at the deliberations of the House of Lords: "The king's going thither," says Burnet, "had a much worse effect; for he became a common solicitor, not only on public affairs, but even on private matters of justice. And he was apt to do this upon the solicitation of any of the ladies in favour, or of any that had credit with them. He knew well on whom he could prevail: so being once in a matter of justice desired to speak to the Earl of Essex and the Lord Hollis, he said they were stiff and sullen men; but when he was next desired to solicit two others, he undertook to do it, and said, 'they are men of no conscience, so I will take the government of their conscience into my own hands.' "†

Hollis well deserved the honour done to his old age by this avowal of a corrupt monarch; for he would yield neither to popular passion nor to royal solicitation. In 1679, during the great debate which was carried on in Parliament for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession to the crown, he joined the moderate party, who desired to impose conditions on the Duke of York but not to exclude him entirely. And in 1680, at that odious trial which terminated in the condemnation of Lord Stafford, he was one of those who did not hesitate to acquit that victim of the fanatical frenzy of the people and the cowardice of the Lords.

It is a great happiness for a man, in a shameless and wrong-headed age, to close his life by an act of courage and virtue. Lord Hollis died on the 17th of February, 1681, at nearly eighty-three years of age. Though he had been married three times, he left only one son, Sir Francis Hollis, and his race became extinct in the third generation. His property then passed to his grand-nephew, John Hollis, Duke

* Biographia Britannica, vol. iv., pp. 2649-2650.
† Burnet's History of his own Time, vol. i., p. 473.

of Newcastle, who erected a monument to his memory in Dorchester church, where he was buried.

The inscription on this tomb is said to contain so exact and particular an account of Lord Hollis's character, that we are induced to quote it, as a pendant to M. Guizot's biography. It is as follows:—

To eternise the name and honour of Denzil, Lord Hollis, Baron of Isfield.

His birth was equal to his virtues, being the second son of John the first Earl of Clare, who, by sea and land, at home and abroad, did not more signalise himself in the service of his country than he was meritoriously distinguished and rewarded by Queen Elizabeth and King James. All that Denzil's wit or courage, probity or industry, presaged in his youth, he made good and exceeded when a man. For as his excellent endowments and abilities made him early known to his prince and country, so he could, by his eloquence and valour, intrepidly defend the liberty of the last, without refusing the obedience that was due to the former. When the rights of the nation were barbarously invaded by that army which the Parliament levied to secure them, he bore the violence and injustice of his enemies as it became a finished hero; nor could losses, exile, or his hatred to the factious, make him forget him the love that he owed to England. After the restoration of monarchy he was created Baron of Isfield by King Charles II., and had the honour of representing him in two extraordinary embassies—the one to Louis the French king, who no less admired the generosity, whereby he maintained so high a character, than he dreaded that virtue he was not able to corrupt by his magnificent presents, which were more princely refused than offered. No part of his reputation was diminished when he went afterwards plenipotentiary to the treaty at Breda. His learning was unaffected, useful, and general; but not to be exceeded by any in the knowledge of the ancient records of the kingdom, and the distinct powers of the several parts of the administration. So true a friend, that none could exceed or equal him. He was as great a patron to religious as to civil liberty, which made him universally beloved and lamented, when he peaceably ended a long and glorious life the seven-

teenth of February, in the year of Christ, one thousand six hundred and seventy-nine, and in the eighty-second year of his age. This monument is therefore dedicated to his memory, for the honour of the present age, as well as an example to posterity, by his nephew's son and heir, John, Duke of Newcastle.

MDCXCIX.

EDMUND LUDLOW.

[1620—1693.]

When Pascal is depicting the misery of human nature, he appears to triumph in his task, as if the sight of so many contrasts, obscurities, and eccentricities, made him feel a kind of sombre joy, and as if he consoled himself for the deep imperfection of humanity by the honour of being able to contemplate it with steady gaze, and boldly to strip off its vestments of disguise.

This arises from the fact that Pascal always considered man in an abstract and general light; in his unshackled and solitary meditations he was never under the necessity of applying to individuals the terrible judgment which he had pronounced upon the whole race. When we have to speak of one particular man, instead of mankind at large; when we are compelled to recognise and acknowledge, in the character of the same individual, in the narrow compass of a single life, all the contradictions and miseries of humanity, then it is that the task becomes difficult, and that the strongest mind, constrained to take a close survey of this moral chaos, feels ready to succumb under the difficulty, I do not say, of understanding what he sees, but of believing it.

Whoever is desirous thoroughly to know, and equitably to judge Edmund Ludlow, will be condemned to this painful feeling. Providence seemed to have prepared for him an easy and pleasant destiny. He was endowed with an upright heart, a resolute character, a robust body, an active and ingenious mind. He was born in 1620, among the best gentlemen of Wiltshire, of an ancient and wealthy family, devoted to those interests of landed property and agricultural life which

are the soundest of all social interests, and accustomed to receive the esteem of the people and the consideration of men in authority. His was a position at once comfortable and strong, adapted to inculcate wisdom, and conduct to happiness.

But men introduce disturbance into positions which Providence had consecrated to order. The arrogant and foolish despotism of James I. and Charles I. deeply irritated a large number of those country gentlemen who are the natural, but independent allies of power. Attacked in their rights, as well as in their dignity, they became alienated from the Crown and attached to the people, who were as greatly irritated as themselves, and under the influence of a violent fermentation. The ancient religious society—the Catholic Church—was dissolved; the new Anglican Church was not sufficient to occupy the vacant place, and around it, in spite of its efforts, sprang up a variety of sects, which it oppressed, but could not crush. In matters of faith, the minds of the people were unfettered; their consciences would be free. The civil power united with the ecclesiastical authority to refuse the liberty demanded. The Crown placed itself at the service of the despotism of the Church, and the Church lent its aid to the despotism of the Crown. In consequence, to secure its defence in religion, the spirit of liberty invaded the political arena; need of safety urged it onward to the conquest of power; what men desired in spiritual matters, they demanded in temporal matters also; and thus Sectaries became Republicans. The ambition of the people, as it thus rose higher and higher, chimed in with the anger of the offended gentlemen, who came forward to meet it. From the very outset of civil discord, the republican party had allies and leaders from among their ranks.

Ludlow had not attained his twentieth year when he became involved in this quarrel. His father, Sir Henry Ludlow, not only sat in the Long Parliament, among the members of the extremest opposition, but he was the intimate friend of Henry Martyn, a cynical and bold republican, the first who dared to say in the House of Commons, "That it were better one family should be destroyed than many." Sir Nevil Poole moved that Mr. Martyn might explain what one family he meant. "The king and his children," answered Martyn, boldly.* Ludlow was educated in these opinions; while a

* Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 71.

student in the Temple, he made preparations to engage in the civil war, and demanded of his young companions the reason of their hostility to the Parliament. No sooner had the war commenced than he plunged enthusiastically into it. His conduct was praised by his father, and imitated by his two brothers, Robert and Thomas Ludlow, and his two cousins, Gabriel and George Ludlow. The whole family, so to speak, became involved in the war. Before it had lasted two years, Edmund Ludlow had lost his brother Robert, who had died while a prisoner of the Cavaliers, and in consequence of the bad treatment he experienced from them; his father, who had died of anxiety for the fate of his children, and alarm at the state of public affairs; and his cousin Gabriel, who had expired in his arms on the field of battle, of wounds received near Newbury. From this time forth, two feelings held sway in his soul; indignation mingled with surprise at the obstacles raised up against the good cause; hateful distrust of the king, as principal author of these obstacles, and unalterable conviction that neither justice nor safety would be obtained by a treaty with him. These two feelings determined his conduct and ruled his destiny.

He carried on the war, however, like a gentleman, and not like a sectary. Brave, ardent, impregnably faithful, and indefatigably devoted to his cause, but at the same time exempt from all thirst for vengeance, and all disloyal or passionate cruelty, generous, and humane, he treated with consideration, on the field of battle, those same enemies whom he detested and oppressed in the arena of political debate. When he became a fanatical republican, he did not lay aside either the elevation or elegance of his feelings and manners. In spite of his rigid adherence to the opinions he had adopted, some aristocratic reminiscence occasionally appears in him. For instance, he desires to express his contempt for Colonel Brown, who deserted to the king's party. "His low and abject original and education," he says, "became so prevalent in him, as to transform him into an agent and spy for the king."* This is truly strange language for the friend of Harrison, Hacker, and many other valiant and fanatical sectaries, who had sprung from the most obscure ranks of life.

For three years, from 1643 to 1645, Ludlow's life was entirely spent in carrying on the war, but his passion was not

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 69.

satisfied, and his plans were not executed. The Presbyterians, while making war, desired peace. Ludlow, who had taken service in their army, in the company of guards commanded by their general, the Earl of Essex, soon left them to follow some more resolute leader, Waller first, and afterwards Fairfax. At the end of 1645, the House of Commons determined to fill up the places of those of its members who had left it to join the king, and form another Parliament at Oxford. During that election, which returned one hundred and forty-six new members to take their seats at Westminster, Ludlow was chosen by his county, and entered the House at the same time with Robert Blake, the greatest seaman of his age, and a stanch republican. "We went into the House together," says Ludlow, "which I chose to do, assuring myself, he having been faithful and active in the public service abroad, that we should be as unanimous in the carrying it on within doors."*

From that day, until the death of Charles I., Ludlow's work was more political than military; and, in politics, he was guided by one fixed idea: to prevent the king's restoration at any price. In his eyes this was the right of defence and the duty of justice; it was required for the safety of his party, and for his own safety; the blood shed in defence of oppressed liberty cried for vengeance. Moreover, this was the means of establishing the Republic, and ensuring the government of the people by the House of Commons, the only legitimate form of government.

Ludlow had not been many months a member of that House which he desired to render the sovereign authority in the country, when, one morning, as he was walking with Cromwell in Sir Robert Cotton's garden, Cromwell told him "That it was a miserable thing to serve a Parliament, to whom let a man be never so faithful, if one pragmatical fellow amongst them rise up and asperse him, he shall never wipe it off. Whereas, when one serves under a general, he may do as much service, and yet be free from all blame and envy. If thy father were alive," he added, "he would let some of them hear what they deserve."† And not long afterwards, in the midst of a violent tumult which the Presbyterians had raised in the House, Cromwell turned towards Ludlow, who was sitting by his side, and whispered to him, "These men will never leave till the army pull them out by the ears."‡

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 66. † Ibid., p. 72. ‡ Ibid., p. 78.

Ludlow was surprised and disturbed, but not enlightened by Cromwell's rough confidences; his position combined with his passion to conceal from him their full meaning. He retained his hopes and pursued his plans without caring for Royalists or Presbyterians, Cromwell or Cromwell's party in the Parliament and the army.

About nine months afterwards, during the winter of 1648, whilst the king was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, Cromwell, feeling that the crisis was at hand—and being moreover convinced that this crisis was uncertain, in spite of his efforts to foresee and guard all its issues—desired that a conference might be held between some of his party and the Republican leaders, Vane, Hutchinson, Sidney, Haslerig, and Ludlow. These latter unhesitatingly declared their views, and absolutely proscribed a monarchical government, in the name of the Bible, of reason, of history, and of their own recent experience. They strongly urged the generals, and especially Cromwell, to declare themselves, and act in concert with them. Cromwell evaded, sneered; till at last, being very hard pressed, he extricated himself from his embarrassment by a piece of buffoonery. Having gained the door of the room, he took up a cushion, flung it at Ludlow's head, and then ran down stairs; but Ludlow "overtook him with another, which made him hasten down faster than he desired."*

Cromwell was not so easily defeated; he demanded another conference with the Republican leaders. Hearing of this, Ludlow told him, "That he knew how to cajole and give them good words, when he had occasion to make use of them." Cromwell broke out into a rage, and said, "They were a proud sort of people, and only considerable in their own conceits." "It is no new thing," answered Ludlow, "to hear truth calumniated, and though the commonwealth's-men are fallen under your displeasure, I will take the liberty to say that they have always been and ever will be considerable, where there is not a total defection from honesty, generosity, and all true virtue, which I hope is not yet our case."†

Cromwell's ill-temper was not of long continuance; he stood in absolute need of the Republicans, and found it necessary either to seduce or deceive them. With Ludlow, the latter method alone was practicable. "Mine is an unhappy condition," said Cromwell to him one day during the

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 93. † Ibid.

month of April, 1648; "I have made the greatest part of the nation my enemies by adhering to a just cause. But my greatest trouble is, that many who are engaged in the same cause with me, have entertained a jealousy and suspicion of me. This is a great discouragement to me. What method is best for me to take?" "I could not but acknowledge," says Ludlow, in relating the conversation, "that he had many enemies for the sake of the cause in which he stood engaged, and also that many who were friends to that cause had conceived suspicions of him; but I observed to him that he could never oblige the former, without betraying that cause wherein he was engaged; which if he should do upon the account of an empty title, riches, or any other advantages, how those contracts would be kept with him, was uncertain; but most certain it was, that his name would be abominated by all good men, and his memory be abhorred by posterity. On the other side, if he persisted in the prosecution of our just intentions, it was the most probable way to subdue his enemies, to rectify the mistakes of those that had conceived a jealousy of him, and to convince his friends of his integrity; that if he should fall in the attempt, yet his loss would be lamented by all good men, and his name be transmitted to future ages with honour."*

Cromwell appeared moved by this language, and disposed to adopt the course recommended. Three months afterwards, a common danger came to the aid of his skilful policy; the second civil war broke out, and twenty thousand Scotch entered England in support of the king. Cromwell was sent off to oppose them, and the republican leaders laid aside their distrust. "We writ a letter to him," says Ludlow, "to encourage him, from the consideration of the justice of the cause wherein he was engaged, and the wickedness of those with whom he was to encounter, to proceed with cheerfulness, assuring him, that notwithstanding our discouragements, we would readily give him all the assistance we could."†

Cromwell had no need of this assurance; he knew he could command danger and victory. Whilst he was engaged in the conquest of Scotland, the Republican party, of which Ludlow was ever one of the most zealous and active members, had summoned Fairfax's troops to London, conducted the king in captivity to Windsor, forcibly expelled the Presbyterian

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 95. † Ibid., p. 100.

members from the House of Commons, and, thus left master of the field, with no rival to its sway in the political arena, listened with delight to Hugh Peters, exclaiming in the midst of one of his sermons, "Now I have it by revelation, now I shall tell you, this army must root up monarchy, not only here but in France, and other kingdoms round about; this is to bring you out of Egypt! This army is that corner-stone cut out of the mountain, which must dash the powers of the earth to pieces. But it is objected, the way we walk in is without precedent. What think you of the Virgin Mary? Was there ever any precedent before, that a woman should conceive a child without the company of a man? This is an age to make examples and precedents in."*

In the midst of these outbursts of joy and pride, on the very day on which the last remnant of the Presbyterians retired from the House of Commons, Cromwell resumed his seat in that assembly. "God is my witness," said he, "that I was not acquainted with what has been done in this House of late; but, since it is done, I am glad of it, and will endeavour to maintain it."† Before two months had elapsed, the work was completed; the king had been judged, and the Republic proclaimed. Ludlow had sat in the High Court of the regicides; he still sat in the republican Council of State, and laboured, with as much confidence as disinterestedness, to introduce a little order and probity into the new form of government, which had at length been conquered for his country.

Cromwell invariably sat by Ludlow's side in the House of Commons. One day, he said to him, "I have observed an alteration in your looks and carriage towards me, and I apprehend that you entertain some suspicions of me. Now, being persuaded of the tendency of the designs of us both to the advancement of the public service, I am desirous that a meeting may be appointed, wherein we may with freedom discover the grounds of our mistakes and misapprehensions, and create a good understanding between us for the future." "You have discovered in me," answered Ludlow, "what I have never perceived in myself. If I trouble you not so frequently as formerly, it is either because I am conscious of that weight of business that lies upon you, or that I have nothing to importune you withal, upon my own or any other account; but,

* Walker's History of Independency, part 2, p. 50.
† Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 105.

since you are pleased to do me the honour to desire a free conversation with me, I am ready at any time."

During the afternoon of the same day, on leaving the Council of State, they went into a room which had formerly been used as the queen's guard-chamber. Cromwell then entered into an explanation of his past conduct, his secret negotiations with the king, and his severity towards some republican soldiers. "It has been a necessity incumbent upon me," he said, "to do several things that appear extraordinary in the judgment of some men, who, in opposition to me, take such courses as would bring ruin upon themselves, as well as upon me and the public cause; but my intentions are directed entirely to the good of the people, and I am ready to sacrifice my life in their service. I desire nothing more than that the government of the nation may be settled in a free and equal commonwealth. There is no other probable means to keep out the old family and government from returning upon us; and I look upon the design of the Lord in this day to be the freeing of his people from every burden. I believe that He is now accomplishing what is prophesied in the 110th Psalm; and am often encouraged from the consideration of it to attend the effecting of those ends." He then spent about an hour in repeating and commenting upon the 110th Psalm, alternately receiving and refuting Ludlow's observations, and his persevering, but timid references to the past. At length, changing the subject, he said, "I intend to contribute the utmost of my endeavours to make a thorough reformation of the clergy and law; but the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us, and we cannot mention the reformation of the law but they presently cry out that we design to destroy property; whereas the law, as it is now constituted, serves only to maintain the lawyers, and to encourage the rich to oppress the poor. Mr. Coke, now Justice of Ireland, by proceeding in a summary and expeditious way, determines more causes in a week than Westminster Hall in a year. Ireland is as a clean paper in this particular, and capable of being governed by such laws as should be found most agreeable to justice; which may be so impartially administered, as to be a good precedent even to England itself. When the English once perceive that property is preserved at an easy and cheap rate in Ireland, they will never permit themselves to be so cheated and abused as now they are."

From the administration of justice in Ireland, Cromwell

passed to its military government. "The whole weight of it," he said, "lies upon Major-General Ireton, and, if he should by death, or any other accident, be removed from that station, the conduct of that part would probably fall into the hands of such men as, either by principle or interest, are not proper for that trust, and of whom I have no certain assurance. Some person of reputation and known fidelity should be sent over to command the horse there, and to assist Ireton in the service of the public. Can you name any one who you think is sufficiently qualified for that station?" Ludlow proposed Colonel Algernon Sidney. "No," said Cromwell, "he is related to many who are in the king's interest; Colonel Norton or Hammond would do better; but Hammond, by his late deportment with relation to the king, has so disobliged the army, that I apprehend he would not be acceptable to them. Ireland is a fine country; try and think of some person capable of that employment."*

Ludlow now began to comprehend his meaning, and made up his mind to refuse the offer. He had just married a wife, and purchased an estate; his private affairs required his personal superintendence. But the Council of State interfered; the House of Commons commanded. Ludlow was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Horse in Ireland. He had an interview with Cromwell himself, explained to him his situation, and represented the immense injury which this appointment might cause him. "Men's private affairs," said Cromwell, "must give place to those of the public; I have seriously considered the matter, and I cannot find a person so fit for the employment as yourself."† Ludlow yielded, and left England; and in January, 1651, less than two months after the establishment of the Republic, Cromwell had decently removed, from the Parliament and from England, that Republican whom he considered the most troublesome of his opponents.

Two years more elapsed, and the Republic had ceased to exist. Ludlow had served it valiantly and honestly. With brilliant courage and uncommon capacity, he had carried on a difficult and melancholy war, which had been equally ruinous to his health and his fortune. He had narrowly escaped dying of pleurisy while besieging Castle Clare; and he had expended, out of his own resources, 4500*l.* sterling, besides his salary. His conduct was guided by a disinterestedness even more rare than pecuniary liberality—the disinterestedness of

* Ludlow's Memoirs, pp. 122-123. † Ibid., p. 124.

self-love. Though possessed of the chief command in Ireland for more than six months after the death of Ireton,* he had yielded it up without a murmur to Fleetwood, who was sent out in distrust of him,† and had served under his orders with the same zeal as if he had been himself in command. More than this, when Cromwell, in 1653, expelled the Long Parliament, Ludlow, notwithstanding his indignation, remained at his post, partly out of fidelity to the Republican cause, partly out of consideration to some of his friends who had not yet separated from Cromwell, but chiefly in obedience to that irresistible bias which urges even the purest partisans from concession to concession, when they feel they are gravely compromised. But, in 1654, when the news arrived at Cork that the Barebones Parliament had been dissolved,‡ and that Cromwell had been proclaimed Protector,§ Ludlow's patience came to an end. He stoutly opposed the proclamation of the Protector in Ireland,‖ and resigned all participation in the civil administration of the country, as he was determined not to recognise the new power.

He attempted, however, to retain his military functions. He held his command from the Republican Parliament, and might employ his authority for its restoration. It cost him a great deal also to separate himself entirely from a government for which he had fought so long, and to believe irremediable an evil which he had so little foreseen. The Protector sent his son Henry into Ireland to observe persons and things, and inform him of the result.¶ Ludlow received him with many marks of attention, placed his house and horses at his disposal; and when talking with him in his garden, on the day that Henry Cromwell was to return to England, "I acquainted him," says Ludlow, "with the grounds of my dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs in England, which I assured him was in no sort personal, but would be the same were my own father alive, and in the place of his. He told me that his father looked upon me to be dissatisfied upon a distinct account from most men in the three nations; and thereupon affirmed that he knew it to be his resolution to carry himself with all tenderness towards me. I told him that I ought to have so much charity for his father, to believe that he apprehended his late undertaking to have been abso-

* Ireton died on November 27th, 1651. † On the 9th of July, 1652.
‡ On the 12th of December, 1653. § On the 16th of December, 1653.
‖ In January, 1654. ¶ He arrived in Ireland on the 4th of March, 1654.

lutely necessary, being well assured that he was not so weak a man to decline his former station, wherein his power was as great, and his wealth as much as any rational man could wish, to procure to himself nothing but envy and trouble. I supposed he would have agreed with me in these sentiments; but he, instead of that, acknowledged the ambition of his father in these words: 'You, that are here, may think he had power, but they made a very kickshaw of him at London.' I replied that, if it were so, they did ill, for he had deserved much from them. Then I proceeded to acquaint him with my resolution not to act in any civil employment, and my expectation not to be permitted to continue in my military command; to which he answered, that he was confident I should receive no interruption therein. I told him I could not foresee what his father would do; but inclined to think that no other man in his case would permit it. To this I added, that the reason of my drawing a sword in this war, was to remove those obstructions that the civil magistrate met with in the discharge of his duty; which being now accomplished, I could not but think that all things ought for the future to run in their proper and genuine channel; for as the extraordinary remedy is not to be used till the ordinary fail to work its proper effect, so ought it to be continued no longer than the necessity of using it subsists; whereas, this that they called a government, had no other means to preserve itself but such as were violent, which, not being natural, could not be lasting. 'Would you, then,' said he, 'have the sword laid down? I cannot but think you believe it to be as much your interest to have it kept up as any man.' I confessed I had been of that opinion whilst I was persuaded there was a necessity of it, which seeming to me to be now over, I accounted it to be much more my interest to see it well laid down, there being a vast difference between using the sword to restore the people to their rights and privileges, and the keeping it up for the robbing and despoiling them of the same. But company coming in, we could not be permitted to continue our discourse."*

Henry Cromwell left Ireland; and, on his arrival at Chester, being questioned as to the state in which he had left affairs in Ireland, "Very well," he answered; "only some who are in love with their power must be removed."†

Next year Ludlow arrived in London, stripped of all em-

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 187. † Thurloe's State Papers, vol. ii., p. 150.

ployment, civil as well as military, and almost in the condition of a prisoner. On disembarking at Beaumaris he had been arrested, and the governor of the town had required him to sign an engagement, by which he promised never to act against the existing government. Ludlow refused at first; but in order to obtain permission to continue his journey, he signed it at length, with this reservation, which he wrote with his own hand: "I look upon this engagement, now tendered to me for my subscription by the governor of Beaumaris, by order from, &c., to be no longer of any force than till I have rendered myself a prisoner at Whitehall; and in that sense only I subscribe it."* He was then allowed to proceed, and arrived in London on the 10th of December, 1655.

On the Wednesday following, at about eight o'clock in the evening, the Protector sent for him. Ludlow went to Whitehall, where he found him in his bed-chamber, with five of his general officers, Lambert, Sydenham, Walter Strickland, Montague, and Fleetwood.

"The first salute I received from him," says Ludlow, "was to tell me, that I had not dealt fairly with him, in making him to believe I had signed an engagement not to act against him, and yet reserving an explanation whereby I made void that engagement; which if it had not been made known to him, he might have relied upon my promise, and so have been engaged in blood before he was aware. I told him, I knew not why he should look upon me to be so considerable, neither could I apprehend how it had been possible for me to deal more fairly and openly with him than I had done; for I had told his governor at Beaumaris, that if my life as well as my liberty had been at stake, I could not sign the engagement simply, and therefore had resolved to continue there, had not the governor himself expressed a desire to accept of my subscription with that explanation. And because I accounted it to be in effect a repeal of the engagement, I had told him so, and desired him to do nothing out of respect to me that consisted not with his duty; notwithstanding which, the governor told me, he was free to accept my subscription, so that I knew not but he might have received instructions so to do. 'No,' said Cromwell, 'he had none from me.' 'That was more,' said I, 'than I knew; and if you had not notice as well of the one as the other, it was not my fault, for I had acquainted you with neither; and those who informed you of the one, I presumed had made you acquainted with the other also.'

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 209.

" He next asked me wherefore I would not engage not to act against the present government, telling me, that if Nero were in power, it would be my duty to submit. To which I replied, that I was ready to submit, and could truly say, that I knew not of any design against him. 'But,' said I, 'if Providence open a way and give an opportunity of appearing in behalf of the people, I cannot consent to tie my own hands beforehand, and oblige myself not to lay hold on it.' 'However,' said he, 'it is not reasonable to suffer one that I distrust to come within my house, till he assure me he will do me no mischief.' I told him, I was not accustomed to go to any house unless I expected to be welcome; neither had I come hither but upon a message from him, and that I desired nothing but a little liberty to breathe in the air, to which I conceived I had an equal right with other men. I told him also, I had gone as far as I could in that engagement which I had given to Lieutenant-General Fleetwood,* and if that were not thought sufficient, I was resolved with God's assistance to suffer any extremities that might be imposed upon me. 'Yes,' said he, 'we know your resolution well enough, and we have cause to be as stout as you; but, I pray, who spoke of your suffering?' 'Sir,' said I, 'if I am not deceived, you mentioned the securing my person.' 'Yea,' said he, 'and great reason there is why we should do so; for I am ashamed to see that engagement which you have given to the Lieutenant-General, which would be more fit for a general who should be taken prisoner, and that hath yet an army of thirty thousand men in the field, than for one in your condition.' I answered, that it was as much as I could consent to give, and what Lieutenant-General Fleetwood thought fit to expect. Then beginning to carry himself more calmly, he said, that he had been always ready to do me what good offices he could, and that he wished me as well as he did any one of his Council, desiring me to make choice of some place to be in, where I might have good air. I assured him, that my dissatisfactions were not grounded upon any animosity against his person; and that if my own father were alive, and in his place, they would, I doubted not, be altogether as great. He acknowledged that I had always carried myself fairly and openly to him

* Before leaving Ireland, and out of regard for Fleetwood, who treated him with great consideration, Ludlow had promised to do nothing for six months against the established government, unless he had previously surrendered himself into the hands of the Lieutenant-General, or of Cromwell himself, and had begged them to free him from that engagement.

and protested that he had never given me just cause to act otherwise."*

Here the conversation ceased. Ludlow was asked to pass into the next room, where Fleetwood soon joined him, and renewed his entreaties that he would sign the desired engagement, were it only for a week.

"Not for an hour," replied Ludlow; and returned home.

Cromwell left him for some time undisturbed; but the following year, he resolved to make a last attempt to gain the crown. A Parliament was indispensable, but it was necessary that at all events it should be submissive and docile. It was, therefore, above all things, desirable to exclude those republicans who were neither to be intimidated, deceived, nor corrupted—Vane, Bradshaw, Rich, and Ludlow. Towards the beginning of the summer of 1656, Cromwell cited them to appear before himself and his council. Ludlow presented himself accordingly. Cromwell "then said that he was not ignorant of the many plots that were on foot to disturb the present power, and that he thought it his duty to secure such as he suspected. . . . . 'I would have you know,' said he, 'that what I do proceeds not from a motive of fear, but from a timely prudence to foresee and prevent danger; that if I had done as I should, I ought to have secured you immediately upon your coming into England, or at least when you desired to be freed from the engagement you had given after your arrival; I therefore now require you to give assurance not to act against the government.' I desired to be excused in that particular, reminding him of the reasons I had formerly given him for my refusal, adding that I was in his power, and that he might use me as he thought fit. 'Pray, then,' said he, 'what is it that you would have? May not every man be as good as he will? What can you desire more than you have?' 'It were easy,' said I, 'to tell what we would have.' 'What is that, I pray?' said he. 'That which we sought for,' said I; 'that the nation might be governed by its own consent.' 'I am,' said he, 'as much for a government by consent as any man; but where shall we find that consent?—amongst the prelatical, presbyterian, independent, anabaptist, or levelling parties?' I answered, 'Amongst those of all sorts who had acted with fidelity and affection for the public.' Then he fell into the commendation of his own government, boasting of the protection and quiet which the people enjoyed under it, saying

* Ludlow's Memoirs, pp. 210-211.

that he was resolved to keep the nation from being imbrued in blood. I said that I was of opinion too much blood had been already shed, unless there were a better account of it. 'You do well,' said he, 'to charge us with the guilt of blood; but we think there is a good return for what hath been shed; and we understand what clandestine correspondences are carrying on at this time between the Spaniard and those of your party, who make use of your name, and affirm that you will own them and assist them.' 'I know not,' said I, 'what you mean by my party, and can truly say, that if any men have entered into an engagement with Spain, they have had no advice from me so to do, and that if they will use my name I cannot help it.' Then, in a softer way, he told me that he desired not to put any more hardships on me than on himself; that he had always been ready to do me all the good offices that lay in his power, and that he aimed at nothing by this proceeding but the public quiet and security. 'Truly, sir,' said I, 'I know not why you should be an enemy to me, who have been faithful to you in all your difficulties.' 'I understand not,' said he, 'what you mean by my difficulties. I am sure they were not so properly mine as those of the public; for, in respect of my outward condition, I have not much improved it, as these gentlemen,' pointing to his council, 'well know.' To which they seemed to assent, by rising from their chairs; and therefore I thought not fit to insist further on that point, contenting myself to say, that it was from that duty which I owed to the public, whereof he expressed such a peculiar regard, that I durst not give the security he desired, because I conceived it to be against the liberty of the people, and contrary to the known law of England. For proof of this I produced an act of parliament for restraining the council-table from imprisoning any of the free-born people of England; and in case they should do so, requiring the justices of the upper bench, upon the application of the aggrieved party, to grant his *habeas corpus*, and to give him considerable damages. To this act I supposed he gave his free vote, assuring him that, for my own part, I durst not do anything that should tend to the violation of it. 'But,' said he, 'did not the army and Council of State commit persons to prison?' I answered, that the Council of State did so, but it was by virtue of an authority granted to them by the Parliament; and if the army had sometimes acted in that manner, it had been in time of war, and then only to bring the persons secured to a legal trial;

whereas it is now pretended that we live in a time of peace, and are to be governed by the known laws of the land. 'A justice of peace,' said he, 'may commit, and shall not I?' 'He is,' said I, 'a legal officer, and authorised by the law to do so, which you could not be, though you were king; because, if you do wrong therein, no remedy can be had against you.'"*

The discussion on both sides was evidently useless. Ludlow was a second time directed to withdraw into an adjoining room. The council grew animated, the members spoke loudly, and Ludlow listened attentively. Presently he heard Major-General Lambert advise that he might be "peremptorily required to give the security demanded. But Cromwell said that the air of Ireland was good, that I had a house there, and therefore he thought it best to send me thither." Immediately after, Mr. Scobel, one of the clerks of the council, came and told him that he might retire.†

Indirect attempts were frequently renewed to induce Ludlow to give the required security. Its amount was mentioned to him, 5000*l.* sterling, payable in three days. The order for his arrest, issued by the council, was also shown to him. He obstinately refused to comply. He was not arrested; he was not even sent to Ireland. It was Cromwell's policy never to urge either men or circumstances to extremes. Ludlow, on his side, had no wish either ridiculously to brave a victorious power, or to overthrow, at all risks, a man who, like himself, had combated and condemned the king. Having saved his honour, he lived quietly in the country for two years.

In August, 1658, Cromwell was confined to his bed by severe gout and fever, and was grieving intensely for the death of his dearest daughter, Elizabeth Claypole. He was told that Ludlow had just arrived in London. He immediately sent for Fleetwood, and ordered him to ascertain why Ludlow had come to town so suddenly, at such a conjuncture. Ludlow explained his journey for family reasons, and protested that he had no wish or intention to excite any commotion in the army, or elsewhere.‡ Two days afterwards, on the 3rd of September, Cromwell was dead; and his son, Richard, had succeeded him, without the least opposition. Four months afterwards, a Parliament was sitting at Westminster; Ludlow took his seat therein, and refused to swear obedience to the new Protector.

* Ludlow's Memoirs, pp. 217-218. † Ibid., p. 218. ‡ Ibid., p. 232.

This was not in consequence of any preconceived plan for overthrowing Richard Cromwell and the Protectorate. Perhaps even, he was desirous to conciliate their existence with his theories of republican organisation. But on recovering a little power, he fell once more under the sway of all his passions and prejudices. Blinded by the least chance of success, he resumed his endeavours to secure the triumph of his old cause with the most untractable obstinacy, rejecting all the institutions and combinations which were likely to destroy the absolute empire of the House of Commons in the government, and the absolute empire of the party which had conquered and condemned the king in the House of Commons. Herein alone, in his opinion, consisted legitimate power; beyond, all was suspicious and unendurable; he opposed every obnoxious proposition with that exclusive, distrustful, and fractious spirit, which, even though it have no destructive design, is sure to cripple, to enervate, and ere long to dissolve any government. While the Act which recognised Richard Cromwell as Protector was under discussion, some one proposed to insert the words, "that he shall govern according to law." "The term is ambiguous," said Ludlow, "to rule according to law. I would have you first determine what you mean by law. The great quarrel between the king and us was the militia. Either he or we were guilty. I look on myself as guiltless of that blood. My conscience went along with the Parliament after the king was brought to justice. . .. I honour his Highness as much as any man that speaks here. I would have things settled for his honour and safety; but if we take the people's liberties from them, they will scratch them back again."* In Ludlow's eyes, there never was any other danger but the danger of the republic, and no other question than the question of life or death which had been fought out between Charles I. and the Long Parliament.

Richard Cromwell fell. The Long Parliament re-appeared, and fell once more. The army, after having raised up and overthrown the Protector and the Long Parliament, attempted to stand alone, and fell. In eighteen months, all powers, parties, and men, had been put to the test, and had all been convicted of incompetence. During this period, Ludlow led a wretched life, passing and repassing from the Parliament to the army, from the army to the Parliament, from Haslerig to Fleetwood, from Lambert to Monk, from England to Ireland:

* Burton's Parliamentary Diary, vol. iii., p. 145.

a little less credulous and senseless than the companions of his fate, he endeavoured, but in vain, to draw together the mutilated limbs of the republican party, and in these futile attempts he not merely lost all credit with every faction, but perilled his ancient reputation for firmness and fidelity.

Meanwhile the restoration of Charles II. took place without resistance, and in presence of his adversaries, who beheld it unmoved. On the 29th of May, 1660, from the house in which he was concealed, Ludlow saw the immense cavalcade of troops and people pass by, which had accompanied Charles on his entrance into London: and shortly afterwards, he heard a proclamation published under his windows, ordering all the judges of Charles I. to surrender themselves prisoners within fifteen days, on pain of being excluded from the amnesty which the Parliament had just voted.

Ludlow was one of those men who bear adversity better than prosperity; and who are more exalted by proscription than by power. No sooner had the eighteen months, which he had spent in unproductive and paltry agitation, gone by, than he at once regained, under the rule of his victorious enemies, tranquil firmness of soul and conduct. He did not wantonly expose himself, like a hair-brained fanatic, to their hatred and their power; but he did not belie any recollection of his life, or neglect any duty of his position. He concealed himself at first; but when the elections for the first Parliament of Charles II. began, he resolved to act openly to secure the nomination, for his own county, of one of his friends, Mr. Bainton. This gentleman, however, wrote to him "that he had resolved not to put his friends to the trouble of appearing for him, judging it the best way rather to swim with the stream than to be borne down by it."* The inhabitants of the borough of Hinden offered to elect Ludlow himself. "Though I durst not desire any to confer so great a trust on me, yet I confess it was no small contentment to me, that they would manifest their respects for my person, and their remembrances of my services, whatsoever they had been, in such a conjuncture, when the Cavalier party, with what design may be easily conjectured, had printed the names of the late king's judges, of which number I had the honour to be one."†

Ludlow was, in fact, elected. He returned to London, and took his seat in the House of Commons without noise, with-

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 332. † Ibid.

out ostentation, but refusing to give his sanction to acts which implied the voluntary recal of the restored king, and answering to those persons who advised him not to say a word in justification of the High Court against the late king, "That unless I was constrained, I saw no reason to mention that matter; but, in that case, though it should cost me my life, I could not prevaricate."*

Silence even would not suffice. The storm arose; the regicides were summoned to deliver themselves up as prisoners. Ludlow surrendered himself, but remained free on giving security. The peril increased daily; new exceptions were made to the amnesty; several even of those regicides who had surrendered themselves were assailed. Ludlow sought again to conceal himself. Among the Presbyterians, even those of them who were Cavaliers, several esteemed him, and had kept up a courteous bearing to him. "Let him take care," said Sir William Morrice, Secretary of State to Charles II., to one of Ludlow's friends, "if he is apprehended, he is a dead man." A short time after, Lord Ossory, eldest son of the Marquis of Ormonde, advised him to quit the kingdom. Ludlow, while incapable of feebleness, had no wish to become a martyr. In the beginning of September, 1660, he departed, and remained two days concealed at the bottom of a small vessel in the port of Lewes, on the coast of Sussex. "The master, among other things, inquired if Lieutenant-General Ludlow were not imprisoned with the rest of the king's judges; to which I answered, that I had not heard of any such thing."† The next evening he was at Dieppe; and, towards the end of the month of October, after having passed through Rouen, Paris, and Lyons, he arrived at Geneva, the first place where he thought himself in safety.

Geneva even appeared to him too near to monarchical and Catholic France, which was governed by a despotic sovereign, intimately allied to the English king. He left it in the summer of 1662, and fixed his residence first at Lausanne, then at Vevey, under the protection of the canton of Berne, which displayed to him, and not to him only, but to nine other regicides who sought a similar refuge, the most constant hospitality.

It is a remarkable fact, and one that is not wanting in moral grandeur, that this official and avowed protection was steadily maintained for more than twenty years, by a small

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 848. † Ibid., p. 860.

state, on behalf of men condemned by a king and proscribed by his son and successor. Not only did the senators of Berne allow Ludlow and his companions to reside in their territory, but they gave them a formal reception, invited them to dine at their houses, made presents to them, gave them guards, —in fine, treated them, as far as their power allowed, with the same regard, the same public and continued kindness, which Louis XIV. was to show in after time to the second son (in his turn a royal fugitive) of that king whom Ludlow had condemned.

Europe was then in its unreformed state. The different states, monarchical or republican, powerful or weak, governed and conducted themselves, each according to its own maxims, with an almost complete independence of one another, little caring for their neighbours when not attacked by them. They did not feel themselves all attacked by the same evils, and threatened by the same dangers; and the lords of Berne protected, without any fear of embroiling themselves with the Emperor of Austria or the King of France, those English regicides who, in their turn, did not for a moment dream of conspiring, in their retreat, against any one of the governments, monarchical or otherwise, by which they were surrounded.

Such a protection was very necessary for the English refugees; and even this was not always sufficient for their safety. Assassination was not, in the seventeenth century, the instrument only of anarchy and passion; royal hatred still resorted to it sometimes, though cautiously. Charles II. and his sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, even more than he, pursued the outlawed regicides with the utmost animosity, as far as the borders of the Lake of Geneva. Perhaps these, in spite of their distance from home and their impotence, were not ignorant of the plots which were continually being carried on or meditated in England by their fallen party. Perhaps fear had as much to do as hatred with the obstinate attempts of the Stuarts to rid themselves of their ancient enemies. On looking more closely, we can detect, in these attempts, a busy use of police agency and espionage, as well as an intention to assassinate. Whether this was the case or not, Ludlow and his companions lived, from 1662 to 1668, whether at Geneva, at Lausanne, or at Vevey, in a state of continual anxiety; obliged to keep a strict watch on their food; to fortify themselves in their houses; to be attended by an escort *in going to church*; continually being warned that new as-

sassins threatened them, that they had arrived on the other side of the Lake, were in the same town, and had concealed themselves at the bottom of their boat. Much false alarm was, doubtless, given them, which occasioned groundless fears. However, those who were credulous, were soon undeceived by fact. On the 11th of August, 1664, Mr. Lisle was assassinated at Lausanne. We shall see, by the following letter, how the fact was communicated by a French resident in Switzerland in his correspondence. The writer cannot be suspected of partiality, and his account agrees substantially with that given by Ludlow.

"Soleure, August 26th, 1664.

"On Thursday last, Cromwell's chancellor, who was living under the protection of the lords of Berne in Lausanne, where he has been for three years, was killed by a musket-shot fired by an unknown Cavalier, who, with a comrade, had been for eight days in the town. They payed their score after every meal, and every morning, at the time of service, one of these Cavaliers posted himself at the churchyard, with his musket concealed under his jacket, waiting till the chancellor should come to attend service. The other, meanwhile, kept horses at the gate of the town, near a fountain, under the pretence of watering them, in order to make their escape, which they did when they had accomplished their purpose. They have left a letter with a large seal for the mayor of the town; it is thought to be a safeguard or some letter of the King of England."*

The success of crime multiplied its attempts: they were especially directed against Ludlow, the most famous and resolute of the refugees. Warnings were sent to him from all parts. One of these documents runs thus: "You are hated and feared more than all the rest of your companions. Your head is set at a great price; 'tis against you they take all this pains to find assassins, and 'twas on your account they contrived the late attempt; so that upon the whole matter I cannot but advise that you would resolve to retire to some place where you may be unknown; there being, in my opinion, no other way left to secure you from the rage of your enemies."† However, he refused to move. The magistrates of Vevey watched over him with the greatest care; the people

* Archives du département des affaires étrangères.
† Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 394.

were fond of him; and he was directly authorised, in case of danger, to ring the alarum-bell. He remained at Vevey, guarding himself carefully in his house, but in no other respect changing his habits.

Meanwhile, war broke out: first between England and Holland, and, a short time after, between France and England. A great man and a great king—John de Witt in the Hague, and Louis XIV. in Paris—formed the design of reviving in England the republican party, always agitated and unsettled. The disclosures relating to this subject are authentic and personal. "On the one hand," says Louis XIV. himself, in his Mémoires,* "I made use of the remnant of Cromwell's faction, to raise, under their name, some new broil in London; and, on the other hand, I began communications with the Irish Catholics, who, being always very dissatisfied with their condition, seemed also to be always ready to make an effort for its improvement.

"With these different intentions I listened to the proposals which were made to me by an English gentleman of the name of Sidney, who promised that he would soon cause a tumult to break out if I furnished him with a hundred thousand crowns; but I thought this sum rather too large for it thus to be risked upon the promise of a fugitive, unless I saw some probability in the things which he led me to expect. I therefore offered to give him only twenty thousand crowns, with the promise of sending afterwards to the insurgents all the assistance which was necessary for them, as soon as they appeared in a condition to avail themselves of it with success."

About the same time, the 11th and 14th of March, 1666, the Comte d'Estrades, French ambassador in Holland, wrote thus to Louis XIV.:

"M. de Witt has requested me to supply a passport to Messrs. Sidney and Ludlow, enabling them to go into France. These are two individuals of great merit. They are at Frankfort, and have expressed a desire of waiting upon your Majesty on important business. M. de Witt has not told me anything further about them."†

And to M. de Lionne he writes: "Mr. Sidney, a person of quality and of great desert, who was employed on important embassies by the late Protector, having informed me that, at this crisis, now that the king has declared war against

* In the year 1666. Œuvres de Louis XIV., vol. ii., p. 203.
† Archives du département des affaires étrangères.

England, he desires to place himself under the protection of his Majesty, and to go himself to France to offer his services, if occasion should present itself for their exercise. I have deemed it right to give him my passport in order that no opportunity which may arise for his serving his Majesty in this conjuncture may be delayed, leaving it, sir, for you to consider what may be best, after having had an interview with Mr. Sidney."

The passport sent to Ludlow was couched in these terms:

"We require all governors, commanders, captains, lieutenants, mayors, sheriffs, judges, and other officers to whom it may belong, as well by sea as by land, to permit Mr. Edmund Ludlow, with four servants, to pass freely and safely through the places of their respective powers and jurisdictions, without any trouble or impediment, but rather with all manner of favour, aid, and assistance, and thus fulfil our special pleasure.

"Given at the Hague, the 2nd of March, 1666.

"D'Estrades."*

At the same time, Sidney, Say, Colonel Bisco, and several others besides, proscribed regicides, or Republicans in voluntary exile, wrote to Ludlow, some from Frankfort, others from Amsterdam, entreating him to come to Holland and join them in their patriotic enterprise, and assuring him that success was certain, since they were supported by such powerful sovereigns.

Ludlow at first refused. Passion admonished him as well as wisdom. He distrusted Holland since it had delivered up to Charles II. two of the judges of Charles I.; he detested Louis XIV., and could not believe that any trustworthy support would be given by him in aid of Republicans. He confided to his friends these misgivings, but they were unmoved. He yet hesitated, and events soon showed that his refusal had not been unreasonable. The negotiations entered into first between France and England, then between England and Holland, and, in 1667, the peace of Breda, put an end to any hopes which the English Republicans might entertain of assistance from foreign rulers.

Louis XIV., even during the war, had always retained power over Charles II., whose most precious secrets were known to him, and he never intended to give any serious support to Sidney and his friends. The Count d'Estrades

* Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 412.

was even blamed, for a moment, for his eagerness in doing what John de Witt had requested from him. "We shall endeavour," writes M. de Lionne to him on the 2nd of April, 1666, "to regain here the passports which you have given to Messrs. Sidney and Ludlow. At all events, it is not the same thing that they should have been forwarded by a minister believing that he would thus serve his master better, and that they should have had them from his Majesty himself."*

At the latter part of this period Ludlow lived at Vevey, obscure but not tranquil, forgotten by nearly all except the assassins who were lying in wait for him, earnestly endeavouring to defend his life against the poniards of his enemies, and, we must confess it, against the anathemas of the greater part of his fellow-citizens,—a situation the more deplorable in that his mind could not discover any legitimate ground for it, and because all the want of success that befel his party, all the misfortunes of his own lot, were, in his eyes, nothing but an unreasonable and inexplicable iniquity.

The composition of his Memoirs was, doubtless, a source of consolation and hope for him at this period. He took pleasure in retracing the past, the time of his youth, strength, and glory, and in promising for himself justice from the future. Nevertheless there is ground to believe that he ended with despairing both of his work and of himself, for his Memoirs were closed in 1668, and during the twenty years he afterwards spent at Vevey, he did not take the trouble to continue the narrative of his monotonous existence.†

The revolution of 1688 came by surprise on Ludlow, and showed him that his country had not renounced the intention of being free, that its ancient enemies were vanquished and driven out. The old man did not doubt that the ideas of his youth were now again to be appreciated, and that the actions of his life would at length be treated with that justice which had been so long denied them. He left Vevey and returned to England: at the age of sixty-nine, after twenty-nine years of exile, he offered himself to fight again in Ireland with "the tyrant," as he said, "who has abdicated." Meanwhile, until they should accept his services, he walked about the streets of London, with a joy mingled with anger, delighted once more to behold the good people of England, and to show himself to them as one of their ancient de-

* Archives du département des affaires étrangères.

† *See Note* at p. 58.

fenders. On the 7th of November, 1689, Sir Edward Seymour, one of the leaders of that patriotic party which had just expelled James II., presented to King William an address from the House of Commons, entreating him to cause Colonel Ludlow to be arrested as one of the murderers of Charles I.*

Sad and inexplicable disappointment! The old man took to flight, and hid himself on the sea-shore, as he had before fled and hid himself thirty years previously, to escape from the restored monarch Charles II. He waited with anxiety till a favourable wind should once more transport him—always proscribed—far from his country, which had become free again. He arrived at Vevey, humbled, shattered, unable to comprehend, and still less able to endure this new turn of fortune, and died four years afterwards, in 1693, with no other consolation than the esteem of some foreigners, who had him buried in their church, and the affection of his wife, who raised a small monument to his memory.†

How are we to account for this sad destiny? Was it then

* Biographia Britannica, article "Ludlow," vol. v., p. 3032.

† This monument still remains in the church of St. Martin, at Vevey. A Latin inscription is engraved upon it, which records the principal events of Ludlow's life, the offices which he filled, and the constant affection of his widow, Elizabeth Oldsworth. Another inscription had been placed, at Vevey, over the door of the house in which Ludlow lived. It is as follows: "Omne solum forti patria, quia patris:" "Every soil is a country for the brave, because it is the soil of his father." This inscription was purchased, eighteen years ago, by an Englishman, who caused it to be removed. We are not aware whether he was prompted to this by enthusiasm or by indignation.

The following is the translation of the Latin inscription on Ludlow's monument:—"Stop and consider. Here rests Edmund Ludlow, an Englishman, of the county of Wiltshire; son of Henry Ludlow, knight, and member of Parliament, as he was also himself; he was honourable by his birth, but still more so by his virtue; in religion a Protestant, and of eminent piety. In the twenty-third year of his age he was made colonel of a regiment, and soon after lieutenant-general of the army. In this post he helped to subdue Ireland. He was intrepid, and regardless of life in battle; clement and humane in victory; the defender of his country's freedom, and the firm opponent of absolute power. Banished on this account from his native country, though worthy of a better lot, he took refuge in Switzerland for thirty-two years, and died in the sixty-third year of his age, regretted by his friends, but gaining a dwelling amidst eternal joys.

"His beloved, courageous, and bereaved companion in misfortune, as in marriage, Elizabeth, prompted by her devotedness, and the strength of conjugal affection, followed him in his exile until his death, and has caused this monument to be raised, to retain in perpetual remembrance her true and sincere affection for her deceased husband, in the year of our Lord 1693."—(Biographia Britannica, vol. v., p. 3033.)

What is most remarkable in this inscription, is the absolute silence it maintains with reference to the trial and condemnation of Charles I., whose name is not even mentioned.

without reason—without justice; was it only intended to exhibit, as Ludlow must have thought, a new illustration of the ingratitude of peoples: one of those severe strokes of fortune which man knows not how to explain? I cannot think so.

When the Parliament of 1640 opened, the desire of political reform was general in England. The mental activity and progress produced by the religious reformation made this desire a moral necessity; the absurd and unjust government of Charles I. made it a practical necessity. Both the claims of national thought and the safety of individual interests required that this end should be attained. The nation precipitated itself, without forethought, into the course that promised to conduct it thither.

But if, in the midst of this first spring of expectancy, the future which was awaiting it could have been at once revealed to this generation as it was buoyed up with this hope; if it had been able to see itself tormented, oppressed, plundered by its chiefs as well as by its enemies, the slave and sport of the personal interest of factions, as it had been of the caprices of the court; if it could have anticipated all the evils, all the crimes which it would have to undergo, in order that succeeding generations might enjoy a day of better government; can we believe that it would have entered upon the revolution with so much gaiety—can we even think it would have consented to enter upon it at all?

Happily for the moral dignity and progress of the human race, Providence does not entrust in this manner to each generation the knowledge of, and control over, that future which belongs also to others: when it designs to bring about one of those convulsions by which society expiates its errors, and commences a new era, it avails itself of the reckless daring of men in order to spur them onward in this terrible movement. But who can doubt that they would shrink from such an advance if they foreknew all the misery and shame that must attend it? Who can imagine that, in 1640, the English people would have consented to the civil war, the condemnation of Charles I., the anarchy of the Republic, the tyranny of Cromwell, and the corruption of the Restoration, as the price with which it was to purchase, in 1688, William III. and the Bill of Rights? Assuredly England, in its revolutionary enthusiasm, did not anticipate any of these things.

When such crises as these break out, men are always to be found who not only do not foresee more clearly than the

public the terrible consequences which will follow, but who are so constituted that, when these results appear, they will not see them or accept them as perfectly legitimate. These men—and I now speak only of those who are sincere and disinterested—are called to present a singular spectacle and suffer a strange destiny. They have proclaimed more confidently, more unreservedly than any others, the principles of reform; while, in fact, none forget and violate those principles more than themselves. They are, more than any others, ardently bent upon that general welfare which is the end which reform proposes for itself; and, in their efforts to attain it, they completely lose sight of it. The country stirs itself without foreseeing what will happen; they do more, they advance onwards without ever seeing what has already happened. Their actions belie their principles, and events contradict their hopes; they care not, they accept everything, individual crimes, public calamities; they call them necessities, and firmly believe that the country ought to receive them as such. It cannot be so; their blindness outlasts and survives the recklessness of the people; as they are gradually forsaken they become successively a party, a faction, a coterie; still they are unconcerned; at first they refuse to believe in their isolation, and, when they believe it, they will not understand it; they have sacrificed all, even their fellow-countrymen, and their own principles to the necessity of success; success also forsakes them, they are yet unenlightened as to their moral discredit and reverses.

Such were, in the English revolution, almost all the honest leaders of the Republican party; such, among others, was Edmund Ludlow. He was one of those limited and unbending spirits who are unable to admit more than one ruling idea; and who, when they have received this idea, are possessed by it, and allow it first to rule their conscience and then to acquire the undisputed sway of their whole being. To destroy the king and found the Republic, this was, I repeat, the fixed idea that governed his life. The despotism of the Long Parliament, first over the king's party, then over the nation when it desired to come to terms with the king; the despotism of the army over the Long Parliament, when this in its turn was desirous of peace; lastly, the despotism of the Rump over the army and nation when, after the death of Cromwell, all England demanded a full and free Parliament, which could not fail to recal Charles II.; all these violent

and conflicting powers appeared to Ludlow just and necessary, because he expected they would issue, first in the downfal of Charles I., then in the success of the Republican government. To this name alone he successively surrendered the laws, liberties, and happiness of his contemporaries, and remained firmly convinced that the perfidy, first of the king, then of the Parliament, then of the army, then of Cromwell, and finally of Monk, had alone made him and his faithful friends miscarry in their patriotic designs.

Ludlow was mistaken: the Republican party had brought its misfortunes entirely upon itself, by its own errors, its own unreasonableness, its own iniquities, and the evils which itself had caused to the country. It had aimed at imposing the Republic on England as Charles I. had aimed at imposing absolute power; it had not taken into consideration either existing interests, national feelings, the immediate results of its enterprise, or the justice of the means it adopted. It had obstinately shut its eyes to the rights which it violated, the resistance which it encountered, the reverses which it experienced, and to its own corruption, which soon came, and ended by bringing pretended Republicans into contempt, that over, into ridicule. Blinded by his infatuation, Ludlow, as long as he remained in active life, saw nothing of all this; when he wrote his Memoirs in the seclusion of his retreat, his infatuation was the same; in reviewing the past he perceived in it nothing which he could not have observed while mingling in its scenes, and his recollections were as confined as had been his judgment while the events were actually occurring around him. But England had seen and judged all; the antipathy and scorn which, in 1688, it again felt for the Stuarts, had not served to excuse, in public opinion, the former revolutionary factions; and when, at that period, Ludlow returned to his country, he did not find there any of the old prejudices which he took back with him; he was only recognised as one of the abettors of the absurd tyranny of the Rump, and one of the judges of Charles I. These were not the colours around which England was then rallying, and which were to be the heralds of the new revolution.

If Ludlow had known himself better, if he had been able to analyse with impartiality what was passing in his own mind when, proscribed and solitary, he was writing his Memoirs, he might have foreseen his unhappy disappointment. In vain is it that men mistake and elude the truth; it acts upon them

while they fail to recognise it; it appears even in the efforts which they make to keep it from their sight, and the blindness of the most obstinate is never exempt from a kind of bewilderment which betrays a secret apprehension of blame and error. Nothing could avail to enlighten Ludlow as to the faults of his party; he did not disapprove in his conscience, or disavow by his words, any of the acts to which it had given its concurrence. Nevertheless, we have only to read his Memoirs in order to be convinced that the remembrance of these acts, especially the condemnation of Charles I., was a source of regret and disquietude to him. He has defended, and wished to justify his conduct, but he constantly felt the absence of more solid grounds of justification. This is the thought from which all else in his Memoirs proceeded, and to which all is related; we are conscious that it pursues and annoys him; in spite of his patriotic disinterestedness he is oppressed by a peculiar position, in which he was especially involved; while he relates how the liberty of his country has been wrested from it, he is continually engaged in his own defence. This accounts for so many facts being unfaithfully represented, so much omission and reserve which it is difficult not to believe to be half-intended. Not only did not Ludlow see, in events, all that he might have seen, but he did not tell all that he had actually seen; he did not dare to relate in detail the death of the king, nor the resistance of the Presbyterian party in Parliament to the tyranny of the army, nor a number of the acts of the Republican party which his own principles condemned. He finds it necessary to dissimulate, to omit, or to pass rapidly over various circumstances, which were, nevertheless, weighty and important. In one word, his mind is naturally limited and obtuse, and even in its own sphere it is not free; blinded as he is, he is constrained to refuse admittance to the few rays of light which he cannot but see.

I have now said with reference to Ludlow all that I think; I have shown in him an example, among others, of the deplorable consequences of that spirit of faction, and that passionate adherence to one fixed idea which, in advancing to its goal, has regard neither to the laws of morality nor to the lessons of experience. His was a sad lot; we cannot say that it was an unjust one; nevertheless he had a certain right to regard it as such, since he had been ever sincere. A friend to truth, and desirous of the general welfare of the commu-

nity, his actions were disinterested, and he steadily followed his convictions, while but little enlightened as to what was passing around him, and incapable of comprehending events and men, he had impulses to justice and liberty often superior to the enlightenment of his age. Easily beguiled by his hopes, he remained constantly inaccessible to fear; if the extent of his attachment to his party was blameable, Cromwell was never able to intimidate or corrupt him. He learnt nothing by experience; but he was not overcome by it. As a Republican he entered Parliament, and he died a Republican on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. In his judgment we can find little to esteem, and in his life there is much which we must blame; but his name deserves our respect; and among those of his time who judged it with rigour, certainly the greater part had no proper appreciation of him.*

THOMAS MAY.

[1595—1656.]

ENGLAND has enjoyed its season of national gaiety and pleasure. This was during the reign of Elizabeth, when religious excitement, occasioned by fear of foreign invasion, arose in the very midst of the English Reformation. The condition of the people was still one of difficulty and agitation—liberty was far from complete, public prospects were uncertain; nevertheless the country was free from civil war, and seemed to be preparing itself for approaching prosperity. The government possessed the confidence of the nation: the queen, though often tyrannical, was popular and respected. In a time of such tranquillity there was no lack either of employment or of recreation. With the exception of the Puritans, then a small and obscure sect, the minds of the people, although active, were not absorbed by any one passion, nor committed to any regular system. They gave a ready reception to ideas and adventures, from whatever source they might be derived. In the pursuit of fame, wealth, or

* The Memoirs of Ludlow were first published at Vevey in 1698, in two volumes 8vo. A third volume appeared, also at Vevey, in 1699; and, in the same year, a French translation of the first two volumes was published at Amsterdam. The original text was reprinted in England, in 1751, in one volume folio, and has, since that time, passed through several editions.

pleasure, no expense was spared, no difficulty seemed insurmountable. At court and among the people, alike in the cottages of the poor and the mansions of the rich, there was diffused a general taste for society, whether festive or serious; the peasant had his rustic, the noble his sumptuous, festivals. Luxury with the great was gay, though pompous; the poor also found their circumstances no hindrance to mirth. In London, both the higher and lower orders flocked to the theatres to witness the performance of Shakspeare's dramas; in the country, they listened to the strains of wandering minstrels. Banquets and games almost daily relieved the monotony of labour and the constraint of religious solemnities. It was a time of great moral and political turmoil, but of free and happy movement, in which all seemed young and fresh;—a time at once peaceable and threatening, when society, as yet exacting little, was nevertheless full of ambition, curiosity, and hope.

When Charles I. ascended the throne the stream of progress had increased, and England was much changed. The religious spirit had extended itself, and had become excited and gloomy. The spirit of liberty, gathering intelligence and vigour, sought to express itself, and spoke loudly of its rights and expectations. In the place of that unsettled and so to speak, floating activity, ready to recognise, and even to serve, without any consideration of payment, a glorious and formidable national power, there arose on all sides determinate ideas, ardent passions, undeveloped factions, a tendency to scorn and oppose King James and his ignoble government. In proportion as the country had become exacting in its requirements, and severe in its habits, power had become arrogant in its pretensions, and dissipated in its morals; and the court pageantry which, under Elizabeth, had so greatly excited popular curiosity and admiration, was, under her successor, an object only of reprehension and disgust.

Charles I. invested royalty and its adjuncts with an imposing exterior. His character was dignified, his manners grave, and his morals pure. But things remained, in all essential respects, the same. The court, always brilliant, became more and more estranged from the country. The haughty nobility, indolent and impoverished, thronged round the prince, seeking only advancement and pleasure. The king's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham—an arrogant, haughty, pompous, frivolous man—trafficked with the power

and wealth of office, as if they were only valuable as a means of purchasing the subserviency of his creatures and gratifying his individual caprices. The queen, Henrietta Maria, desirous of preserving unaltered the habits in which she had been nurtured, busied herself in the endeavour to introduce at Whitehall the customs, pastimes, and ideas of the court of France; considering absolute power necessary to kingly dignity, and Catholicism the only religion becoming a prince. Poets, literary men, and wits, frequented the court in search of opportunities of display for their talent, distinction for their vanity, and pensions for their poverty. More excuse may be found for these than for other courtiers; for the tastes and pleasures of intellect create a certain noble and gentle fascination, which severs the imaginative man from the citizen, and fills his fancy with visions of those occupations alone which charm, and those protectors alone who encourage. In the midst of spectacles, elegant conversation, festivities, masquerades in which all the court shared, in animated and brilliant clubs, where the successors of Shakspeare met, and where Ben Jonson still presided, they easily forgot the ship-money, the controversies of the Puritans with Archbishop Laud, and the just though gloomy dissatisfaction of the country.

There was a young man who, at this period, frequented the court and the literary gatherings of the time. Of slender resources and retiring disposition, afflicted, moreover, with an impediment in his speech, which debarred him from conversation, he was yet animated, accomplished, with little pride but considerable susceptibility, and ready to apply the stores of his mind and the generosity of his character to promote the interests of his friends. Thomas May was born in Sussex, in the year 1595, of an ancient and honourable family. His early prospects of wealth were disappointed by the ruin of his father, who could bestow upon his son no other inheritance than a liberal education, and the hope of making his way by the assistance of that classic lore which he had cultivated at the University of Cambridge with assiduity and success. On leaving college, towards the close of the reign of James I., he came to London, and joined himself to the congenial literary circle of those who were devoted to the drama, to books, and to such diversions as had hitherto concealed the threatening approach of serious thought concerning *liberty* and the stern experiences of civil war.

Five dramatic compositions, which were favourably received,* a translation into verse of the Georgics and some of Martial's Epigrams, two historical poems—one relating to the reign of Henry II.,† the other to that of Edward III.‡—lastly, a translation of Lucan's Pharsalia, and the continuation of that poem, in Latin and English, up to the death of Cæsar, soon procured for him a brilliant reputation.

None of these works displayed great or original talent; none addressed themselves to the general public, or were likely to secure popularity. But they were acceptable to the literary world, which delights, while enjoying its own pleasures, to contemplate also its privileges; and to the court, which prides itself on according a willing admiration to those who amuse it. May's last work, the "Pharsalia," was regarded as a masterpiece, and it is still received with favour. In reading it, we are struck with the intimate acquaintance with the sentiments and manners of ancient Rome which it displays, and with the rare felicity of its style. Charles I. treated May with distinction; frequently called him his poet; and it was at the king's request that he composed his two poems on the reigns of Henry II. and Edward III.

At this time Charles I. was oppressing his subjects, and feelings of distrust and anger had begun to brood in their minds. But neither the king nor the poet had then the least suspicion of the alteration that was soon to occur in their sentiments towards each other, when the king would take up arms against his subjects, and the poet would enlist in the service of the enemies of his former patron.

Nevertheless, the relationship between men of letters and their superiors in station was not entirely of a pleasurable character, as May soon learnt by sad experience. The students of the Temple and their jovial associates, on one occasion, exhibited before the court one of the masquerades then in vogue. "They were," says an eye-witness, "well used at court by the king and queen; no disgust given them, only this one accident fell: Mr. May of Gray's Inn, a fine poet,

* These five pieces are: "The Heir," a comedy, performed in 1620; "Cleopatra," a tragedy, 1626; "Agrippina," a tragedy, 1628; "Antigone," a tragedy, 1631; and "The Old Couple," a comedy. None of these remain on the stage.

† "The reign of King Henry the Second, written in seven books, by his Majesty's command." 1633.

‡ "The victorious reign of Edward the Third, in seven books, by his Majesty's command." 1635.

he who translated *Lucan*, came athwart my lord chamberlain in the banqueting-house, and he broke his staff over his shoulders, not knowing who he was; the king present, who knew him, for he called him 'his poet,' told the chamberlain of it, who sent for him the next morning, and fairly excused himself to him, and gave him fifty pounds in pieces. I believe he was the more indulgent for his name-sake."*

We find here a remarkable illustration of the coarseness of the manners then allowed at court, and of the humiliating position it assigned to literary men, whom it yet carefully sought after, and who were the chief ministers to its gratification.

A circumstance, if not more offensive, yet more serious, soon after occurred, which altered the position of May, and gave a new direction both to his opinions and to his works. In 1637, Ben Jonson having died, the title and emoluments of poet-laureate, which had belonged to him, became vacant. May desired and solicited for the appointment, but a more fortunate candidate, Sir William Davenant, obtained it. Whether May had already formed connexions with the adversaries of the court, by which he had forfeited the royal favour, does not appear; it would be better for his reputation if this had been the case, but there is nothing to indicate that it was. Royalist writers attribute his desertion of their cause to the vexation which he experienced on this defeat. "Since his fortune," says Clarendon, "could not raise his mind, he brought his mind down to his fortune."† May could be satisfied with a court life only as it procured him success and advancement; the court had offended his pride and injured his fortune; accordingly the poet, filled with mortification and disgust, suddenly changed his party and sought patronage elsewhere.

It was not by his verses that May could find acceptance with the Long Parliament; the Presbyterian party expected other service from him than the composition of odes and tragedies. What offices were entrusted to him, and what recompense he received, is not known. We only find that he took the title of Clerk of the Parliament, that he was attached to Fairfax, and frequently took up military quarters during the civil war. There is no reason for believing that he ever

* See a letter of the 27th of February, 1634, addressed to the Earl of Strafford, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.—(Biographia Britannica, art. May, vol. v., p. 3067, note E.)

† *Life* of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 89. Oxford ed.

played any prominent part in political transactions. The Parliament sought him for the same reason that Charles had, on account of his talent and literary renown, and accordingly he assisted in the struggle of political passions as he had in the festivities of the court. At the request of Charles I. he had composed poems; at the request of the Commons, or rather of some of its political leaders, he wrote the history of events as they came under his observation, and developed their historical significance. His "History of the Parliament" appeared in May, 1647, while the king was in captivity. The three books of it which he published proceeded as far as the battle of Newbury, fought on the 23rd of September, 1643.

No task can be more adventurous than to write the history of events while they are actually transpiring; and, above all, to compose, in the camp of one of the opposing parties, the history of an important revolution, which every year, or perhaps every month, appears under different leaders, and is determined by different principles, aims, and professions. It was not a simple pamphlet, devoted to the consideration of one question or of one circumstance which May had to compose; he did not pen chronicles intended for publication after his death, in which he could record, with or without impartiality but with perfect freedom, whatever he had seen, heard, or collected. He had an immediate end prescribed for him, which nevertheless he might not and would not bring into view. The day had long passed since the Parliament met enjoying the confidence of the entire nation. Even the most salutary revolution can never perform all the promises which it makes to its contemporaries, and must inevitably produce sufferings which it could not anticipate. England became more and more dissatisfied with its new masters. Oppressed by their despotism, distracted by their factions, desolated by civil war, it began to reproach the dominant party for having, by its own short-comings, caused the evils under which the country was groaning. The Parliament had to struggle with this opinion, attempting at once to justify what it had done, and to arrest its own course when the impetus urging it forward had become irresistible. It was, we cannot doubt, in this pressing and imperious emergency that May undertook his history. "Perchance," he himself says, in the preface, "some readers may be put in mind of their own thoughts heretofore; which thoughts have since, like Nebuchadnezzar's

dream, departed from them. An English gentleman, who went to travel when this Parliament was called, and returned when these differences were grown among us, hearing what discourses were daily made, affirmed that the Parliament of England, in his opinion, was more misunderstood in England than at Rome; and that there was greater need to remember our own countrymen, than to inform strangers of what was past; so much, said he, have they seemed to forget the things themselves, and their own notions concerning them."

Such being the disposition of the people, a treatise which should present itself as apologetic might expect instant condemnation; it was necessary that a work of a more grave and calm bearing, written as if addressed only to posterity, should bring back fresh to the minds of the people the corrupt state of Charles's government before the assembling of the Long Parliament, and should exhibit the conduct of the House since that time as uniformly patriotic, as dictated by a necessity imposed upon it solely by the evil practices of the king and by his obstinate refusal of the only guarantees which could secure permanence for their liberty. It was required that, in such a work, the passions of the Parliamentary party, its intrigues, its illegal practices, the personal aims of its chiefs, whatever had tended to reflect a slight on the power residing in the popular will, should be absolutely omitted and ignored, as if nothing of the kind had influenced the course of events; as if all the transactions of the House, and the consequences flowing from them, were traceable solely to the malicious designs of their adversaries and the necessities of their position. Such is the true character of May's "History of the Long Parliament," a work at once official and literary, written by a man naturally moderate, and careful to preserve, in the tone of his work at least, that impartiality which the mission of the historian seemed to him to demand, but engaged in the service of a power embarrassed by its own existence, regarded with coldness by the public, and which, feeling itself unsustained by any popular enthusiasm, wished at least to show that it had only acted from necessity and duty.

While with these intentions May was composing and publishing his book, a new power arose, less scrupulous, more energetic, more aggressive; this was the Republican party and the army. That which had sufficed as an apology for the Presbyterians would not satisfy Cromwell and the *Independents*. May abandoned his history. How, indeed, could

he have continued it? In passing on to the next chapter he would have been compelled to change his principles and his heroes, abjure the Earl of Essex, Hollis, and all the claims of moderation in its treatment of the king which he had made on behalf of the Parliament. The transition would have been too abrupt, and the contrast too palpable. May probably perceived this, for he ceased to write for some time. I find even, in Whitelocke's "Memorials," a fact stated which seems to indicate that he allowed a disposition very much like opposition to manifest itself against Cromwell and the Independents. Whitelocke, under date of February 5, 1650, states, "that one Mr. Thomas May was secured by the governor there (at Weymouth), and to be sent up in custody to London, for raising false rumours concerning the Parliament and the general."* May attempted, doubtless verbally, to defend his Presbyterian patrons; but Cromwell was as skilful in winning over his adversaries, as he was vigorous in crushing them. There is no indication of what became of May after he had been conveyed in custody to London, nor what was the nature of the relationship established between him and the republican general. Only we find him again at liberty towards the close of the year 1650, and publishing first in Latin, then in English, a "Breviary of the History of the Parliament of England; expressed in three Parts: 1. The Causes and Beginnings of the Civil War of England; 2. A short mention of the Progress of the Civil War; 3. A compendious relation of the Original and Progress of the Second Civil War." In this new work the revolution was entirely retraced up to the trial of Charles, and matters were placed in such a light as would be most agreeable to Cromwell, and to the party which Cromwell was endeavouring to corrupt, and which he meanwhile deceived.

Whoever, after having witnessed a revolution, will take the trouble of comparing the two works of Thomas May, will be struck with the great difference between them. There is no gross and palpable contradiction; the historian, deficient neither in moderation nor in the art of presenting facts so as to serve the end he had in view, has yet been careful to preserve the appearance of impartiality. But the circumstances of his position determine his conclusions, and show themselves in the incidental reflections, the groundless insinuations, the

* Whitelocke's Memorials of English Affairs. 1684. Folio, p. 440.

general colouring, which characterise his narrative. In 1646 the cause of the king did not seem utterly lost; that of the Parliament was still merely an opposition fundamentally legitimate, though already sustained by much fraud and iniquity. Most good citizens still hoped for peace, and the revolution was desirous merely of justifying itself for not having before concluded it. It had not been able to do this, although it had constantly desired it, and this is what May had undertaken to prove for the Parliament; he had addressed himself chiefly to that enlightened and moderate portion of the public from whom the Parliament had received, in 1640, its force and impulse. In 1650, on the other hand, the revolution had pushed its violence to the last extreme; the final, irrevocable act had been consummated, to the great dissatisfaction of the city of London, of a large number of the country gentlemen, and of honest townsmen who were but a short time before actively engaged in promoting the Parliamentary cause. The Independents, who were now the sole rulers, neither attempted nor wished to rally these classes; it was to the lower orders that they looked for support, and even among them their credit began to wane. The king became popular as soon as he died, and the restoration of those Presbyterian members who had been excluded from the Parliament was constantly demanded by enraged mobs. Now, therefore, was it necessary to address the inferior classes, and to revive in them those interests and prejudices which might serve the revolution, by reaffirming old suspicions and distrust, and exhibiting, as alone faithful to the national cause, those men who had either urged on or followed the revolution to its extreme limit, whatever might be the real wish or ultimate fate of the country.

It was with this design that May, with prudent conformity to circumstances, instead of continuing his history wrote his breviary, in which the narrative is recast and completed. His tone is bitter and sarcastic, not only towards the king and the Royalists, but towards all parties, all sections, all individuals, who believed that the revolution should have been arrested in its course. Different opinions are no longer, as in the former work, presented with that apparent impartiality which seems to leave the verdict concerning them to be pronounced by the reader. The author limits himself to the relation of such facts as reflect favourably on the revolution

in its last stage, introducing, wherever an opportunity is presented, reflections and insinuations most calculated to bring into odium or suspicion, in the eyes of the people, every opinion, and all conduct, except that of Cromwell and his adherents.

But in imposing upon himself this task, the historian had undertaken more than his personal feelings, and perhaps, also, those of the public, would allow him to execute. Presbyterian in his opinions and moderate in his character, May felt himself obliged to halt in the new course he had undertaken. After having written so as to serve the interests of Cromwell and the Independents, the history of the civil war, and of the internal dissensions of the Parliament, after having palliated the despotism of the army and the violent expulsions from the House of Commons, he did not dare to relate, as without doubt his patrons wished, the trial and death of Charles I. The "Breviary" finishes abruptly on the brink of this terrible fact, which, says the author, "would make a history by itself." It is something that party spirit and subservience to authority should recognise some limit, whatever it be.

May did not long survive the publication of his last work. On the 13th of November, 1650, after having, say his biographers, gaily quaffed his accustomed bottle of wine, he retired to rest without displaying any symptom of disease, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. His literary renown was great; he had served well the sect which then presided alone in the House of Commons; they granted him a stately funeral and a tomb in Westminster Abbey, where a monument in white marble, adorned with a long inscription, was erected to his memory. Ten years after, Charles II. had ascended the throne, and political reactions, like revolutions, did not respect even the resting-places of the dead; on the 12th and 14th of September, 1661, the bodies of Admiral Blake, of Pym, of the mother of Cromwell, of his daughter, Lady Claypole, and of Thomas May, were exhumed from Westminster and removed pell-mell, says a Puritan historian,* to the burying-ground of St. Margaret's Church, and, as long as the Stuarts reigned, the memory and the writings of the poet-historian were treated with as little consideration as his mortal remains.

* Neal's History of the Puritans, vol. iv., pp. 317-318.

I will not use the language of Clarendon, who, leagued with May at first, afterwards accused him of "prostituting himself to the vile office of celebrating the infamous acts of those who were in rebellion against the king; which he did so meanly, that he seemed to all men to have lost his wits when he left his honesty."* A more impartial writer than Clarendon, who, under Charles I., had sympathised with the Reformers, but who, after the Restoration, almost always sided with the Opposition, and whom Charles II. several times ineffectually attempted to seduce—Andrew Marvell—has written a short poem against May, in which he reproaches "his mercenary pen," ridicules the truckling subservience which led him to speak of one man of his party as "a Cato," of another as "a Cicero," and maintains that the errors of his history have originated, "not by ignorance, or seeming good, but malice."

A century had not passed away before Lord Chatham,† the father of Mr. Pitt, and himself one of the greatest statesmen who ever ruled England, writing to his nephew, Lord Camelford, then studying at the University of Cambridge, uses the following language:‡

"I desired you some time since to read 'Lord Clarendon's History of the Civil Wars.' I have lately read a much honester and more instructive book, of the same period of history: it is the History of the Parliament, by Thomas May, Esq."

About the same time,§ the learned and ingenious Bishop Warburton writes thus to Dr. Hurd: "'May's History of Parliament' is a just composition, according to the rules of history. It is written with much judgment, penetration, manliness, and spirit; and with a candour that will greatly increase your esteem, when you understand that he wrote by order of his masters, the Parliament."

Thus, the man whom, a little after his death, a patriotic Independent charged with venality and perfidy, was considered eighty years later, and perhaps is still considered by modern patriots, as the most impartial and faithful narrator of that great crisis to which England owes its liberties.

Neither the predilections of party, nor the fickleness of

* Memoirs of the Private Life of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 40. Oxford, 1827.
† Biographia Britannica, article "May," vol. v., p. 3070. Edition of 1760.
‡ September 5th, 1754. § August 16th, 1753.

human judgments, will suffice to explain these differences of opinion; they must be traced to more general causes. The estimate of that revolution which Thomas May has related has changed as well as the repute of his book; and it is because the events themselves present a different aspect that the historian is judged so differently.

May has in his "History," if not in his "Breviary," seized upon those truths, the recollection of which is still cherished, and which alone, after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years, can retain their importance in the eyes of Englishmen. Events do not present themselves in their completeness, nor in their full realisation, to the eyes of those living subsequently to the epoch in which they occurred. Men of an after age look for and regard that only which still interests themselves, whatever has influenced their own destiny, whatever corresponds to their particular impressions, notions, and wants. The Long Parliament, and all the parties which it engendered, notwithstanding the original justice of their cause, became violent, deceitful, unjust, tyrannical; England suffered during its continuance all the evils of civil war and sectarian rule; these sufferings were followed by reactions, which in their turn produced new reactions; for fifty years public confidence and hope passed alternately from kings to parliaments, and from parliaments to kings, wandering from one name to another; from system to system, from power to power, finding nowhere any settlement or repose. All this is now past and forgotten, and all that remains of the Revolution of 1640, is the general principles which it proclaimed, and the salutary results which it secured for the country; these are the associations that win for it the continued attachment and remembrance of the English people; no one now cares to weigh scrupulously the merits of particular acts, nor to ascertain what deductions are to be made for individual sins. We do not expect that a reader of the history of that period should sympathise with all the impressions which were natural to a contemporary, and kindle into anger at the mention of wrongs and iniquities which he has neither seen nor suffered. Each age has its own destiny and its own life; only that can affect it vividly of which it bears the pain or gathers the fruit; and but few men possess that judicial firmness and disinterestedness which will move them to disentangle the entire truth out of facts which do not press upon themselves. Here, then, we

see why it is that Thomas May is held in such high esteem by English patriots; he has presented the revolution as it appears in fact to them, showing its aims and real causes. What he has said of it—the value which he attributes to it—is just that which remains now, and still answers to the ideas and sentiments of his modern readers. What he has misrepresented, or omitted, is that which no personal feelings will lead them to inquire into, and no consideration prompts them to make a rigorous investigation. There are truths which die with the age that witnessed them, and the world would become too wise if it had collected, without any diminution, all those verities which have come to light since men and events have existed.

I do not, therefore, wonder that the Whigs of our own day should be so little struck with the adroit partiality which characterises the writings of Thomas May, and eulogise him as a "candid and upright" historian. It is even honourable to his intellect, if not to his character, that, writing the history of events which were passing under his eye, he has exhibited an impartiality that belongs to posterity. In no case has he done violent outrage to truth; he has apologised for no crime, nor for any great disorder; he has not wantonly insulted his adversaries. Omission, palliation, dissimulation, is his method and aim; his reason never allows him to attempt more; and if, in his "Breviary," he is more completely chained to a violent faction, I am constrained to believe that it was not without perplexity nor without regret.

Nevertheless, thus much having been said, and this allowance having been made in accommodation to the egoism of men and of ages—an allowance which it were unreasonable to refuse—the higher tribunal of truth and justice remains, to which we must finally refer—justice, which in the rigour of its verdict has no respect for persons; truth, knowing neither compromise nor limitation. This is at once the prerogative and the duty of history; only thus can it acquire a moral element. It may hear, understand, and explain all—the empire of circumstance and of passion, the rival claims of conflicting interests, the success or failure of political combinations, and that irresistible current of events which urges men along its course, and exerts so mighty an influence on their conduct and destiny. But history, which must traverse all these paths, must not stop in any—it has a goal to which it

must direct itself. It must determine and judge. In the actions and events which it relates there is good and evil, justice and injustice, wisdom and folly. They have a meaning and a worth; they are either consonant with, or contrary to, the universal order of things, and the eternal laws of the reason. In that valley of Jehoshaphat, where all must descend as they quit the scene, there is a judgment which awaits those who have been the actors, and, in a measure, the authors of history—a judgment supremely wise and equitable, which knows and measures all, determines the sphere of each, and the part which each shall perform—a judgment, in fine, which decides and declares, and illumines with the torch of truth the complicated web of human action and destiny. If history does not light this torch—if, on arriving at its goal, it has no decision to offer, no verdict to bring, it loses its intellectual worth and its moral dignity; it is nought but a frivolous display of empty trifling.

At the same time it loses its practical importance. History can offer to us serious lessons only in so far as it determines and judges. If it merely aims to bring before our eyes the spectacle of human activity without disclosing its meaning and results, it may indeed pretend to amuse us, but it is no longer the lamp of experience guiding our steps onwards into the future by a light reflected from the past.

But to accomplish so lofty an end, to become at once moral and instructive, the virtue of sincerity is pre-eminently necessary. When the lives and liberties of our fellow-men are concerned, the law justly requires a scrupulous exactness in the collection of facts, and in securing at every step of the process publicity and certainty. And history is the tribunal to which the honour and the moral life of men are brought to receive a lasting sentence: its aim is to teach; its voice pronounces a verdict. Conscientiousness, impartiality, perfect ingenuousness, and publicity, are here sacred duties;—so much the more sacred, inasmuch as history speaks of those who are departed, and addresses itself to the public, which is more easily duped.

When our civilisation shall have become more diffused and elevated, that public which must finally test those who serve it, which guides and gives morality to the time, will, I doubt not, show itself especially severe and unrelenting towards historians. It will demand from them a due regard to the

morality of their mission, and will inflict a just reprobation on those who perpetuate through ages the illusions of a time of civil discord and faction.

Here it is that we discover the error of Thomas May and his "History of the Long Parliament." We must accord to his work the merit of being important and curious, as it could not fail of being when we consider that it is almost an official history, written as the events which it records occurred, under the direction of the chief actors, and with the design of keeping or regaining the attachment of the English to that cause which was, on the whole, the cause of the country; but it has the vices of hypocrisy and partiality—a cultured partiality, which veils itself under the guise of truth, and avails itself, for purposes of deception, of that uninquiring facility with which even earnest minds often form their opinions when the full and exact knowledge of the truth is no longer for them a matter of immediate and practical interest.

SIR PHILIP WARWICK.

[1608—1683.]

GREAT revolutions meet with a double opposition from enemies to their nature and their mode of development; from those who condemn the end which they pursue, and from those who object to the means which they employ. They concern themselves only with the first, but the second soon become their most formidable adversaries, and it is in the struggle with these that they betray their weakness, until they have learnt to purify and moderate themselves.

We should bestow too much honour on Sir Philip Warwick did we class him with those men who were opposed only to the hypocrisy, the perfidy, the tyranny, the violence of the Revolution of 1640. He was no stranger to the false ideas and unworthy interests of the court of the Stuarts; he did not disapprove of all the illegitimate pretensions of power, and he neither liked nor did he thoroughly understand the general principles which were urged in support of political rights and freedom. Nevertheless, he was not one of those who were

indifferent to the injustice of Charles's government, who entertained no respect for the time-honoured laws and characters of their country, and who adopted the maxims of absolute power with the flippancy of courtiers who expect to gain by it. He is the type and representative of a large class of men, numerous at that time in England, who, without occupying a prominent place in history, yet exerted a real influence on the events of their time; men devoted with an almost superstitious regard to Charles I., yet friends to their country which Charles oppressed; attached to the court, and to the last espousing its cause, yet without having lost all reverence for established laws, all respect for public liberty, never estranged from national interests nor insensible to patriotic emotions. These men constituted the main strength of the Stuart party in England from 1640 to 1688. Unenlightened, yet not servile, stationary rather than biassed by interest, they mingled confusedly the old maxims of Magna Charta with the recent maxims of the courts of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; they regarded sovereignty as belonging to the king alone, a sovereignty independent of the Parliament; and yet they considered the pretensions of a monarch to rule without a Parliament as dangerous and illegitimate. They repudiated the natural consequences of the Reformation, yet they detested the papacy. They fondly wished to reconcile the royal prerogative carried out according to the pattern of Elizabeth, and the incomplete and compromising revolution as accomplished by Henry VIII., with the downfal of Catholicism and the constitutional liberties handed down from their ancestors. Vain attempt! which led its partisans to shake hands with despotism and imperil the reformation, but which, by a marvel of human inconsistency, did not prevent them from maintaining the independence of their character, the patriotism of their sentiments, and their influence on the nation, with which they could not but identify themselves.

Sir Philip Warwick was one of these men: if his obscure political life gives but little indication of this, his writings, and especially his "Memoirs," do not allow us to doubt it. He was born at London in 1608, and descended from a respectable family of the county of Cumberland. He was brought up at Eton,—afterwards he travelled in France, and resided some time at Geneva. On his return to England he

became private secretary to Juxon, Bishop of London, then Lord Treasurer, and obtained the office of Clerk of the Signet.* Bishop Juxon was, as Warwick says in his Memoirs, one of the most respected and learned men attached to the royal cause. As Lord Treasurer he acted with wisdom and economy, opposing to abuses the honourable though ineffectual resistance of an upright minister, who has only his own virtue to defend him from the feebleness of the monarch and the greediness of courtiers. Young Warwick had at least the advantage of not being connected with a personally vicious administration, and of not himself having formed that habit of misapplying the power conferred by office which so soon corrupts those who are its instruments. Although his post was an unimportant one, it established him at court, where he formed those social connexions which determine both the lot and the opinions of most men, and was sometimes the medium of communication between the minister and the king, whose good-will he thus obtained. In 1640 the borough of Radnor, in Wales, appointed him its representative in the Long Parliament, where he uniformly sided with the Royalist party—conduct which would have earned for him no praise were it not for the displays of courage which it involved, and which he constantly manifested. On the 21st of April, 1641, he was one of the fifty-six members who voted against the bill of attainder by which the Parliament, without the formality of a trial, sent the Earl of Strafford to the scaffold. All the chronicles of the time testify to the danger which was incurred by those who refused thus to lend their assent to a public injustice, the clamour which attended their entrance into or departure from the House, the fury of the mobs by whom they were baited and reviled, and who denounced them by name on placards as "Straffordians, traitors to their country." Such a courage is less rare at the commencement of a revolution than at its close, before character has suffered in the violent shock of untoward experience. Nevertheless it is always difficult and noble to confront a triumphant party, and resist the intimidations of the multi-

* The signet is one of the seals of the King of England, and is affixed to letters which the king addresses to private individuals and to certain other documents. This seal is always under the guardianship of one of the royal secretaries, and there are four clerks of the signet. By a statute of the 57th year of George the Third (1817), they have been declared ineligible to a seat in Parliament. (See Tomlins's "Dictionary of English Law," 3rd edit., London, 1820.)

tude. Sir Philip Warwick never yielded. When war was declared, he was one of the first to quit the House of Commons and join the king, and on the 5th of February, 1643, the Parliament dismissed him from their number. At that time he had already borne arms against the Parliament; he himself tells us that, at the battle of Edgehill (23rd of October, 1642), he was one of a party of gentlemen who formed themselves into a squadron and were the first to charge the enemy.

Nothing remarkable is related of him during the civil war; we find only that Charles I. entrusted him with his confidence, often asked his advice, and employed him in several difficult missions, in which, however, Warwick was for the most part unsuccessful; not so much through any mistake of his own, as through the dissensions of the Royalist party, which proved itself as ungovernable in misfortune as it had been incapable of rule in prosperity. Warwick was fully awake to the interior vices of his party, and to the fatal consequences which must result from them. He did not write his "Memoirs" till a time when experience ought to have revealed to him that which perhaps he had not anticipated; nevertheless the character of his mind gives ground for believing that he was never the dupe of his position; his reason, wanting in depth and culture, was yet upright, simple, practical, and quickly enlightened by facts as to the errors in conduct and the extravagant expectations of his friends. Though little qualified by his situation and capacity to view comprehensively and judge impartially the cause he had embraced, he was not so warped by passion, or deficient in sagacity, as to fail to see that it was ruined long before the event justified the opinion.

When Charles I., brought to that extremity in which every new step involved him in fresh and inextricable difficulties, fled from Hampton Court, and took refuge in a worse prison, the Isle of Wight, Warwick followed him, in the capacity of secretary. The "Memoirs" which he has left relating to this period are full of a deep and pressing interest; they not only abound with curious information, but the narrative is pervaded by profound—albeit undiscriminating—feeling. This is not merely a general expression of that loyalty which necessarily arose in the mind of Warwick from the position which he occupied,—it is rather the utterance of an unrestrained and indomitable will. It is a sincere, pensive, tender exhibi-

tion of personal affection, which survived the death of Charles, and led Warwick to say, thirty years afterwards, with touching emotion, "I am comforted in the approach of death, with the hope of again seeing my king in heaven." Sentiments of this character are generally attributable to the power exerted by the imagination on men who have endured great reverses of fortune, and been led to contemplate the contrast thus suggested between the greatness of the world and the misery of humanity. There is yet another cause. The overwhelming influence of calamity awakens, in natures susceptible of some generous emotions, feeling, impulses, virtues to which they were before strangers, which had been hidden in prosperity, and which suddenly burst, as a simple dignity that belongs to the man, instead of an artificial majesty that is the dress of the king. This was the case with Charles I. This prince, who had been so haughty—at once self-confident and yet fickle—pompous in show and frivolous in reality—astonished both his friends and enemies by his unpretending dignity in misfortune, his reverence for religious obligations, his gentleness and calmness in discussion. "The king has marvellously improved," said, in 1648, the Earl of Salisbury, Commissary of the Parliament, to Warwick, in one of their conferences in the Isle of Wight. "Your lordship is mistaken," was the reply; "the king has been always the same, but your lordship has perceived it too late." It was Warwick who was mistaken: Charles had become what he had not been before; and it is chiefly to this display of moral greatness in the person of the fallen king, this sudden appearance of pure, simple, virtuous sentiments which had been stifled under the trappings of royalty, that we must ascribe that real tenderness and earnest compassion which was entertained for the king by many who unreflectingly saw in Charles a prince more worthy of the throne in proportion as he receded from it.

At the close of his life, one circumstance had the effect of removing Warwick from Charles I. It appears that, after the death of the king, he suddenly left England. When he returned, Cromwell was reigning, and exercising a power at once precarious and despotic, such as no party could restrain or dared to oppose, but such as no one desired should be permanently established. In the attempts of the Protector to conciliate the Royalists, Warwick, it seems, was not forgotten. "I have no mind," he says, "to give an ill

character of Cromwell, for in his conversation towards me he was ever friendly; though at the latter end of the day, finding me ever incorrigible, and having some inducements to suspect me a tamperer, he was sufficiently rigid. The first time I ever took notice of him was in the very beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman—for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes! I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hatband; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervour; for the subject-matter would not bear much of *reason*, it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had dispersed libels against the queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council-table unto that height, that one would have believed the very government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, for he was very much hearkened unto. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman—whom out of no ill-will to him I thus describe—by multiplied good success, and by real (but usurped) power (having had a good tailor, and more converse among good company), in my own eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, appear of a great and majestic deportment and comely presence. Of him, therefore, I will say no more, but that verily I believe he was extraordinarily designed for those extraordinary things, which one while most wickedly and facinorously he acted, and at another as successfully and greatly performed."

Warwick, however, was not to be won by the attentions of the new master of Whitehall. Doubtless his attachment to the Stuarts would have prevented his forming any such new connexion; but, apart from this, he had a sufficiently accurate discernment of the real position of Cromwell to prevent him

from despairing of the ultimate reinstalment of the Cavaliers. From his retirement in the county of Kent, Warwick observed, with a rare sagacity, that strange exercise of authority, vigorous and glorious, but always unsteady and insecure; permitted and recognised by all, but regarded as final by neither Presbyterians, Independents, nor Royalists, and such that no one wished it to receive the sanction of law. This authority expired with the man who had held it as his personal possession, and then appeared a far different scene, in which the weakness of the contending parties who successively composed the Long Parliament became evident. It was soon obvious that these were no longer political parties, but rather revolutionary factions, who had sunk into the condition of miserable coteries; separated from the nation, which no longer granted them any confidence or support; busy only in advancing their own personal interests, and preventing the restoration of Charles II., which became daily more inevitable. Warwick, in the last part of his Memoirs, has given a graphic picture of this languishing and contemptible anarchy, to which no party, not even the Royalist, condescended an active opposition, because all England foresaw that it must soon die a natural death. At an early period he commenced negotiations, whose object, as was evident to all, though avowed by none, was the restoration of Charles II. When events thus accomplish themselves, individuals play but a secondary part in them. Monk alone signed the deed of restoration; but Warwick was one of those who, in his private conferences, forwarded to the utmost the general movement.

After the return of Charles II. he was chosen member for Westminster, in the first Parliament called by the king, on the 8th of May, 1661; a Parliament which continued, as we know, till 1679. Warwick appears forty times in the collection of the debates of this protracted assembly, almost always confining his remarks to a few sentences, and seldom indulging in lengthened speeches. There is no indication that he had any share in those shameful intrigues which so often disgraced the court and Parliament. He had resumed the office of Clerk of the Signet; the estimable Earl of Southampton had confided to him the post of Secretary to the Treasury, and he had thus the happiness of again becoming connected with the only minister who never lost the esteem

and good-will of the people. On the death of the Earl of Southampton, in 1667, Warwick retired from office, but still retained his seat in Parliament. As far as we can gather from the fragmentary notices of him which remain in the parliamentary debates,* he voted constantly in favour of the court party; and his every word betrays that dread of innovation, that horror of all opposition, that haunting apprehension of new revolutions, which, after long-continued political disorder, takes possession of most peaceably-disposed men, and leads them into a kind of disinterested servility, not less fatal to that government which they wish to defend than are the assaults of its most determined foes.

Warwick's leisure hours were more usefully employed than those which he spent in the House. Married twice, possessed of a comfortable fortune, and respected by his neighbours, he wrote, in his retirement at Frognal, a "Discourse on Government†" and his "Memoirs,"‡ which he finished, as he himself informs us, in 1677. Neither of these works was published during his life. He died the 15th of January, 1683, and the Discourse on Government appeared in 1694, under the editorship of Dr. Smith. The Memoirs did not make their appearance till 1701. In subsequent editions the Discourse on Government has frequently followed the Memoirs.

The first of these works contains nothing remarkable. Like the author's mind, it wants definiteness and grasp; it is much more favourable to absolute power than to liberty, and yet it shows that Warwick shrank from both the first principles and the legitimate consequences of his own ideas. Theories of despotism found in Hobbes, at that time, a far more powerful, and in Filmer a far more consistent, advocate.

As to the Memoirs, they are the expressions of an opinion which, though uninfluential at the commencement of a revolution, become general and powerful through its excesses; an opinion which, above everything, wishes for order, and thinks that only the strong arm of power can secure it;

* Cobbett's Parliamentary History, vol. iv., pp. 414, 522, 536, 540, 574, 844, 865, 925, 938, 954, 1033, 1043.

† A Discourse of Government, as examined by Reason, Scripture, and the Law of the Land. A small volume in 12mo.

‡ Memoirs of the Reign of Charles the First, with a Continuation to the Restoration. One vol. 8vo. London, 1701.

which loves justice and dreads freedom, the only real guardian of justice; which only concerns itself about the present, and remains ever blind to the future; which, while sincere, is incapable of foresight, and, with upright intentions, gives its assent to maxims which encourage the approach of corrupting influences to the government, and then gazes with blank astonishment at the revolutions which these corruptions have produced.

As a historian, Warwick is frigid and diffuse. This is the fault of most English writers at that time; one would think that they wrote for themselves and not for the public, and they report facts or develop ideas as they are presented to their minds, without troubling themselves to exhibit them to their readers in the clearest and most attractive form. The last chapters of Warwick's Memoirs, however, are exempt from this fault,—those which relate to the residence of Charles I. in the Isle of Wight; they give a vivid description of that exciting period, and several of the anecdotes related by Warwick are not to be found in any other records of the time.

JOHN LILBURNE.

[1618—1657.]

In 1647, the civil war seemed to have reached its termination. Charles I. was in the hands of his conquerors. In the Parliament and country generally, the Presbyterians and Independents vied with each other with that passionate vehemence and regard for personal interests which is ever excited in revolutionary factions by the possession or expectation of power. "At that time," says Mr. Hutchinson, "a certain sort of public-spirited men stood up in the Parliament and the army, declaring against these factions and the ambition of the grandees of both, and the partiality that was in these days practised, by which great men were privileged to do those things which meaner men were punished for, and the injustice and other crimes of particular members of Parliament, were rather covered than punished, to the scandal of the whole House. . . The lords claimed many preroga-

tives, which set them out of the reach of common justice, which these good-hearted people would have equally to belong to the poorest as well as to the mighty; and for this and such other honest declarations, they were nicknamed *Levellers*. Indeed, as all virtues are mediums, and have their extremes, there rose up afterwards with that name a people, who endeavoured the levelling of all estates and qualities, which these sober Levellers were never guilty of desiring, but were men of just and sober principles, of honest and religious ends, and therefore hated by all the designing, self-interested men of both factions."*

The revolution pursued its course, and Mrs. Hutchinson her narrative. "After the death of the king," she says, "it was debated and resolved to change the form of government from a monarchy into a commonwealth. A council of state was to be annually chosen for the management of affairs, accountable to the Parliament. At that time almost every man was fancying a form of government, and angry that his invention took not place; and, among these, John Lilburne, a turbulent-spirited man, who never was quiet with anything, published libels; and the Levellers made a disturbance with a kind of insurrection."†

The English government was then republican, and Colonel Hutchinson had a seat in the Council of State. The honest Levellers of whom his wife spoke with so much sympathy in 1647, were considered by her as ambitious meddlers in 1649. Mrs. Hutchinson's opinion was incorrect at both of these periods; the Levellers, from their origin, were a turbulent and quarrelsome faction, devoid of all political sense, and opposed to every form of government; and yet at the same time, though passing through the corrupting phases of anarchy and despotism, many of them kept their faith and remained unimpeachably honest. John Lilburne was at once the type and the hero of the party. He exercised no influence whatever upon the progress of the revolution in England, and, nevertheless, the part which he took in it is remarkable from his unswerving attachment to certain ideas, from which the great revolutionary parties of that epoch by turns borrowed their means of attack, but which they never openly adopted as their standard. Unable either to cause or permit the

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 316 (Bohn's Standard Library).
† Ibid., p. 337.

foundation of any government, and an enemy to all forms of tyranny, Lilburne attacked and endured them all, and did not retire from the conflict until his wearied country ceased to supply him with the weapons necessary for his warfare.

He was born in 1618, of an ancient and respectable family in the county of Durham; and his pedigree was traced back to Sir John Lilburne, who was made prisoner by the Scotch in 1375. As the youngest son, John was in due time apprenticed to Thomas Hewson, a merchant-tailor in the city of London. The city apprentices then formed a numerous class, who were rendered promptly accessible to the influence of all new ideas by their ancient habits of practical liberty, the easy circumstances in which they were placed, and the leisure which they enjoyed. Their political creed was not embarrassed by those doubts which are sometimes originated by superior knowledge; with more ardour than reflection, they suffered themselves to be guided by generous instincts and some few simple notions of natural justice; and the learned subtlety of jurisprudence, which led most of the young students of the Temple to defend existing abuses, was an object of the special hatred of the apprentices. Under Charles I., they raised the standard of reform, and furnished the Parliament with some of its noisiest supporters in London; while the army derived from their ranks, at a later period, some of its bravest soldiers. But the apprentices were far too shrewd to be long deceived with regard to their real necessities, and when they saw that civil war obtained for them not liberty and improvement, but fetters and increased taxation, they became as ardent for peace as they had previously been anxious for war; and as the want of the real benefits of that liberty which they had hoped to gain became daily more apparent, they transferred to their new masters that hatred which had induced them to rise in rebellion against their old ones. In February, 1660, the apprentices cleared the butchers' shops to celebrate the downfal of the Rump Parliament, and they soon afterwards welcomed Charles II. with acclamations, as loud as the hootings with which they had assailed his father.

Lilburne commenced his career among the apprentices; but he soon became diverted from his first interests, or, rather, he devoted himself with intense earnestness to the single interest of his own ideas. He walked alone in the

midst of all the factions of the revolution; some of which did not scruple to exercise the greatest tyranny that they might realise their dreams of liberty, whilst others, in order to escape from the dominant form of despotism, consented to sacrifice all the guarantees of their future freedom. Lilburne made no sacrifices and accepted no compromises. Of a narrow but an ingenious mind, and of an indomitable character, he remained firm at the post which he had chosen for himself, and possessed no other influence but that which any man may gain over the multitude by an exhibition of fortitude and intrepidity. Always in aggression against the ruling powers, and consequently in continual danger of losing his liberty, fortune, or life, he defended with the utmost imperturbability his rights as an Englishman, or rather as a freeman, and early acquired the nickname of *Free-born John*. His first attempt at legal resistance was made against his master, the merchant-tailor; he obtained satisfaction, and having, as it appears, been released from his indentures, he now followed no other vocation than that to which he believed he had been specially called by the voice of the Lord. He was habitually connected with the Puritans; their dogmatic principles, their enthusiasm, obstinacy, and courage, and the persecution to which they were subjected, all conspired to induce Lilburne to become one of their body, in which he soon attained considerable eminence. In a time of peril, inspiration belongs to fearlessness. Lilburne was recognised as one of the interpreters of the Lord's will. While still an apprentice, he was consulted with regard to the most dangerous undertakings, and he gladly made use of his liberty to engage personally in them. The publication of prohibited books was, at that time, almost the only danger to which the enemies of episcopacy were free to expose themselves, and this danger was quite sufficient to tempt their enthusiasm. Lilburne crossed over into Holland, where he caused an edition to be printed of the works of Prynne and Bastwick, two celebrated Presbyterians of the time. He then returned to circulate them in England. At the beginning of 1638, before he was twenty years of age, he incurred the notice of the Star Chamber. Before this tribunal he began to display that intractability of character, and fanatical and sneering spirit of argument which, during the whole of Lilburne's life, carried him through the severest

trials, and more than once compelled the forms of justice to yield before the obstinacy of an individual man.

At his examination by Mr. Cockshey, the Attorney-General's clerk, Lilburne at first amused himself with disconcerting his interrogator by putting on an appearance of extreme simplicity, and feigning not to understand the purport of the questions asked him. "Where were you in Holland?" demanded Mr. Cockshey. "At Rotterdam." "And from thence you went to Amsterdam?" "Yes, I was at Amsterdam." "What books did you see in Holland?" "Great store of books; for in every bookseller's shop as I came in there were great store of books." "I know that; but I ask you if you did see Dr. Bastwick's 'Answer to my Master's Information,' and a book called his 'Litany?'" "Yes, I saw them there; and if you please to go thither, you may buy an hundred of them at the bookseller's, if you have a mind to them." "Who printed all those books?" "I do not know." "Who was at the charges of printing them?" "Of that I am ignorant." "But did you not send over some of these books?" "I sent not any of them over." "Do you know one Hargust there?" "Yes, I did see such a man." "Where did you see him?" "I met with him one day, accidentally, at Amsterdam." "How oft did you see him there?" "Twice upon one day." "But did he not send over books?" "If he did, it is nothing to me, for his doings are unknown to me."

The conversation continued for some time in this manner, when Lilburne suddenly exclaimed, "Why do you ask me all these questions? These are nothing pertinent to my imprisonment, for I am not imprisoned for knowing and talking with such and such men, but for sending over books; and therefore I am not willing to answer you to any more of these questions, because I see you go about by this examination to ensnare me: for seeing the things for which I am imprisoned cannot be proved against me, you will get other matter out of my examination. . . . And this is all the answer that for the present I am willing to make; and if you ask me of any more things; I shall answer you with silence."

From that moment the examination was nothing more than a dispute between Lilburne and the chief clerk, who at length grew angry, and sent him before the Attorney-General

himself. When there, Lilburne refused to sign his examination, declared that he was made to say what he had never said, and was again remanded by the magistrate, who had completely failed to get anything out of him. Some days after, he was taken to the Star Chamber office, and required, according to custom, to enter his appearance. "I am but a young man," said Lilburne, "and a prisoner, and money is not very plentiful with me; therefore I will not part with any money upon such terms." Presently, an officer came to swear him on the Gospels, and said, "Pull off your glove and lay your hand upon the book." "What to do, sir?" said Lilburne. "You must swear," said he. "To what?" "That you shall make true answer to all things that are asked you." "Must I so, sir? But before I swear, I will know to what I must swear." "As soon as you have sworn, you shall, but not before." "Sir, I am but a young man, and do not well know what belongs to the nature of an oath, and therefore, before I swear, I will be better advised." "How old are you?" "About twenty years old." "You have received the Sacrament, have you not?" "Yes, that I have." "And you have heard the ministers deliver God's word, have you not?" "I have heard sermons." "Well, then, you know the Holy Evangelists?" "Yes, that I do: but, sir, though I have received the Sacrament, and have heard sermons, yet it doth not therefore follow that I am bound to take an oath, which I doubt of the lawfulness of." "Look you here," said he (and with that he opened the book), "we desire you to swear by no foreign thing, but to swear by the Holy Evangelists." "Sir, I do not doubt or question that; I question how lawful it is for me to swear to I do not know what." "But everybody takes this oath; and would you be wiser than all other men?" "It makes no matter to me what other men do; but before I swear, I will know better grounds and reasons than other men's practices, to convince me of the lawfulness of such an oath." "I am not to convince any man's conscience of the lawfulness of it, but only to offer and tender it: will you take it or no?" "Sir, I will be better advised first."*

He was sent back to prison, and, some days afterwards brought to the bar of the Star Chamber, to be tried both for his original offence and the new misdemeanours of which he

* The Christian Man's Trial, by John Lilburne, London, 1641.

had been guilty during the course of the proceedings. A similar discussion now began; the court were unable to extort the least submission either from Lilburne or from his fellow-prisoner, Wharton, an old printer, eighty-five years of age, who had already been imprisoned eight times for refusing to take the oath before the Star Chamber. Lilburne declared that he considered this oath to be contrary to the word of God; and old Wharton, who was allowed to explain his views in reference to the subject, inveighed with such violence against the bishops and the oaths required by them, that he was quickly silenced; "but," says Lilburne, "if they would have let him proceed, he would so have peppered the bishops as they were never in their lives in an open court of judicature." Wharton's speech, however, was not lost; on his return to prison he recited it to his gaoler, who, in consequence, kept Lilburne and himself in closer confinement. On leaving the bar, Lilburne said aloud to his judges, "My lords, I beseech God to bless your honours, and to discover and make known unto you the wickedness and cruelty of the prelates."

They were both condemned—Wharton, in consequence of his old age, to a fine of five hundred pounds, and the pillory only; Lilburne, to the additional penalty of a whipping. He underwent his punishment on the 18th of April, 1638, walking at a cart's tail through the streets of Westminster, whilst an executioner beat him with knotted cords. During its infliction, Lilburne either sang psalms, or moved the multitude to anger and commiseration by his harangues. Crowds followed the young martyr on his way, praising his fortitude, and admiring his courage. When he arrived at the place where his punishment concluded, ready to faint with pain and fatigue, a messenger from the Star Chamber entered the room into which he had retired, and offered to remit the punishment of the pillory if he would acknowledge his error. This was not the time to yield; Lilburne remarked that it was rather late to expect that he would succumb now that the advantages to be gained from submission were so much diminished, and reminded the messenger that he had refused under circumstances far more favourable. When his wounds were healed, he was taken to the pillory. "When I was upon it," says Lilburne, "I made obeisance to the lords, some of them (as I suppose) looking out at the Star Chamber window

towards me." Of all the Christian virtues, humility is not the one most easily practised by the man who believes himself specially endowed with heavenly graces; and to these celestial gifts Lilburne now added terrestrial glories. New sufferings awaited him to make still further trial of his constancy. The pillory was too low for him, and his bent position added greatly to the pain of his wounds. The sun darted its mid-day beams upon his head, and he was not permitted to shelter himself by any means from its heat. But utterly insensible to the tortures of his position, and animated by the sufferings he had undergone, Lilburne addressed the people, denounced to them the tyranny of the bishops and their agents, reproached them with their apathy, and urged them to throw off the yoke. In vain did his keepers attempt to compel him to silence; in vain did they threaten him with another whipping; nothing would do but they must gag him, and afterwards tie his hands, to prevent him from throwing among the people the pamphlets with which he had filled his pockets. His courage was more than equal to his sufferings; no sign of exhaustion betrayed a momentary weakness; but when the gag was removed, on his descent from the scaffold, he shouted forth, "Now I am more than a conqueror through him that hath loved me."

Lilburne had, in fact, become a saint; the enthusiastic homage which was henceforth rendered to him by the people of London, resisted and survived all the revolutions which, in the sequel, withdrew popular opinion far away from those channels in which it had flown at first. If, during the course of civil dissensions, Lilburne did not share equally in all the wishes of his fellow-citizens, he always struggled to remove their sufferings, and even when he would not acknowledge their allies, he continued to be the enemy of their oppressors.

He was taken back to prison, and confined for nearly two years and a half in a dungeon, chained both hand and foot. Here he exercised his indefatigable activity, sometimes in composing and conveying to his friends outside writings stamped with the spirit that possessed him, and sometimes in putting to the test the patience or brutality of his keepers. In one of his conflicts with them he lost two of his fingers. Once he set fire to his person at the risk of being burned himself, and the cries of the other prisoners obtained the removal of Lilburne from the neighbourhood, as their lives,

they said, were endangered by his violence. Either from natural malice, or from vengeance, or in the hope of subduing him, his gaolers increased to the utmost the rigours of his captivity; they frequently refused to give him the food which was brought for him by his friends; and Lilburne, in one of his numerous auto-biographical publications, declares that he should more than once have been in danger of dying of hunger, had it not been for the active and ingenious zeal of his friends in conveying to him, at great expense, sometimes by one means and sometimes by another, the aliment necessary for his subsistence.

At last, in November, 1640, the convocation of the Long Parliament restored him to liberty; he was the first of the prisoners of the Star Chamber whose liberation was ordered by the Parliament. It was not to be expected that these two years of imprisonment would have calmed the mind and matured the reason of a man twenty years of age. In May, 1641, Lilburne appeared at the head of the tumults raised against the life of the Earl of Strafford; and, at a time when popular violence could go very far indeed without exhausting the patience of the Parliament, he managed to get himself arrested and brought to the bar of the House of Lords; it is true, he was acquitted, and, by a natural coincidence, the House of Commons voted him compensation for what he had suffered from the Star Chamber.

A more regular kind of warfare soon summoned to the standard of the Parliament all men of Lilburne's opinions. He entered the Earl of Essex's army as a volunteer; and on the 23rd October, 1642, he fought valiantly at Edgehill with the rank of a captain of infantry. Being made prisoner at Brentford on the 15th of November following, he was taken to Oxford, where Charles I. had established his head-quarters, and was brought before a council of war to be tried for high treason. "He behaved himself," says Clarendon, "with so great impudence, in extolling the power of the Parliament, that it was manifest he had an ambition to have been made a martyr for that cause."* But the Parliament interfered and declared that the lives of the prisoners whom they had in their hands should answer for Lilburne's safety. His trial was, therefore, suspended, and he soon found means to escape by bribing his gaoler. Such is, at all events, Clarendon's account, and he

* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iii., p. 671.

adds that, during Lilburne's imprisonment, his friends supplied him abundantly with all the money he required. Lilburne, however, informs us that he was exchanged by the Parliament, "in a very honourable manner, and far above his rank." However this may be, each account attests his importance at this period—an importance which ever attaches to the leaders of the multitude at the outset of a revolution. On his return to the Parliament quarters, "he was received," says Clarendon, "with public joy, as a champion that had defied the king in his own court."* He was offered an appointment for his wife worth nearly a thousand pounds yearly; but he refused it, to the great regret of Mrs. Lilburne, whom he told "that he must fight though it were for eightpence a day, till he saw the liberties and peace of England settled, rather than set himself down in a rich place for his own advantage, in the midst of so many grand distractions of his native country."† Indeed, it is difficult to doubt that Lilburne might not, at this period, have made his fortune if he had pleased, and had followed the example of many other less conspicuous and popular than himself; but he was animated by the disinterestedness as well as the confidence of a believer, and it would be difficult to determine whether he trusted most firmly in God, or in himself. "For about these ten years," he says, "an all-merciful God hath enabled me to carry my life in my hands, and to have it always in readiness to lay it down in a quarter of an hour's warning, knowing that he has in store for me a mansion of eternal glory."‡ And, on all occasions, fearless for his personal safety, he had no more doubt of his knowledge than of his salvation, and never troubled himself about the dangers or miseries to which he might be exposed. He might have rested securely upon the zeal of his friends, the sectaries, who never deserted him; but it was because Lilburne never thought to secure their help beforehand that his party never failed to be ready to assist him.

Divisions, however, began to arise in the army; the Earl of Essex became the leader of the Presbyterian party, which was more hateful to men of Lilburne's opinions than the court party had ever been. In 1643, he took refuge in the

* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iii., p. 671.
† Biographia Britannica, vol. v., p. 2940, note k.
‡ The Oppressed Man's Oppressions, p. 27.

army of the Earl of Manchester, which had been formed to serve as a nucleus for that new revolutionary party which was destined soon to rise on the ruins of the old one, and of which Cromwell was already the soul. Lilburne was too valuable an instrument to be neglected. Cromwell found no difficulty in gaining him over, for men of far greater ability had yielded to his seductive influence. Having made up his mind to ruin Colonel King, a man whom he suspected, but could not get rid of, he appointed Lilburne the major of his regiment, and directed him to watch his colonel's conduct, and report to head-quarters all that appeared injurious to the good of the commonwealth, that justice might be done. Lilburne did not fail to discharge the invidious mission which Cromwell had entrusted to him, and his colonel soon furnished him with ample cause for complaint. The major kept his eyes and ears open, and carefully collected facts prejudicial to the colonel, against whom he had a private grudge, because he had nearly caused his death or capture at the siege of Newark. At length he drew up his accusation, hastened to lay it before Cromwell, and demanded a court-martial. This was promised, but delayed from day to day; meanwhile, Colonel King was cashiered and deprived of all his employments. Cromwell required nothing further, but Lilburne would not be satisfied without a trial; he reiterated his demand for a court-martial, and not being able to obtain a satisfactory answer, he brought his accusation before the House of Commons, where he experienced a similar failure, for the trial was refused.

He met with a similar defeat in the case of the Earl of Manchester, against whom he had promised Cromwell that he would prefer an accusation, which Cromwell had abandoned when Manchester was set aside by the new organisation of the army, and had ceased to be obnoxious. These disappointments, his declared aversion to the Covenant, which it was necessary for him to subscribe in order to retain his commission, and the turbulent restlessness of his character, made Lilburne resolve to abandon a career in which his opinion and personal will could not be his sole law. His services had raised him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; his bravery had gained him much notice at Marston Moor; an advantageous position was offered him in 1645, on the new organisation of the army; but he refused all these chances of promotion, and finding that he was never sufficient master of his blows un-

less he fought alone and on his own account, he exchanged the sword for the pen, and warfare for polemics.

From this moment he was incessant in his attacks of everything that excited his censure or displeasure; government measures, party proceedings, individuals' actions, all fell under his jurisdiction. To these general interests were soon added others of a more personal nature; for his indiscriminate attacks and opposition gained for him enemies and embarrassments in all quarters. He had been applied to for the accounts of his administration of the different military offices he had held; these he had no objection to supply, as he claimed that large arrears were due to him from the State. The Committee of Accounts desired him to swear to the truth of his statement. Lilburne refused to do so; the accounts were not produced, and the committee prosecuted him as being accountable to the State for the sum of two thousand pounds. Lilburne, on his side, presented a petition to the House of Lords, for the recovery of an equal sum, which had been voted to him as compensation for his imprisonment by the Star Chamber. Colonel King endeavoured to recover a similar amount of damages from Lilburne, because he had called him a traitor; and Lilburne answered this charge by accusing the colonel of treason before the House of Commons. At the same time he was engaged in a suit with Prynne, his former associate, and now chairman of the Committee of Accounts, who had become Lilburne's inveterate enemy since the government had fallen into the hands of the Presbyterians. He was also busily pursuing his complaints against Cromwell and the Earl of Manchester, the Speaker of the House of Lords; and conducting an accusation against Lenthall, the Speaker of the House of Commons. He had engaged in this last quarrel in the capacity of an amateur.

Such occupations as these were not devoid of danger. Lilburne, when arrested at the suit of Colonel King, gave bail, but was summoned before the House of Lords for his attacks upon the Earl of Manchester. When brought to the bar of the Lords he refused to recognise their jurisdiction; appeared before them with his hat on his head, would not kneel down, and stopped up his ears whilst his accusation was being read. He was reminded that he had not always been so refractory, and that in 1641, when prosecuted before that same assembly, in connexion with the Strafford tumults, he had

not hesitated to defend himself. "When I was a child," answered Lilburne, "I spake as a child, and acted as a child; but as soon as I became a man, I put away childish things."

This was not considered a sufficient excuse; he was condemned to pay a fine, and in default, was committed to Newgate, whence he was soon after transferred to the Tower, and denied the use of pens and ink. He, however, contrived some means to write, and almost every day there appeared a new pamphlet of his, such as "The Anatomy of the Lords' Tyranny," "The Just Man's Justification," "The Oppressed Man's Oppression," "The Resolved Man's Resolution," &c. This last title is so curious a specimen of the spirit of the times and the spirit of Lilburne, that we are induced to quote it entire:—"The Resolved Man's Resolution to maintain with the last drop of his heart's blood his civil liberties and freedoms, granted unto him by the good, just, and honest laws of England—his native country; and never to sit still so long as he has a tongue to speak, or a hand to write, till he hath either necessitated his adversaries, the House of Lords, and their arbitrary assistants in the House of Commons, either to do him justice and right, by delivering him from his cruel and illegal imprisonment, and holding out unto him legal and ample reparation for all his unjust sufferings, or else send him to Tyburn, of which he is not afraid; and doubteth not, if they do it, but at and by his death to do them, Samson-like, more mischief at his death than he did them all his life. All which is expressed and declared in the following epistle, written by Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburne, prerogative prisoner in the Tower of London, to a true friend of his, a citizen thereof; April, 1647."

To that singularity of style, which characterised his age and sect, Lilburne added peculiarities of his own, and in him the tone of a martyr combined with that of a bully. He was continually offering his life as a sacrifice, and seemed disappointed at his offer being rejected; and a vain-glorious feeling of his own superiority may always be discerned in his complaints against the iniquity of his adversaries. One of his pamphlets against the Lords "will live," he says, "when I am dead." He is continually speaking of what he has written as "excellent, and to the purpose." Boasting appeared to be his prerogative; he could no more refrain from praising himself, it was said, than "from eating when he was

hungry:" and probably he would have had less difficulty in passing a day without eating than without disputing. "If there were none living but himself," said his friend Henry Martyn, "John would be against Lilburne, and Lilburne against John." In addition to the charms of martyrdom, persecution offered him the attractions of a quarrel.

If it be possible for an isolated and disarmed individual to find delight in disturbing powerful adversaries, Lilburne's cup of enjoyment was full to overflowing. Whether free or in chains, he was equally obnoxious to his enemies, and his threat to arm the people on his behalf against those who refused to do him justice was no rhodomontade. He had not been many days in prison, before petitions signed by 8000 or 10,000 persons were presented to Parliament, demanding the release of this friend of the people. The women especially, headed by Lilburne's wife—a worthy companion of his exploits and afflictions—made the environs of Westminster resound with their cries in favour of the young champion of liberty. They were forced to depart unanswered; but they returned again and again, and were at last sent back to "wash their dishes;" but in times of trouble, when petitions easily changed into seditions, careful watch was kept against those which claimed Lilburne's liberation.

The interference of the people did not succeed in effecting the emancipation of their champion; and Lilburne thereupon endeavoured to obtain the more powerful intervention of the army. He addressed himself to the popular leaders of those regiments which were known under the name of *agitators;* their cause was his own; from the confinement of his dungeon he fomented their rebellion and associated himself in their projects, one of which was, it is said, to attempt the overthrow of Cromwell. We are not, however, authorised in believing that this idea, though probably entertained by some minds, ever assumed any definite form. Cromwell had already become, in reference to the agitators, a sort of talisman with which the fate of their cause was indissolubly connected. If they were desirous to vanquish him, it was that they alone might possess him. Lilburne wrote a threatening letter to Cromwell, which he signed thus: "John Lilburne, that neither loves baseness, nor fears greatness." Cromwell was then treating with the king. His position with regard to the agitators and the republican populace was not strong enough

to enable him to disregard such an adversary as Lilburne. He went to see him in his prison, once more took the pains of deceiving him by assurances and promises, and gave him to understand how greatly the commonwealth might be injured at that moment by an attack upon himself. Several of Lilburne's friends took the same tone, and he therefore contented himself with asking for his liberty, promising to sell his goods and leave the kingdom, where it had become impossible for him to reside; "for," he said, "either I must follow my trade, a clothier, which here I cannot do without taking oaths which I cannot take; or else I must live in the country, and there I neither can nor would pay tithes."

Meanwhile the star of Cromwell had for a moment waned. In spite of the results of the meeting at Ware, on the 15th of November, 1657, the popular party in the army had gained the ascendancy over the adherents of the leaders, and the reaction had begun to be felt in the House of Commons. Lilburne received permission from the House to leave the Tower during the day without his gaoler, on condition of his returning thither in the evening; but soon a more active spirit of sedition, diffused among the inferior officers, and plans for petitioning the Parliament to bring its protracted session to an end, revealed the presence of the new ferment into which society had been thrown. The Lords complained of Lilburne's liberty, and demanded the cause of his being at large. They were told that the House of Commons had given orders to that effect; and they accordingly requested the Lower House to rescind their order, that a rupture might be avoided. After lengthy debates the Commons yielded. Lilburne, when brought to the bar, answered his accusers by bringing a counter-accusation of high treason against Cromwell and Ireton. He was again confined in the Tower, and sent for trial to the court of King's Bench. He wrote, pleaded, and petitioned against this treatment. Meanwhile the Scotch entered England; Cromwell was forced, as it were, to fly to the army, and left the field open to his enemies at London. Whether because Lilburne's implacable hostility to him was a recommendation of the untractable Leveller, whether it was out of esteem for his character and pity for his sufferings, whether it was from a desire to conciliate the favour of the people, or simply to put an end to that arbitrary government of which they had themselves

been victims,—the Presbyterians, when thus temporarily restored to power, took a favourable view of his case; and Maynard, one of the eleven members who were restored to their seats, obtained his liberation. The first use which Lilburne made of his freedom was to become reconciled with Cromwell; for the danger of his cause led him to unite with his oppressor against his liberators, the Presbyterians. He also declared himself against any personal treaty with the king. But, when the army had regained its authority, Lilburne opposed the illegal form of the trial of Charles I. He demanded that the establishment of a system of regular government should precede a process which would only be the triumph of the law. The leaders of the army desired the death of Charles that they might quietly enjoy their power; Lilburne desired his judgment only as a striking proof that there was an equal law for all; and he, therefore, wished that he might be tried before an ordinary tribunal. The erection of a special court appeared to him an infraction of the rights of the accused person, and an insult to the nation, inasmuch as it indicated that a difference still existed between a criminal king and a criminal subject.

It was at this time that the difference between the Independents and the Levellers, between those who coveted empire and those who desired equality, became clearly marked. Vainly did they attempt a reconciliation at various conferences, which were incessantly interrupted, but frequently resumed, notwithstanding the bitterness which had caused their interruption; and which, after most violent debates, often protracted through the whole of the night, only led to an irremediable rupture. When on the point of coming to blows, the two parties separated, and Lilburne, "taking leave of them," as he said, "for a pack of dissembling, juggling knaves," declared his resolution to abstain from "meddling and making any more with so perfidious a generation of men as the great ones of the army were, but especially the cunningest of Machiavellians, Commissary Henry Ireton."

He contented himself at first, however, with printing some of those maxims of government, the adoption of which he had wished to secure, under the title of an "Agreement with the People;" and having probably been abandoned by most of his adherents, who had either been frightened or persuaded to desert him, he temporarily suspended a struggle in which

he had never received assistance from any but the enemies of his cause—the Presbyterians and the Cavaliers. He removed from London to take steps for the recovery of the sum which had been assigned to him as damages and interest, and did not return until after the death of the king, one of whose judges he had refused to be. On his return in February, 1649, he found the High Court occupied with the trial of Lord Capel, Lord Goring, and their companions. He protested against this new piece of illegality, and being particularly touched by Lord Capel's intrepidity, he acted vigorously on their behalf, offering them his advice and the assistance of his audacious practice in the art of resisting judges; but they did not think it right to accept his aid.

The army was now the supreme authority, and the remnant of the Long Parliament, of which it made use as a phantom of representative government, consoled itself, under the name of a Republic, with the subjugation of liberty. Where liberty has ceased to exist, license only has free course; and it is possible to escape oppression by anarchy alone. Anarchy and oppression now contested, or rather shared, the possession of England; beside a government of the most arbitrary and violent nature, which forcibly crushed its various enemies in turn, the most impracticable principles of liberty were sustained by armed Levellers of all sorts, scattered throughout the country, and raising upon the ruins of legal institutions the standard of natural law, explained in a hundred different ways, according to the turn of mind of the inspired guide around whom the would-be legislators of the country or district had gathered. It is impossible to call Lilburne the leader of a party; the Levellers never were a real party, acting conjointly and united together by positive bonds. They were nothing but the spontaneous result of a feeling which was very generally entertained in England at this period. They arose on every side by a species of movement analagous to that process of nature which, at the spring of the year, produces simultaneously, from a thousand separate germs, a thousand similar or distinct plants. Lilburne was the representative and organ of whatever was most honest, least unreasonable, and most consistent in the design and desire of this party. In spite of the inflexibility of his theories, the twelve years which he had passed in the midst of a revolution had introduced some just and practical ideas

into his head. Being always exposed, moreover, to the endurance of very positive evils from a very oppressive tyranny, he occupied himself less in establishing chimeras than in combating realities. Every one of his new plans of government was based upon a violent attack on the established authorities; and his personal knowledge of the political leaders of the day, their intrigues, malversations, and perfidies, was an arsenal from whence he showered down upon them, with strange energy, all the darts of public indignation.

Having learned that some threats had been uttered against him in the council of war at Whitehall, he as usual endeavoured to ward off the danger by braving it. On the 22nd of February, 1649, he published a pamphlet, entitled "England's new Chains discovered;" and on the 26th, accompanied by Walwin, Prince, and Overton, three other Levellers, he laid before Parliament a new plan of government, in opposition to that which the army had prepared. Already, on the publication of the first pamphlet by these four men, orders had been given for their arrest; and Lilburne, in his speech at the bar of the House, declared that if they presented themselves alone, and without bringing in support of their opinion those thousands of signatures which usually accompanied them, it was because they had been informed that orders had been issued for their arrest, two days before, by men who had no legal power over them, and into whose hands they feared, by longer delay, to fall. Lilburne added, on behalf of his friends and himself, that, in case of danger, they regretted that they had not more than one life to sacrifice in support of "so gallant a piece."

They were dismissed unanswered; but either from fear or moderation on the part of their enemies, or address on their own part, the order for their arrest was not carried into effect. Lilburne profited by this respite to publish the second part of "England's new Chains discovered," in which he reprinted his plan of government, adding, that as no answer had been given to his proposition, he hoped that now a petition, supported by several thousand signatures, would help him to obtain "an effectual answer." He was hereupon committed to the Tower with his associates, and a disavowal of his last work was presented to the Parliament, in the name of the Anabaptist congregations of London. More spontaneous petitions, however, rapidly multiplied in his favour.

One was sent in with ten thousand signatures; and a multitude of women drew up another, characterised by those lively impressions which distinguish their sex. They declared their conviction that Lilburne and his companions in misfortune were to be taken from the Tower in the middle of the night, and shot at Whitehall; and they assured the Parliament that to condemn Lilburne's book would be to enslave all the people, since not a single conversation took place on public affairs which did not discuss the contents of the pamphlet; and that, therefore, all liberty of speech would be destroyed, which was the greatest of all servitudes. The petitioners were either sent back without any answer, or repulsed with severe reprimands; but they returned to the charge under a new form, and among the grievances alleged by the leaders of the Levellers, who sprang up on all sides, was the "barbarous and unlawful" imprisonment of Lilburne and his friends.

The same spirit displayed itself in the army. A revolt broke out; five cavalry soldiers were condemned to death; four were pardoned, but notwithstanding the writings of Lilburne and the efforts of his partisans, the fifth, named Lockier, was shot on the 7th of April, 1649. His comrades celebrated his funeral with the greatest pomp; a hundred horse soldiers opened the procession, followed by their horses, caparisoned in black; six trumpeters played a dead march; the coffin, surmounted by the dead man's sword and some branches of rosemary dipped in blood, was followed by an innumerable crowd, marching in order, and wearing black and green cockades; a number of women closed the procession; and several thousand citizens of a higher class, who had not thought it proper to follow the funeral through the streets of London, awaited its arrival at the burial-ground.

In the midst of this active hostility, the Parliament, becoming agitated in its terror and impotence, passed laws against the offences which menaced it on every side. An act was proposed on the 1st of May, 1649, to declare every person guilty of treason who should accuse the Parliament or the Council of State of usurpation, or who should attempt to change the existing form of government, or any soldier who should plot the death of his general or lieutenant-general,*

* This clause, though originally proposed, was abandoned and omitted from the bill adopted on the 14th of May.

or any person who should kill a member of Parliament or a judge while in the exercise of his functions.

At the same time Lilburne issued a new pamphlet from his confinement in the Tower, presenting a summary of the wishes of the people in reference to the changes to be introduced into the existing form of government. This summary was published under the name of the "Agreement of the People," and contains thirty propositions or articles, the most important of which are as follows:—

"1. The supreme authority of this nation to be a representative of four hundred.

"2. That two hundred be a House, and the major voice concluding to the nation.

"3. All public officers to be capable of subjection; those of salary not to be members.

"4. No members of one representative to be chosen of the next.

"5. This Parliament to end the first Wednesday in August, 1649.

"6. If this omit to order it, that the people proceed to elections.

"10. They not to make laws to compel in matters of religion.

"11. None to be compelled to fight by sea or land against his conscience.

"14. Not to give judgment against any, where no law was provided before.

"15. Not to depend longer upon the incertain inclination of Parliament.

"16. None to be punished for refusing to answer against themselves.

"20. Men's persons not to be imprisoned for debt, nor their estates free.

"21. Men's lives not to be taken away, but for murder and the like.

"22. Men upon trials for life, liberty, &c., to have witnesses heard.

"24. Every parish to choose their own minister, and to force none to pay.

"25. Conviction for life, liberty, &c., to be by twelve neighbours sworn.

"26. None to be exempted from offices for his religion only.

"27. The people in all counties to choose all their public officers.

"30. This agreement not to be nulled, no estates levelled, nor all things common."

The last two clauses of the thirtieth article are to be found only in Whitelocke's Memorials.*

To this formal attack upon an order of things which claimed to be considered a regular government, were soon added more violent onslaughts upon the heads of that government, and upon Cromwell in particular. Fresh severities followed these fresh aggressions. The Parliament ordered that the prisoners should be more closely confined, and deprived of all communication with each other. They were refused the pecuniary assistance frequently granted to captives; and the Lieutenant of the Tower was directed to provide them with sufficient sustenance. For three days Lilburne was put upon half rations. It was, however, impossible long to persist in these extreme measures; the anger and power of the Levellers became daily more threatening; and the prisoners were allowed twenty shillings a week. But at this time, on the 14th of May, 1649, the new act was passed, specifying cases of treason; and on the same day Lilburne was accused of high treason, and his property sequestrated.

The quarrel was a deadly one; men who had conquered power, and preserved it sword in hand, were indignant at finding that their strength was impotent against libels. The restrictions upon the liberty of the press, which were incessantly renewed, and as continually nullified by their rejection by public opinion, only presented an obstacle easily eluded or set at nought. The "Agreement of the People" appeared with the approbation of the censor, which was probably forged; and the censor, Gilbert Mabbott, requested and obtained his dismissal from the office, on the 22nd of May, 1649, upon these grounds: "First, because many thousands of scandalous and malignant pamphlets had been published with his name thereunto, though he never saw them; and also because it was lawful, in his judgment, to print any book, sheet, &c., without licensing, so as the authors and printers do subscribe their true names thereunto, that so they may be liable to

* Whitelocke's Memorials, pp. 399-400.

answer the contents thereof; and if they offend therein, then to be punished by such laws as are, or shall be, for those cases provided."* It was necessary to check, by some striking example, an inundation which could not be restrained by so feeble a dike as the censorship; and by making an example of Lilburne, the most formidable source of the evil would be dried up. But such a proceeding would be attended with considerable danger. Six months were spent in consultations and deliberations upon the best method of attaining the desired end; during this period the war of pamphlets raged as violently as ever, and Lilburne was incessant in his publications. Indeed, pamphlets did not satisfy him; he offered, and begged to begin a war of public discussion. "Let the House of Commons," he says, in a letter to Cornelius Holland, one of the members of the Council of State, "choose two men, and let me choose other two, and let these four, if they cannot agree, fix on a fifth. Let the debate be public, and let me have free leave to speak for myself: and if my innocency be not thus established, I will forfeit and lose all I have, and my life to boot. If this proposition is not accepted within the next five days, I shall feel myself free to do what I can in anatomising what I know publicly or privately of you and your associates."†

No answer was returned to this letter of Lilburne's, but agents were sent to seize a new pamphlet which he had just had printed. His remonstrances, however, had such an effect upon the agents, that, as Whitelocke informs us, he persuaded them "to look to their own liberties, and let the books alone."‡ These illegal means were not persisted in, and Lilburne soon had to defend himself against Thomas May, who accused him of complicity with Prince Charles Stuart, afterwards Charles II.

It was at last determined that he should be tried by a special commission of Oyer and Terminer, composed of forty persons; and the jury was chosen with great care that they might give the desired verdict. Vainly did Lilburne's wife, and his brother, Colonel Robert Lilburne, endeavour to obtain a suspension of his trial. They presented a petition, promising that he should leave England with his family, provided the government would pay him what they owed him;

* Biographia Britannica, vol. v., p. 2955.
† Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, vol. iii., p. 166.
‡ Whitelocke's Memorials, p. 421.

but, on the same day (October 22nd, 1649), Lilburne published a pamphlet, in which he added to their proposal another condition, "that all such as were willing to transport themselves with him to the West Indies, should be allowed that liberty, and also have all their demands of monies in arrear from the State paid to them; and further, that such as were poor, and willing to attend him, should have some reasonable allowance of money for that end;"* because, he said, as it was their right to live and claim subsistence in England, if, for the sake of peace, they consented to banish themselves, it was only fair that they should be supplied with the means of gaining a livelihood elsewhere. Another petition, in the form of a remonstrance, was presented, signed as usual by large numbers of his partisans. His brother Robert again attempted to obtain a delay of the trial, "till he should be able to convince him of his mistakes, or, if not, prevail with him to leave the kingdom." At length, overcome by the despair of his wife, whose courage and tenderness deserved all his affection, Lilburne himself consented to request a delay. But the republican party had determined to decide the conflict; and no delay could be obtained. The trial began at Guildhall on the 24th of October, 1649. It lasted for three days, during which Lilburne made head against his judges, continually interrupting them, being put to silence, resuming his remarks, and finally overcoming all obstacles by dint of obstinacy; and, using the advantage he had gained to point out, at every step, the illegality, usurpations, and tyranny of the government by which he was oppressed. At the end of the trial, he turned suddenly towards the jury, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are my sole judges, the keepers of my life, at whose hands the Lord will require my blood. And therefore I desire you to know your power, and consider your duty, both to God, to me, to your own selves, and to your country; and the gracious assisting spirit and presence of the Lord God omnipotent, the governor of heaven and earth, and all things therein contained, go along with you, give counsel and direct you, to do that which is just and for his glory!"

"Amen! amen!" cried the spectators with one voice. The judges looked at each other with some uneasiness, and requested Major-General Skippon to send for three more

* Biographia Britannica, vol. v., p. 2957.

companies of foot soldiers. The Attorney-General and the Lord Chief Justice, who presided in the court, renewed their endeavours to convince the jury that both justice and necessity required the condemnation of the prisoner. After three hours' deliberation, the clerk of the court addressed the jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed of your verdict?"

"Yes."

"Look upon the prisoner; is he guilty of the treasons charged upon him, or any of them, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty of all of them."

"Nor of all the treasons, or any of them that are laid to his charge?"

"Not of all, nor of any one of them."

At these words, Guildhall resounded "with such a loud and unanimous shout, as is believed was never heard before." It lasted for half an hour, during which the judges sat pale and trembling, exposed to this wild outburst of popular satisfaction. The prisoner stood calmly at the bar, and it was observed that he appeared rather less haughty and animated than before. When the tumult had subsided, the clerk resumed:

"Gentlemen of the jury, hearken to your verdict; the court has heard it: you say that John Lilburne is not guilty of all the treasons laid unto his charge, nor of any one of them; and so you say all?"

"Yes, we do so."*

Lilburne was taken back to the Tower, followed by the acclamations of the multitude; and, during the whole of the night, bonfires were lighted in the streets. An attempt was made to detain him in prison; but, about a fortnight afterwards, on the 8th of November, 1649, the discontent of the people, and the efforts of the friends of the prisoner, amongst others, of Henry Martyn and Ludlow, obtained his liberation.†

Lilburne was no sooner at liberty, than he attempted to obtain from Sir Arthur Haslerig, the chairman of the Committee of Sequestrations, the money which was due to him

* State Trials, vol. ii., pp. 77-79.

† In honour of this celebrated trial, Lilburne's friends had a medal struck, on one side of which he was represented standing at the bar, with this inscription: "John Lilburne, saved by the power of the Lord and the integrity of his jury, who are judge of law as well as fact." On the reverse were the names of the jury. —(Biographia Britannica, vol. x., p. 2958.)

from the State. Finding some difficulties interposed by that gentleman, he one day met Sir Arthur's clerk in Westminster, and desired him, in the presence of witnesses, as he loved his master's life and welfare, to tell him that he, John Lilburne, wore a good dagger by his right side, and a good rapier by his left; and if, within eight days, he did not send him all his money, or give him some rational satisfaction, Sir Arthur had better look to himself. "And," he added, "if he gets me committed to prison, and thereby thinks to disenable me to deal with him, he will be very much mistaken; for thereby the hand would only be changed."

The money was forthcoming on the appointed day; but Lilburne was not satisfied. Unhappily for Sir Arthur Haslerig, one of the numerous malversations by which he had singularly augmented his private fortune, had fallen upon George Lilburne, John's uncle. John zealously took up his uncle's cause, collected witnesses, published pamphlets,* presented petitions: Sir Arthur's actions were brought to light, probably with that characteristic exaggeration which Lilburne employed, even when it was least necessary. The issue of the matter, in the opinion of the Parliament, could not be doubtful; and the animosity it excited was so violent, that when Lilburne, shortly after his acquittal, was elected a member of the common council of the city of London, the Parliament annulled the election;† a person named Chetwynd, who had been active on Lilburne's behalf, was sent to prison, and deprived of his rights as a member of the corporation; and several others were subjected to prosecution on the same account. On the 15th of January, 1652, the accusation against Sir Arthur Haslerig was declared calumnious; Lilburne was condemned to pay a fine of seven thousand pounds, and banished from the kingdom under pain of death. The champion of liberty had become troublesome for more reasons than one. Always active and ardent in his opposition to the existing despotism, Lilburne had begun to seek hopes for his favourite system among the Royalists, with whom arrangements were easily made; and he had frequently declared in public that, if a master were indispensable, he would rather serve Prince Charles than any other, provided that a treaty could be made with him upon the basis of the "Agreement

* In August, 1651.

† On the 26th of December, 1649.

of the People." Neither the Royalists nor the Levellers, who were more vigorously repressed by Cromwell in the army than by Parliament in the nation, were in a condition to offer any effectual resistance to the rapid increase of the new power; but this power was glad to remove out of the way a leader who was ever ready to foment discontent; and by one of those tricks which were so largely employed in Cromwell's policy, the Long Parliament, whose destruction he was meditating, was secretly urged by him to decree the banishment of Lilburne, with whom he had just become reconciled. Such is at least the fact attested in a letter which the undaunted Leveller wrote to Cromwell from the place of his exile, and in which he declares himself "as much honest John Lilburne as ever I was in my life, that neither loves flattery nor fears greatness or threatenings."*

However it may be, Lilburne then considered the Long Parliament to be his real enemy. He retired to Holland, and the ardour of his hostility led him, it is said, to enter into the closest intimacy with several Royalists, proscribed like himself. He lived familiarly at Amsterdam with the Duke of Buckingham, Sir John Colepepper, Sir Ralph Hopton, and Bishop Bramhall, and even, according to certain reports, offered to rid them in six months of Cromwell, the Council of State, and the Parliament, if they would place ten thousand pounds at his disposal. But the men who denounced Lilburne's plots were Cromwell's spies. In 1653, as soon as the exiled Leveller heard of the expulsion of the Long Parliament, he wrote a respectful letter to Cromwell to obtain permission to return to England. Not having received an answer, he returned without permission, about the middle of June, 1653. He did not find more liberty in his native country than had been allowed him by the Parliamentary Republic; the arbitrary exercise of power had only passed into stronger hands. Lilburne was arrested soon after his arrival, and sentenced to be tried for having broken his banishment. "Free-born John," says a letter of this period, "has been sent to the Old Bailey assizes, and I think he will soon be hung."

Lilburne was not a man to allow himself to be hanged so easily. To ensure his condemnation, all those precautions had been taken which could be invented by the subtle and shameless dexterity of the servants of a powerful tyranny.

* Biographia Britannica, vol. v., p. 2960.

The trial was to be hurried through as quickly as possible; it commenced at the time when all the most celebrated lawyers, who might otherwise have aided Lilburne by their advice, had left London for their various circuits through the counties. The prisoner was refused a copy of his indictment, and his accusers would not read publicly the act of Parliament which had banished him, and upon which his indictment was founded. To give the jury an unfavourable impression of the case, the reports of the agents who had denounced his connexion with the Royalists in Holland were published. Lilburne struggled, with indomitable energy, against all these premeditated obstacles. Before their departure, he succeeded in procuring the written advice of two celebrated advocates, one of whom was the learned Presbyterian Maynard. He compelled the court to give him a copy of the indictment, and to promise that the act ordaining his banishment should be publicly read. He opposed obstinacy to obstinacy, and argument to argument. The Attorney-General Prideaux, who had very irregularly taken his seat among the judges, was very vehement against him. Lilburne immediately called to him to come down from his seat with that contemptuous energy which disturbs and weakens the boldest authority. And when the court was inflexible, when all Lilburne's efforts failed to obtain what he demanded, he cried out, in passionate despair, "My Lord, rob me not of my birthright, the benefit of the law, which again and again I demand as my right and inheritance. And, my Lord, if you will be so audacious and unjust in the face of this great auditory of people, to deny me, and rob me of all the rules of justice and right, and will forcibly stop my mouth, and not suffer me freely to speak for my life according to law, I will cry out and appeal to the people that hear me this day, how that my Lord Mayor, and this court, by violence rob me of my birthright by law, and will not suffer me to speak for my life."

The audience were greatly moved by these words; Lilburne's relatives and friends, including his aged father and many brave soldiers who had been his companions in arms, surrounded him continually, and lent him their support whenever he required it. The judges, in their anger, displayed their anxiety and displeasure; the accuser spoke in a low, stuttering tone; and fresh reinforcements of guards were sent for. The trial, with all its incidents, lasted from the 13th of

July to the 20th of August, 1653. At the last moment, Lilburne thus addressed the jury: "The act whereupon I am indicted, is a lie and a falsehood; an act that hath no reason in it, no law for it; it was done as Pharaoh did, resolved upon the question that all the male children should be murdered. Since the king's head was cut off, they could not make an act of Parliament. By the same law they voted me to death, they might vote any of you honest jurymen. And I charge you to consider, whether if I die on the Monday, the Parliament on Tuesday may not pass such a sentence against every one of you twelve, and upon your wives and children, and all your relations; and then upon the rest of this city, and then upon the whole county of Middlesex, and then upon Hertfordshire, and so by degrees there be no people to inhabit England but themselves."

Popular sympathy, and respect for the ancient laws of the land, overcame the efforts of all the Parliamentary and military leaders of the revolution; Lilburne was a second time acquitted by his jury.

Three days afterwards, on the 23rd of August, 1653, by order of the Barebones Parliament, the Council of State sent for the jury, and required them, with threat, to explain why they had pronounced such an acquittal. Seven of them formally refused to answer, saying that they were accountable for their verdict only to God and their conscience. Four alleged reasons for their vote, but maintained what they had done, and stood by their colleagues. Against this firmness on the part of obscure citizens, revolutionary tyranny could not venture to act; and they were allowed to return home. But Lilburne was not set at liberty. On the recommendation of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who afterwards became the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, the Parliament directed the Council of State to take measures for preventing this mischievous Leveller from disturbing the peace of the nation any more. He was accordingly imprisoned in the island of Jersey. But there was no prison from which Lilburne could not make his voice heard, and no distance which it could not traverse. The report spread that he was making preparations for new and more violent attacks. Tired of combating a popularity which he could not vanquish, Cromwell attempted to neutralise its influence. He excelled in the art of effecting compromises with even his most implacable enemies; and, it is

said, that he ordered that a pension should be paid to Lilburne, under the form of an indemnity, equal to his full salary as a lieutenant-colonel. Lilburne, on his part, had begun to weary of a contest in which even success was useless. The negotiator of the treaty was his brother, Robert Lilburne, an officer of distinction, and one of those honest men whom military feeling had rendered a supporter and servant of Cromwell. John promised to live in quietness; and he was restored to liberty and his native country. He retired to Eltham, in Kent, and amongst the Quakers, the gentlest but most obstinate of sectaries, he passed the last four years of a life of which it is impossible to say whether it was abridged by his early fatigues or his subsequent tranquillity. He died on the 29th of August, 1657, still popular and powerless.* He was a man of chimerical mind, without original or deep views regarding general politics, and who would have been as restless and discontented under a good government as he was under a tyranny. But his heart was honest and sincere; and he was gifted, even to heroism, in the practical defence of his rights, with that intelligent and indefatigable courage which constitutes the best and most necessary guarantee of free institutions.

Many years after his death, when the friends and the memory of Cromwell and of Lilburne, of the Protector and the Leveller, were subject to the same proscription, the people used frequently to sing:

John Lilburne is a stirring blade,
And understands the matter;
He neither will king, bishops, lords,
Nor th' House of Commons flatter.

John loves no power prerogatives,
But that derived from Sion;
As for the mitre and the crown,
Those two he looks awry on.†

This song was composed and sung for the first time in August, 1647, in the Tower of London, by Sir Thomas Wortley, at a banquet of Cavaliers and Levellers, who were fellow-prisoners by the order of the Long Parliament. The people are frequently unjust and ungrateful towards their living friends; but they are faithful to the memory of those that are dead.

* Biographia Britannica, vol. v., p. 2961.
† Neal's History of the Puritans, vol. iv., p. 18. (London, 1822.)

LORD THOMAS FAIRFAX.

[1611—1721.]

In every revolution, many ways for attaining power and glory are sure to present themselves. Some men attain high positions by preserving a right judgment in the midst of popular illusions, by their prudent foresight, or by their bold fertility of mind and strength of character; others are exalted to dignities precisely because they are deficient in these qualities, because they are simple and credulous, incapable of directing men and events, and capable only of serving them. The heroes of revolutions are to be found in two very dissimilar classes—ambitious politicians and sincere dupes.

Thomas Fairfax appears in the English revolution as a hero of the latter class. Born on the 17th of January, 1611, at Denton Manor, in the parish of Otley, Yorkshire, he received his education at St. John's College, Cambridge; and during the whole of his life he was distinguished, if not for great erudition, at least for considerable taste for literature, especially for the history and antiquities of his native country. But he early manifested a greater predilection for arms than for learning; and not finding sufficiently active service in England, he passed into Holland, and enrolled himself as a volunteer under the command of Lord Vere. On his return to England in 1637, he married Lady Anne Vere, his general's daughter, and took up his residence in his father's house, not mixing actively in public affairs, but sympathising deeply with the general indignation excited by the maxims and actions of Charles I., the bishops, and the court. His wife was a zealous Presbyterian; his father, Lord Ferdinando Fairfax, a man of wealth and activity, was the leader of the opposition in his county. Young Fairfax was confident and generous; the cause which his family maintained was the cause of his country and his faith; before the conflict had broken out between the king and the Parliament, he had taken his resolution; and when Charles, having left London, came into Yorkshire to attempt to raise a guard for his person, Fairfax was commissioned to present to him, in the name of the county, a petition imploring his Majesty to abandon his design of raising forces, and to listen to the

wishes of the Parliament. The king was afraid of all such manifestations of public opinion, and tried to avoid the reception of the petition; but on the 3rd of June, 1642, a large assemblage took place on Heyworth Moor: "More than forty thousand men were there, gentlemen, freeholders, farmers, citizens, mounted and on foot. The Cavaliers perceived that the petition was circulating among them. They burst into invectives and menaces, rode violently among the groups, snatched the copies of the petition from the hands of those who were reading it, and declared that the king would never receive it. Charles arrived, annoyed and vexed, not knowing what to say to this multitude, whose presence and turbulence had already offended his impolitic gravity. After having read an equivocal declaration, he was hastily retiring in order to avoid any reply, when young Fairfax succeeded in getting near him, fell suddenly on one knee, and displayed the petition on the pommel of his saddle, thus braving, even at his feet, the displeasure of the king, who immediately urged his horse against him, and pushed him violently, to force him to retire, but in vain."*

The civil war soon placed more effective weapons than petitions in Fairfax's hands. From 1642 to 1644, he and his father took part in the numerous skirmishes which occurred between the Parliamentarians and Cavaliers in Yorkshire. In this local warfare he speedily acquired a great reputation for brilliant, intelligent, and commanding bravery; and when the operations of the general war brought a large Parliamentary army into the north of England, young Thomas Fairfax was at once invested with a high command. These early adventures and exploits of his youth were replete with lasting and cherished recollections; for many years afterwards, in the retirement of his country seat, he took delight in relating them, with some detail, in a work which he entitled "A Short Memorial of the Northern Actions in which I was engaged during the War there, from the year 1642 to the year 1644."

In 1645, the first leaders of the revolution, both in the Parliament and the army, had been displaced; and the Independents, at length masters of the field, had decreed the formation of a new army to complete a victory which the first conquerors strove in vain to arrest. The military renown

* Guizot's History of the English Revolution, vol. i., p. 287. (Paris, 1850.)

of Fairfax, combined with Cromwell's recommendation, procured for him the chief command. From this time forward, his life is the history of the revolution itself; as a general, he was ever victorious on the battle-field; as a politician he was merely the tool of Cromwell and the army, whose designs he served, at first through ignorance, and afterwards through weakness and infatuation. In his old age, he wrote a second series of Memoirs on this second period of his life; but they are short and sad, and seem rather a sorrowful justification than a narrative of his actions. "When I bring to mind," he says, "the sad consequences that crafty and designing men have brought to pass since those first innocent undertakings, I am ready to let go that confidence I once had with God, when I could say with Job, *Till I die I will not remove my integrity from me*, nor *shall my heart reproach me so long as I live:* but I am now more fit to take up his complaint and say, *Why did I not die? why did I not give up the ghost when my life was on the confines of the grave?*"*

Fairfax's justification may easily be summed up in few words: he did not know what he was doing, and did not wish to do what he did; this is a fact attested by history, and proved by his own narrative.

When his blindness was in some measure dispelled, when his honesty had at last grown weary of that complicity from which it had not been able to withdraw him, after the death of the king and the subjugation of the Parliament by the army, Fairfax retired completely from public life. The measure by which the Republican Parliament, in 1650, ordered the English army to carry the war into Scotland, where Charles II. had just been crowned, was the pretext for this resolution; he declared that his fidelity to the Presbyterian covenant would not permit him to attack the Scotch in their own country, and he therefore resigned his command. The death of his father, on the 13th of March, 1648, had put him in possession of his title and fortune. Thenceforward he lived on his own estate of Nun-Appleton, in Yorkshire, greatly respected by the Presbyterian party, which more than once attempted to rally round him, but perfectly unconnected with the events which occurred until Cromwell's death. His relations with the Protector, during this period, were not of a very courteous nature. Cromwell rarely showed him any

* Masares' Select Tracts, vol. ii., p. 443.

consideration, and sometimes treated him with mistrust and ill-humour. He seemed to hold him of no account, and never entrusted him with any public duty, except some insignificant commissions regarding the local affairs of the county. When Fairfax married his only daughter, Lady Mary, to the Duke of Buckingham, Cromwell was offended that his permission had not previously been requested, as had been the custom under the monarchy; and he was, moreover, of opinion that the Duke of Buckingham would have been a suitable husband for one of his own daughters. In paying Fairfax his compliments on the occasion, he made use of language which deeply wounded the victor at Naseby. "I have laid it up," said Fairfax to one of his friends, "and will remember it when there is occasion."*

This occasion did not occur during the lifetime of Cromwell, who had no fear of Fairfax's displeasure. But after the death of the Protector, and the rapid downfal of his son Richard, when the eyes of all England were turned towards the restoration of Charles II., the men who were preparing for its consummation thought that Fairfax would willingly help them, and they were not deceived. Now, as clear-sighted as he had formerly been credulous, the general of the Parliamentary army hastened to place at the service of Charles II. the popularity, consideration, and credit, which he had gained by making war upon Charles I. As soon as he learned, by a message from Monk himself, that the general of the Scottish army was preparing to march into England, first to support the Rump against the London army, and probably afterwards to help the king against the Rump, he sent his cousin, Brian Fairfax, to inform him that he was ready to co-operate with him, and that he would appear in arms in a few days, with such forces as he could collect. He did appear in arms, in fact, rather sooner than he had announced he would, and Monk, on hearing this news, hastened forward to assist him. On his arrival at York, Monk was met by Bowles, the chaplain and confidential adviser of Fairfax. "This gentleman," says Price, Monk's chaplain, in his Memoirs, "dealt with the general about weighty and dangerous affairs. One night, above the rest, keeping him up so very late, that, upon my entering the chamber to go to prayers, I found him and Bowles in very private discourse, and the general ordered me

* The Fairfax Correspondence, first series, vol. i., p. cvi.

to go out for a while, but not to bed. Some time after midnight Bowles went away, so that then our servants hoped to sleep; but the general sent for me into him, and commanded them to stay without, as before. He took me close to him, and said, "What do you think? Mr. Bowles has pressed me very hard to stay here, and declare for the king, assuring me that I shall have great assistance." I started at the boldness of the proposition, and asked him whether he had made Bowles any such promise. He answered me, "No; truly I have not, or I have not yet." For I found him a little perplexed in his thoughts, and I, myself, was as much; but, after a little pause, I spake to this effect: "That after the famous Gustavus, King of Sweedland, was slain in Germany,* his effigies in wax, with those of his queen and children, were carried up and down to be shown for twopence, the spectators being entertained with the story of his life, of which I remember this passage, that, when this king entered Germany, he said, '*That if his shirt knew what he intended to do, he would tear it from his back, and burn it.*' My application of this saying to the general was designed to entreat him to sleep between this and the walls of London; and when he came within them, which I doubted not but he would do very shortly, then to open his eyes and consider what he had to do."†

There was no need to press Monk to wait and be silent. He paid Fairfax a visit at his residence of Nun-Appleton, and Fairfax repeated to him what he had already stated, by means of his chaplain, Bowles; being perfectly convinced, he said, that there would be no peace in England until the nation were settled upon the old foundation of monarchy, and King Charles II. restored. "The general," says Brian Fairfax, "was more reserved than he needed to be upon this free discourse of my Lord Fairfax, being alone with him in his study, which gave my Lord occasion to suspect him ever after, till he declared himself the spring following to be of the same mind, having received another letter at London from my Lord Fairfax, accompanied with the address of all the gentlemen of Yorkshire for a free Parliament, and that they would pay no taxes till it met."‡

* Gustavus Adolphus was killed at the battle of Lutzen, on the 18th of November, 1633.

† Maseres' Select Tracts, vol. ii., pp. 731-752.

‡ The Fairfax Correspondence, first series, vol. i., p. cxi.

Events rapidly pursued their course. On the 29th of March, 1660, Fairfax was elected to represent Yorkshire in the Healing Parliament; and on the 16th of May he proceeded to the Hague, at the head of the deputies who had been sent by the House of Commons to recal Charles II. The king received him with marked distinction, sent Lord Gerard to compliment him personally, and granted him a long private audience, to which his chaplain, Mr. Bowles, was also admitted; and when, after the Restoration, the ceremony of the coronation took place, the king rode a horse which Fairfax had given him, and to which the old warrior addressed some wretched verses, to congratulate him on this great honour.

However, notwithstanding the ardour of his royalist zeal, and the sincerity of his repentance, Fairfax did not abandon even those of his former associates whose actions he had not approved. When the question of the amnesty, and the fate of the regicides was discussed in Parliament, he opposed their being brought to trial, saying that, if any one deserved to be punished on that account, he was the greatest culprit of all, for, at the time of the king's death, he had possessed power enough to prevent his execution, and had not thought proper to employ it. But Fairfax, in 1660, was no more able to offer any effectual opposition to the trial of the regicides than he had been, in 1649, to prevent the judgment of Charles I. Shortly after the dissolution of the Healing Parliament, in December, 1660, he left London for his seat of Nun-Appleton, near York, which he had built some years before, and where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred after a short illness, on the 12th of November, 1671. He had long been a sufferer from gout and stone, which he endured with a patience equal to the courage he had displayed in battle. During the last few years of his life he was deprived of the use of his lower limbs, and remained continually seated in his arm-chair, receiving with grave and unruffled countenance, from his family, his friends, his neighbours, and his dependents, those testimonies of respect and affection which he had won by the simple austerity of his manners, the sincerity of his convictions, the gentleness of his disposition, and the recollections of his former glory, which was daily heightened by the errors of the Restoration. His religious duties occupied a large portion of his time. A

few hours before his death he asked for a Bible. "My eyes grow dim," he said, as he opened it; but, nevertheless, he read the 42nd Psalm: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God! . . . When shall I come and appear before God?" He had scarcely read thus far when he fell into a mortal lethargy, and shortly after expired.

His daughter, Lady Mary Fairfax, Duchess of Buckingham, was, next to God, his first and last thought. Her marriage was the occasion of his fulfilling a singular prediction of his grandfather, Lord Thomas Fairfax, the founder of the political fortune of his family, for he was the first of the name raised to the peerage with the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron. "Not many months before his death, he, walking in his great parlour at Denton, I only then present," says one of his sons, Charles Fairfax of Wenston, younger brother of Lord Ferdinando Fairfax, and consequently uncle of the Parliamentary general, "did seem much perplexed and troubled in his mind, but, after a few turns, broke out into these, or the like expressions: 'Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone; I have added a title to the heir-male of my house, and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it, and leave it to his son; but such is Tom's pride, led by his wife, that he, not contented to live in our rank, will destroy his house.' I then offered something in vindication of both; yet, notwithstanding, he solemnly charged me upon his blessing to make known what he told me when I saw a probability that it might so fall out. . . . . After some years, when I was informed that the now Lord Thomas had cut off the entail made by his father and grandfather for the settlement of the estate upon the heir-male, charging the land with a complete provision for a daughter or daughters; he, the now Lord Fairfax, being then at Denton, in the very same room where I received my charge, I faithfully acquainted him with the passages, as above said. He gave me my liberty, without words of impertinency, or any appearance of distaste, and made me (then) more than verbal expressions of a kind acceptance."*

Lord Fairfax was attached to his uncle, and respectful to the memory of his grandfather; but he nevertheless persisted in the determination which the latter had foreseen;

* The Fairfax Correspondence, first series, vol. i., pp. cvii.-cviii.

and, abolishing the entail of the estates upon the heir-male, left all his fortune to his daughter, the Duchess of Buckingham. But his daughter was utterly ruined by this marriage, of which Fairfax was so proud. After having rendered his wife wretched during his lifetime, the Duke of Buckingham left her, at his death, so overwhelmed with debts, that her estate at Nun-Appleton was entirely absorbed by the claims of the creditors: and Fairfax's cherished daughter—that Lady Mary whom he was so anxious to place in a high position, both for wealth and rank—died in London, on the 20th of October, 1704, under circumstances of comparative penury and distress.

As for the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron, and a Peer of the United Kingdom, it passed, at Fairfax's death, to his cousin Henry, whose grandson Thomas, the sixth lord, emigrated to Virginia, where he had immense estates, and where he definitively established his family, though still retaining his rank and seat among the peers of England. The title still stands in the British peerage book, but the residence of the family is thus indicated:—"Seat: Woodburne, Maryland, United States of America."

In his retirement at Nun-Appleton, Fairfax retained until his death a strong taste for literary as well as pious occupations. He left manuscript translations of the Psalms, the Canticles, and some other portions of the Holy Scriptures, a short poem upon solitude, a number of notes upon sermons, written either by himself or by his wife and daughter, and a treatise on the shortness of life. These manuscripts, with some others, are preserved; part in the library at Denton, and part in Mr. Thoresby's museum. On more than one occasion, while the civil war was at its height, Fairfax afforded most useful protection to literature and literary institutions. By his care, the libraries at York and Oxford were, partially at least, preserved from pillage. He also contributed to the publication of the great Polyglot, and he was the constant patron of the learned Dodsworth, in his works upon British antiquities.

Epitaphs, and particularly family epitaphs, prove very little. Nevertheless, that which the Duke of Buckingham inscribed on Fairfax's tomb is worthy of remark. His character is depicted in it with considerable truthfulness; and it indicates not merely the opinion entertained of him by his friends,

but also the brilliancy of his renown in his own country, even during the sway of the party which he had so long opposed. It is entitled

A PINDARIC POEM ON THE DEATH OF THE LORD FAIRFAX.

Under this stone does lie
One born for victory;
Fairfax the valiant, and the only he
Whoe'er for that alone a conqueror would be:
Both sexes' virtues were in him combined;
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And yet the meekness, too, of womankind.
He never knew what envy was, nor hate;
His soul was filled with truth and honesty,
And with another thing, quite out of date, called modesty.

He ne'er seemed impudent, but in the place
Where impudence itself dares seldom show its face;
Had any strangers spied him in the room
With some of those he had overcome,
And had not heard their talk, but only seen
Their gesture and their mien,
They would have sworn he had the vanquished been:
For as they bragged, and dreadful would appear,
While they their own ill-luck in war repeated,
His modesty still made him blush, to hear
How often he had them defeated.

Through his whole life, the part he bore
Was wonderful and great,
And yet it so appeared in nothing more
Than in his private last retreat;
For 'tis a stranger thing to find
One man of such a worthy mind,
As can dismiss the power which he has got;
Than millions of the polls and braves;
Those despicable fools and knaves,
Who such a pudder make,
Through dulness and mistake,
In seeking after power, and get it not.

When all the nation he had won,
And with expense of blood had bought
Store great enough, he thought
Of glory and renown;
He then his arms laid down,
With just as little pride
As if he had been of his enemies' side,
Or one of them could do that were undone:
He neither wealth nor places sought—
He never for himself but others fought:
He was content to know
(For he had found it so)
That when he pleased to conquer, he was able,
And left the spoil and plunder to the rabble.

He might have been a king,
But that he understood
How much it was a meaner thing
To be unjustly great than honourably good.
This from the world did admiration draw,
And, from his friends, both love and awe,
Rememb'ring what he did in fight before:
And his foes loved him too,
As they were bound to do,
Because he was resolved to fight no more.
So, blessed by all, he died; but far more blest were we,
If we were sure to live till we could see
A man as great in war, as just in peace as he.*

Whatever latitude we may allow to the illusions of filial piety, and the eulogies of the deceased, such an epitaph could not have been inscribed, in the sight and knowledge of a whole people, of a free people, upon the tomb of a man whom public opinion had not greatly honoured. England really held Fairfax in high honour; and this not merely on account of his military glory, which was the more brilliant because his personal bravery and the enthusiasm with which he inspired his soldiers had always had a large share in his successes; Fairfax was also distinguished by the utmost frankness and disinterestedness, and these qualities, notwithstanding all faults and mistakes, strike the imagination and command the esteem of our fellow-men. He had been the dupe and the instrument of factions, but he was a perfect stranger to the spirit of faction; not only did he not seek his personal advantage in war and politics, he did not even seek to obtain the triumph of those party interests and passions which so frequently corrupt generous minds, when they have once fallen under their influence. Isolated in the midst of the Independents, the Republicans, and the army, who successively made use of him against the Presbyterians, the Parliament, and the monarchy, Fairfax lent his sanction to their actions, without sharing in their plans or associating himself with their intrigues; though continually deceived, he was never a deceiver; he was weak through his credulity, and credulous through his weakness; equally incapable of resisting the perverse and of being perverted by them. As long as he was concerned in public affairs, the clever men of all parties considered him a mere puppet; when the revolution appeared to be completed, his fellow-citizens were so convinced of his candour and rectitude, that they did not

* The works of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, vol. ii., pp. 135-137.

impute to him any of the evil that had been done under his name.

In 1822, Mr. Fiennes Wykeham Martin, the proprietor of Leeds Castle, in the county of Kent, having occasion to make some alterations in the castle, set apart for sale a quantity of useless furniture. Amongst the lumber which was thus to be swept away was an old oaken chest, which was purchased for a few shillings by Mr. Gooding, a shoemaker, in the neighbouring village of Lenham. Upon the inspection of its contents, Mr. Gooding found an enormous quantity of manuscripts, carefully arranged. Not attaching any special value to treasures of this description, he consigned the papers to a cellar, to be destroyed, as occasion served, for waste paper. It was fortunately suggested to Mr. Gooding, however, to offer them to Mr. Newington Hughes, a banker at Maidstone, and well known as a collector of antiquities. Mr. Hughes bought them. Some of the parchments had already been cut into strips for shoemakers' measures; others had been taken and dispersed through the villages. Mr. Hughes and some of his fellow antiquaries instituted a diligent search for them, and they were nearly all recovered. These papers, originally deposited in one of Fairfax's residences in Yorkshire, had doubtless been transferred to Leeds Castle on the marriage of Thomas, fifth Lord Fairfax, to the daughter of Lord Culpepper, the owner of the latter estate. They contain the domestic documents and correspondence of the Fairfax family for two centuries, but chiefly concern the period of the English revolution, from the accession of the Stuarts to that of the House of Hanover. Mr. Johnson, an eminent lawyer, commenced their publication three years ago. Two volumes appeared in 1848, under the auspices of Mr. Bentley, the publisher, and were entitled, "The Fairfax Correspondence: Memoirs of the Reign of Charles I." They only extend as far as the commencement of the civil war, in 1642. It is much to be desired that this publication should be completed; although it has hitherto revealed no new and important facts, it contains many curious details respecting the exact sequence of events, and the characters of the principal personages who occur in the history.

In 1849, the second series of the "Fairfax Correspondence,"

relating to the period of the civil war and the Restoration, was published under the editorship of Mr. Robert Bell. "These volumes," says the editor, "are crowded with minute details and individual experiences, and bring us closer to the actual vicissitudes of the flying campaigns—from the hoisting of the royal standard at Nottingham, to the imprisonment of the king at Carisbrook—than any previous publication. Written for the most part on the instant, under the walls of besieged towns, in the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, on the field of battle, or in the midst of councils of war, they are distinguished by a freshness and freedom seldom found in documents of a more formal and elaborate character." Four volumes of this character must surely constitute a most important addition to our historical literature.

MRS. HUTCHINSON.

[1620—1669.]

In the Tower of London, on the 29th of January, 1620, five years before Charles I. ascended the throne, was born Lucy Apsley, daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower—a devoted servant of the king, and whose sons, when the war broke out between the king and the Parliament, were among the most faithful of the Cavaliers. "My mother," says Mrs. Hutchinson, in her Memoirs, "while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances, which, though I have often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly; only my father told her, her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency, which thing, like such vain prophecies, wrought as far as it could its own accomplishment; for my father and mother, fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive (quick to learn), applied all their cares and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. . . . . When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework; but my

genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that every moment I could steal from my play, I would employ in any book I could find . . . . My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull fellow. My mother would have been contented if I had not so wholly addicted myself to my learning as to neglect my other qualities. As for music and dancing, I profited very little in them, and I would never practise my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle, I absolutely hated it. Play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with graver company; to whom I was very acceptable, and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourse, being frequent at my father's table, and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again, to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that, through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practise as I was taught. I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought when I had done this on the Lord's Day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to anything that was not sin; for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confidant in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women; and there was none of them but had many lovers, and some particular friends beloved above the rest."*

Whilst Lucy Apsley was growing into womanhood, and dividing her time between learned studies, pious exercises,

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pp. 16-18, in "Bohn's Standard Library."

and romantic sentiments, a young gentleman, named John Hutchinson, born in 1616, four years before her, at Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, was springing into manhood, unknown to Lucy and her parents, but addicted to the same feelings, habits, and tastes as herself. "He was of a middle stature, of a slender and exactly well-proportioned shape in all parts; his complexion fair; his hair of light brown, very thick set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, and curling into loose, great rings at the end; his eyes of a lively grey, well-shaped, and full of lively vigour, graced with many becoming motions; his visage thin; his mouth well made, and his lips very ruddy and graceful, although the nether chap shut over the upper, yet it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming; his teeth were even, and white as the purest ivory; his chin was something long, and the mould of his face; his forehead was not very high; his nose was raised and sharp; but withal he had a most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixed with sweetness, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him."*

Then follows the moral portraiture of John Hutchinson, his fine natural disposition, his acquired virtues, his character and piety, his spiritual, temporal, political, and domestic merits; and at the conclusion of this long expression of her love, admiration, and respect, Mrs. Hutchinson has written: "All this, and more, is true; but I so much dislike the manner of relating it, that I will make another essay."† This, in fact, she did; but, in the opinion of the editor of her Memoirs, her second attempt to delineate the character of her husband was not equal to the first; and the first only has been published.

The acquaintance which led to the intimate union of these two persons could not fail to be accompanied by some of those singular incidents which strike lively imaginations and influence passionate wills. In 1637, Lucy Apsley's family was established for a time at Richmond, near London; and Mr. Hutchinson was invited by one of his friends to spend the summer at the same place, in a house where, he was told, he would find "very good company and recreations." He mentioned his plan to a gentleman of his acquaintance, and

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 22, in "Bohn's Standard Library."
† Ibid., p. 35, note.

told him of the house whither he was going; but this friend "bid him take heed of the place, for it was so fatal for love, that never any young disengaged person went thither who returned again free. Mr. Hutchinson laughed at him, and went to Richmond, where he found a great deal of good young company."* At this time, Miss Apsley was not there; but Mr. Hutchinson heard a great deal about her. "One day, when he was at her mother's house, some half a mile from Richmond, looking upon an odd by-shelf in a closet, he found a few Latin books; asking whose they were, he was told they were Miss Lucy Apsley's; whereupon, inquiring more after her, he began first to be sorry she was gone before he had seen her, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her. Then he grew to love to hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage. But it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself, that his heart, which had ever entertained so much indifference for the most excellent of womankind, should have such strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw. One day there was a great deal of company at Mr. Coleman's, the gentleman's house where he tabled, to hear the music; and a certain song was sung which had been lately set, and gave occasion to some of the company to mention an answer to it, which was in the house, and upon some of their desires read. A gentleman saying it was believed that a woman in the neighbourhood had made it, it was presently inquired who; whereupon a gentleman, then present, who had made the first song, said there were but two women that could be guilty of it; whereof one was a lady then among them, the other Miss Apsley. Mr. Hutchinson, fancying something of rationality in the sonnet, beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, addressed himself to the gentleman, and told him he could scarcely believe it was a woman's; whereupon this gentleman, who was a man of good understanding and expression, and inspired with some passion for her himself, told Mr. Hutchinson that though, for civility to the rest, he entitled another lady to the song, yet he was confident it was Miss Apsley's only, for she had

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 55.

sense above all the rest; and fell into such high praises of her, as might well have begotten those vehement desires of her acquaintance, which a strange sympathy in nature had before produced.

"Before many days had passed, a footboy of my lady her mother's came to young Miss Apsley as they were at dinner, bringing news that her mother and sister would in a few days return; and when they inquired of him whether Miss Apsley was married, having before been instructed to make them believe it, he smiled, and pulled out some bride-laces, which were given at a wedding in the house where she was, and gave them to the young gentlewoman and the gentleman's daughter of the house, and told them Miss Apsley bade him tell no news, but give them those tokens, and carried the matter so, that all the company believed she had been married. Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that he was fain to retire. When he was alone he began to recollect his wisdom and his reason, and to wonder at himself, why he should be so concerned in an unknown person; he then remembered the story that was told him when he came down, and began to believe there was some magic in the place, which enchanted men out of their right senses. Having fortified himself with resolution, he got up the next day; but yet could not quit himself of an extravagant perplexity of soul concerning this unknown gentlewoman, which had not been remarkable in another light person, but in him, who was from his childhood so serious and so rational in all his considerations, it was the effect of a miraculous power of Providence, leading him to her that was destined to make his future joy. While she so ran in his thoughts, meeting the boy again, he found out, upon a little stricter examination of him, that she was not married, and pleased himself in the hopes of her speedy return."*

Miss Apsley returned; Mr. Hutchinson saw her; they took much pleasure in each other's society, and soon gave expression to their mutual affection, with that combination of frankness and timidity which ever characterises the feelings of serious, virtuous, and enthusiastic youth. Various obstacles for some time thwarted the consummation of their happiness; their families hesitated, the young men were jealous, and the young ladies envious. Miss Apsley had an attack of

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pp. 57-60.

small-pox, and fears were entertained, first for her life, and afterwards for her beauty. But she regained her health, and retained her charms. The constancy of Mr. Hutchinson overcame all obstacles. "I shall pass by," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "all the little amorous relations which, if I would take the pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe; but these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy of mention among the greater transactions of his life."*

Fortunately for us, Mrs. Hutchinson was not, when she began to write her Memoirs, under the influence of this Puritan rigidity with reference to the tender recollections of her youth; her first impulse was to allow herself to go on relating them with grave and touching sincerity, in which a little vain complacency sometimes appears, and even after she had prescribed herself silence upon this subject, her narrative of the great events in which her husband took a part continues to be much more of a biography than of a history. And this constitutes its peculiar merit and interest. In most of the memoirs relating to the English revolution, the narrator says very little about himself, and those matters which interested himself only. Royalists, Parliamentarians, and Republicans, all seem to forget themselves, and take heed only of the general fate of their cause; they relate the history of their own time, not of themselves; each man describes and judges facts according to the opinions and fashions of his party; but their only care is of the political interests which they maintain, and they seldom step aside to enter into details unconnected with the narrative of historical occurrences. In the Memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson, on the contrary, the history of public affairs occupies only a secondary position; it was of Colonel Hutchinson himself, his position and actions, the incidents and experiences of his life, that his wife desired to perpetuate the remembrance. The part played by Sir John Hutchinson was not a conspicuous one; the trial of Charles I. was the only important act in which he shared; and yet he was a man of great activity; around him, in his county, within the walls of Nottingham (of which town he was governor), were displayed all the passions, and undergone all the vicissitudes, of the struggle which then convulsed England. The same cause

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 62.

which, at London and in the Parliament, produced historical events, led at Nottingham to municipal, or even simply domestic, occurrences, which excited as strong emotions, and required from the men who wielded the local authority efforts as numerous and vigorous, as were put forth at Westminster by the leaders of the nation. These are the scenes which Mrs. Hutchinson depicts; pictures of life, which constitute an essential part of history, although history says very little about them. Hampden, Pym, Strafford, Fairfax, Ireton, and even Cromwell himself, only appear occasionally and dimly in Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs; the persons who act, speak, and occupy a prominent position in her work are Mr. Millington, the representative of Nottingham in Parliament; Dr. Plumptre, a physician at Nottingham; Mr. Chadwick, a lawyer; Mr. Hooper, an engineer; Mr. Palmer, a preacher; and twenty others, as active as they were obscure, and who really caused and guided, in their district or in their town, that revolution from the history of which, a few years afterwards, their names had entirely disappeared. Mrs. Hutchinson passed her life among these unknown revolutionaries; she describes their rivalries, their intrigues, their characters; and relates the efforts made by the different parties, or fractions of parties, to conquer, supplant, or injure each other. We penetrate, under her guidance, into the midst of their families. And whilst she brings before us these personages, true types of the age in which they lived, but otherwise devoted to oblivion, she has this very rare merit, that neither the interests of her cause nor her own passions can blind her with regard to the vices or absurdities of the petty heroes and unworthy servants of her party. As regards general events, she shares in the prejudices and ignorance of the Puritan and Republican fanaticism of her times; but whenever she speaks of events that have come under her own cognizance, that have occurred in her own neighbourhood, she rarely fails to manifest independence and rectitude of mind; and she unhesitatingly attacks and denounces anything that has excited her virtuous indignation. In Derbyshire, which borders upon Nottinghamshire, Sir John Gell had raised a regiment of infantry on behalf of the Parliament. "These," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "were good, stout, fighting-men, but the most licentious, ungovernable wretches that belonged to the Parliament. As regards (Sir John Gell) himself, no man knew for what reason

he chose that side; for he had not understanding enough to judge the equity of the cause, nor piety nor holiness; being a foul adulterer all the time he served the Parliament, and so unjust that, without any remorse, he suffered his men indifferently to plunder both honest men and Cavaliers. . . . This man kept the journalists in pension, so that whatever was done in the neighbouring counties against the enemy was attributed to him; and thus he hath indirectly purchased himself a name in story which he never merited. He was a very bad man, to sum up all in that word, yet an instrument of service to the Parliament in those parts."*

At Nottingham itself, Chadwick, the lawyer, and Palmer, the minister, were amongst the most important members of the Parliamentarian party. "Chadwick," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "was a fellow of a most pragmatical temper, and, to say truth, had strangely wrought himself into a station unfit for him. By flatteries and dissimulations he kept up his credit with the godly, cutting his hair, and taking up a form of godliness, the better to deceive. He was very poor, although he got abundance of money by a thousand cheats and other base ways, wherein he exercised all his life; but he was as great a prodigal in spending as knave in getting. Among other villanies which he secretly practised, he was a libidinous goat, for which his wife, they say, paid him with making him a cuckold; yet were there not two persons to be found that pretended more sanctity than these two."†

As for Palmer, the minister, "this man had a bold, ready, earnest way of preaching, and lived holily and regularly as to outward conversation, whereby he got a great reputation among the godly; and this reputation swelled his spirit, which was very vain-glorious, covetous, contentious, and ambitious. The Newarkers plundered all the country even to the walls of Nottingham; upon which some godly men offered themselves to bring in their horses, and form a troop for the defence of the country, and Mr. Palmer had a commission to be their captain. He would have it believed that it was rather pressed upon him, than he pressed into it; and, therefore, being at that time in the castle, he came to the governor and his wife, telling them that these honest people pressed him very much to be their captain, and desiring their friendly and Christian

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pp. 127-128.
† Ibid., pp. 134-136.

advice whether he should accept or refuse it. They freely told him, that having entered into a charge of another kind, they thought it not fit for him to engage in this; and that he might as much advance the public service, and satisfy the men, in marching with them in the nature of a chaplain as in that of a captain. He, that asked not counsel to take any contrary to his first resolve, went away confused when he found he was not advised as he would have been, and said he would endeavour to persuade them to be content; and afterwards said, they would not be otherwise satisfied, and so he was forced to accept the commission."*

In view of the base and shameful practices of these subaltern revolutionaries it is impossible not to feel a lively interest—indeed, a kind of affection for Colonel Hutchinson and his wife, in whose household piety mingled with nobility, and gravity with tenderness, where the most hallowed domestic feelings were united with the most sincere patriotism, and where Puritan stiffness did not exclude either the passionate enthusiasm of a wife's love for her husband, or the elegant refinement of manners of a gentleman who devoted himself to the popular cause without being influenced by the hatred, the envy, the avarice, the thirst for vengeance, or any of the passions of the multitude: passions as brutal as they are hideous, even during those short and rare intervals when the multitude is in the right. In 1646, Colonel Hutchinson, though he did not entirely leave Nottingham, was transferred to a wider sphere of action. He was elected a member of the House of Commons, and his Parliamentary duties compelled him from that time forward to spend part of the year in London. He found that the same egotistical passions, the same absurd intrigues, and the same moral miseries as he had deplored and combated in his county, existed in the capital; but he and his wife were as uncorrupted at London as they had been at Nottingham. In describing the scenes and actors of the great theatre into which she had been introduced, Mrs. Hutchinson displays the same sound and unbiassed judgment as she had exhibited in relating the cabals and corruptions of the small town in which she had previously resided. "It was a misery to be bewailed in those days," she says, "that many of the Parliamentary party exercised cruelty,

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 175.

injustice, and oppression to their conquered enemies.* . . . . . Almost all the Parliament-garrisons were infected and disturbed with factious little people, insomuch that many worthy gentlemen were wearied out of their commands, and oppressed by a certain mean sort of people in the House, whom to distinguish from the more honourable gentlemen, they called *Worsted-stocking Men*.† . . . . . Cromwell's wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape; only, to speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter, Fleetwood, was humbled, and not exalted with these things; but the rest were insolent fools. Claypole, who married his daughter, and his son, Henry, were two debauched, ungodly Cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness. His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Colonel Hutchinson, and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen."‡

Even when she is speaking of the most fanatical servants of that cause to which her husband and herself were so passionately devoted, Mrs. Hutchinson retains perfect freedom of judgment, accurately observes their weaknesses, and sometimes stoops to irony in her description of them. "Major-General Harrison," she says, "who was but a mean man's son, and of a mean education, and of no estate before the war, had gathered an estate of two thousand a year besides engrossing great offices, and encroaching upon his under-officers; and maintained his coach and family at a height as if they had been born to a principality. About the same time a great ambassador from the King of Spain was to have public audience in the House, and was the first who had addressed them, owning them as a republic. The day before his audience, Colonel Hutchinson was sitting in the House, near some young men handsomely clad, among whom was Mr. Charles Rich, since Earl of Warwick; and the colonel himself had on that day a habit which was pretty rich but grave,

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 353. † Ibid., p. 279.
‡ Ibid., p. 370.

and no other than he usually wore. Harrison, addressing himself particularly to him, admonished them all, that now the nations sent to them, they should labour to shine before them in wisdom, piety, righteousness, and justice, and not in gold and silver, and worldly bravery, which did not become saints; and that the next day, when the ambassadors came, they should not set themselves out in gorgeous habits, which were unsuitable to holy professions. The colonel, although he was not convinced of any misbecoming bravery in the suit he wore that day, which was but of sad-coloured cloth trimmed with gold, and silver points and buttons; yet, because he would not appear offensive in the eyes of religious persons, the next day he went in a plain black suit, and so did all the other gentlemen; but Harrison came that day in a scarlet coat and cloak, both laden with gold and silver lace, and the coat so covered with clinquant (foil), that one scarcely could discern the ground, and in this glittering habit he set himself just under the Speaker's chair; which made the other gentlemen think that his godly speeches the day before were but made that he alone might appear in the eyes of strangers. But this was part of his weakness. The Lord at last lifted him above these poor earthly elevations, which then and some time afterwards prevailed too much with him."*

Colonel Hutchinson and his wife were naturally too high-minded and refined in manners ever to fall into the littlenesses practised by some of their party; but they participated in their political passions and infatuation, and endured its mournful destiny. The colonel was one of the judges of Charles I., and signed the sentence of his condemnation—a great moral iniquity, and detestable piece of policy, for which the republic and its partisans suffered a just punishment. Of all the men who took part in this fatal act, no one was more sincere, disinterested, and courageous than Hutchinson. He did not even claim the honour of courage. "It is certain," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "that all men herein were left to their free liberty of acting, neither persuaded nor compelled; and as there were some nominated on the commission who never sat, and others who sat at first but durst not hold on, so all the rest might have declined if they would."† Hutchinson did not decline to sit, but persevered in the deplorable course on which he had entered. Soon, however, all the power of

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pp. 348-349. † Ibid., p. 335.

the revolution, the Long Parliament, Cromwell, the army, the Rump, had successively failed in their attempts to establish the republic in England. The restoration of Charles II. became a fatal necessity, as well as the evident wish of the nation. "The last remnant of the House of Commons," says Mrs. Hutchinson herself, "was divided into miserable factions, among whom some would then have violently set up an oath of renunciation of the king and his family. The colonel, thinking it a ridiculous thing to *swear out* a man, when they had no power to defend themselves against him, vehemently opposed that oath, and carried against Sir Arthur Haslerig and others, who as violently pressed it, urging very truly that those oaths that had been formerly imposed had but multiplied the sins of the nation by perjuries; instancing how Sir Arthur and others, in Oliver's time, coming into the House, swore on their entrance they would attempt nothing in the change of that government, which, as soon as ever they were entered, they laboured to throw down. Many other arguments he used, whereupon many honest men, who thought till then he had followed a faction in all things and not his own judgment, began to meet often with him, and to consult what to do in these difficulties, out of which their prudence and honesty would have found a way to extricate themselves; but that the end of our prosperity was come, hastened on partly by the mad, rash violence of some that, without strength, opposed the tide of the discontented, tumultuous people; partly by the detestable treachery of those who had sold themselves to do mischief; but chiefly by the general stream of the people, who were as eager for their own destruction as the Israelites of old for their quails."*

In the history of the republicans at this period, I cannot find any other example of so much mental vigour and patriotic disinterestedness, combined with no disavowal of his past conduct or forgetfulness of his personal dignity. Colonel Hutchinson for some time reaped the benefit of his courageous moderation. Several distinguished members of the Royalist party laboured zealously to exempt him from the measures taken against the other regicides; and his wife displayed admirable energy and presence of mind in her efforts to serve him in this emergency. He was allowed to retire to Owthorpe, his patrimonial estate, and to live there in peace for three

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pp. 393-396.

years, in the bosom of his family, and occupied only by the care of his domestic interests. But revolutions are pitiless in their reactions; the vices of the Restoration speedily developed themselves; party animosities and court factions sprang up once more; and popular conspiracies were framed in secret. Notwithstanding the combined efforts of his friends and enemies to bring him once more into public life, Hutchinson kept aloof from all these movements; but he took no pains to conceal his opinions, and perhaps even, his hopes. He was consequently closely watched, subjected to continual annoyances, and, on the 11th of October, 1663, arrested in his house at Owthorpe, and confined, first in that same Tower of London in which his wife had been born, and afterwards in Sandown Castle, on the sea coast, near Deal, in Kent. His wife vainly entreated that she might be imprisoned with him; but being refused, she established herself at Deal, with her son and daughter, and walked to Sandown to dine with the colonel, returning to Deal in the evening. Ten months elapsed, during which Colonel Hutchinson's confinement was aggravated by the dampness of the place, the severity of the winter, the avarice of the governor of the castle, and the society of another prisoner whom he suspected of being a spy upon him. Hutchinson preserved his composure unruffled, spent his time in reading pious books, affectionately sustained the courage of his wife, who was very anxious about his health, and gave these last counsels to his son Thomas, as they walked together on the sea-shore: "The courses which the king and his party take to establish themselves," he said, "will be their ruin; the ill-management of the State will cause discontented wild parties to mutiny, and rise against the present powers; but they will only put things in confusion; it must be a sober party that must then arise and settle them. Let not my son, how fairly soever they pretend, too rashly engage with the first, but stay to see what they make good, and engage with those who are for settlement, who will have need of men of interest to assist them."* How sensible and touching is this anxiety of the father to guard his son against those errors into which he could not help feeling that he had fallen himself!

The winter now drew near; the colonel's health became gradually more impaired; Mrs. Hutchinson was obliged to go

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, p. 475.

to Owthorpe to fetch her younger children, and some furniture, which she required, for her husband's use. She felt very unwilling to take this journey, for she was a prey to melancholy presentiments. The colonel, on the contrary, was full of hope and gaiety; he gave his wife written instructions regarding his plantations at Owthorpe, and the arrangement of his house and gardens. "You give me," said she, "these orders, as if you were to see that place again." "If I do not," said he, "I thank God I can cheerfully forego it; but I will not distrust that God will bring me back again, and therefore I will take care to keep it while I have it."*

Mrs. Hutchinson went to Owthorpe, leaving her husband under the care of his daughter and his brother, George Hutchinson. A few days afterwards his disease grew rapidly worse, and death became imminent, so that his physician, a pious man like himself, told him of his danger, and asked him if his peace were made with God. "The will of the Lord be done," said the colonel. "I am ready for it. I hope you do not think me so ill a Christian, to have been thus long in prison, and have that to do now!" Then they asked him where he would be buried? He told them in his vault at Owthorpe. His brother told him it would be a long way to carry him; he answered, "Let my wife order the manner of it as she will, only I would be there. I would have spoken to my wife and son, but it is not the will of God. Let my wife, as she is above other women, show herself, on this occasion, a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women." He passed the day, on the 11th of September, 1644, in profound repose, speaking occasionally to those who stood by him. Towards the evening he ceased to speak; one of those present mentioned Mrs. Hutchinson's name to him, and said, "Alas! how will she be surprised!" The colonel moved slightly, fetched a sigh, and expired.†

Mrs. Hutchinson was not overwhelmed by her loss; her soul was as strong as it was passionate, and sustained by that deep religious faith which changes hope into certainty, and converts the pangs of death into the privations of absence. Sure of being once more united to her much-loved husband, her chief care now was to hold him up as an example to her children, and to perpetuate his memory. "They who dote on

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pp. 475-476. † Ibid., pp. 478-480.

mortal excellences," she says, "when by the inevitable fate of all things frail, their adored idols are taken from them, may let loose the winds of passion to bring in a flood of sorrow; whose ebbing tides carry away the dear memory of what they have lost; and when comfort is essayed to such mourners, commonly all objects are removed out of their view, which may, with their remembrance, renew the grief; and in time these remedies succeed, and oblivion's curtain is by degrees drawn over the dead face, and things less lovely are liked, while they are not viewed together with that which was most excellent. But I, that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and if it were possible to augment my love, can for the present find out none more just to my dear husband, nor consolatory to myself, than the preservation of his memory."*

It was with these feelings, and in order to discharge this duty, that Mrs. Hutchinson wrote her Memoirs. They remained unknown for nearly a century and a half among the family papers of Colonel Hutchinson's descendants; but were discovered and published, in 1806, by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson.

Rather less than a century before Colonel Hutchinson and his wife assumed a place in the annals of their country, France contained a household similar to theirs, more illustrious in worldly rank, and assuredly more pious and virtuous in the sight of God: Philip Duplessis Mornay, long the intimate friend and ever the faithful servant of Henry IV., and Charlotte Arbaleste de la Borde, his wife.† Madame de Mornay, more fortunate in this respect than Mrs. Hutchinson, had not the sad fate of surviving her husband; she was the first to take her departure to everlasting rest. But like Mrs. Hutchinson, she had wished to write the Memoirs of her husband, with a view to the instruction of her son. She addressed them to him expressly in a letter written from Saumur, on the 25th of April, 1595; he was then scarcely sixteen years of age, having been born on the 20th of July, 1579. "I see you," she says, "ready to depart to go and

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pp. 19-20.

† Philippe de Mornay, Lord of Plessis-Marly, was born on the 5th of November, 1549, and died on the 11th of November, 1623. Charlotte Arbaleste de la Borde, his wife, was born in 1550, and died on the 15th of May, 1607.

see the world, and make yourself acquainted with the manners of men and the state of nations. You are young, my son, and diverse fantasies present themselves to youth; bear in mind always the words of the Psalmist: 'Thy testimonies, O Lord, shall be the men of my counsel.' But that you may never be without a guide, here is one that I give you by the hand, and written by my own hand, to accompany you; it is the example of your father which I adjure you always to keep before your eyes, as far as I have been able to know his life, notwithstanding that our company has frequently been interrupted by the misfortunes of the times. I am infirm, and I do not think that God will leave me long in this world; so you will keep this writing in memory of me. And when God shall please to take me from you, I desire that you should finish what I have begun to write of the course of our life; but above all, my son, I shall believe that you will remember me when I shall hear it said that, in whatever place you are, you serve God and imitate your father."*

God imposed on Madame de Mornay the unutterable grief of concluding her narrative of her husband's life by a record of the death of that son for whom she had written it. Young Philip de Mornay, who was serving in the Netherlands, in the army of Prince Maurice of Nassau, was killed on the 23rd of October, 1606, at the siege of Guelders. His father received the distressing news on the 24th of November; and, says Madame de Mornay, "Knowing well that he could not disguise his countenance from me, he resolved that from the first we should mingle our griefs together. 'My dear,' he said, 'God calls us to-day to manifest our faith and obedience; since He has done this, we must be silent.' At this speech, I, being full of doubts and weakened by long illness, fell into a swoon and convulsions: I could not speak for some time, and the first words that I could utter were, 'The will of God be done! We might have lost him in a duel, and then, what consolation could we have taken?' The rest may be best explained, to any person of feeling, by silence; we felt as if our bowels were torn away, our hopes cut off, and our plans and wishes frustrated; we could not for a long while talk to each other, or think within ourselves, of anything else, for he was, next to God, our only speech and thought; our daughters,

* Memoirs of Duplessis Mornay, vol. i., pp. 1-3. (Paris, 1824.)

notwithstanding the disfavour of the court, being happily married and removed with much trouble from the house, to leave it in his sole possession, thenceforward all our lines started from this centre, and returned thereto again; and we saw that, in him, God had taken everything from us, doubtless that he might take us together from the world, and that we might no longer feel any regret, at whatever hour he might call us. And here it is reasonable that my book should finish by him for whom it was undertaken, that I might describe to him our pilgrimage in this life; and since it has so pleased God, he has finished his life sooner and more pleasantly. And so, if I did not fear the affliction of M. Duplessis, who, according as mine increases, makes me the more sensible of his affection, it would grieve me extremely to survive him."*

She did not survive him long. "I have no son," said Duplessis Mornay, "and, therefore, I shall soon have no wife." Six months after she had learned the death of her son, Madame de Mornay was seized with a violent illness, and died on the 15th of May, 1607, after eight days of cruel suffering. "In all this agony, M. Duplessis did not leave her; and whenever, either to pray to God for her or from the excess of his grief, he withdrew to some corner of the room, she would ask for him, and immediately give him her hand, saying a few words to show that the grief he felt on her account touched her more acutely than the pain she herself suffered."

I shall add nothing to these quotations: what words of mine could so well describe the admirable union of these two excellent persons, both of whom were finished models of piety, virtue, and good sense? Politics occupy a larger space in the life of Duplessis Mornay than in that of Colonel Hutchinson: and Duplessis Mornay holds a more prominent position in the history of his country and his time. Yet Hutchinson, whose mind was chimerical as well as sincere, allowed himself to be drawn, by politics, into the lowest vortex of factions and revolutions. Duplessis Mornay, on the contrary, constantly resisted their influence, in spite of all the causes and temptations which seemed likely to subject him to their sway. This inflexible Protestant, who had con-

* Memoirs of Duplessis Mornay, vol. i., pp. 486-498.

tributed as largely as any man to raise Henry IV. to the throne—who, next to Sully, had enjoyed the largest share of the confidence of his king—who bitterly deplored Henry IV.'s abandonment of his faith, and who braved all dangers and disgraces that he might preserve and maintain his own—Mornay, though discontented, melancholy, banished from the court, and assailed by the discontents and sufferings of his cause and his friends, never entered into any faction or intrigue against a king whom he blamed, and of whom he had great cause to complain; but remained, on the contrary, unshaken in his fidelity to him, and was incessantly occupied in maintaining or restoring a little order and peace in the Protestant Church of France, and in promoting mutual confidence and friendship between Henry IV. and his Protestant subjects. Mornay was ardently devoted to his religious faith, but his devotedness to his faith never made him forget his duty to his country, or to his king, who had preserved his country from ruin. He continued firmly and actively attached to his belief, but did not fall under the yoke of any fixed and exclusive idea; preserved his patriotic good sense as well as his fervent piety, and endured, with melancholy firmness, the anger of his friends and the ingratitude of his king. His life was laborious and full of sorrow, effort and misapprehension; but it is worthy to serve as an example to men of honesty and sense in times of civil discord and revolution.

Madame de Mornay was at once similar and superior to Mrs. Hutchinson. She resembled her in her domestic affections and virtues, and in her fervent piety; she excelled her, not in mental gifts, but in rectitude of judgment and moral gravity. Mrs. Hutchinson had a strong and lively imagination, her intellectual culture was extensive and varied, but she had a secret taste for striking adventures, both in public and private life, and a self-appreciation which led her into some errors, or, at least, gave her some airs of pedantry and vanity. Madame de Mornay was less highly educated, less brilliant, less rich in learning and art, but her good sense was stronger, and her heart more simple; there was not the least shade of romance in her feelings or desires; not the slightest vain complacency in her language regarding herself or those connected with her; for, from attempting amplification or display, she always shows less than she might, and

says less than she thinks. The most important events, when related by her, and the most powerful sentiments, when uttered by her lips, present themselves under a modified aspect, exempt from all fictitious ornament, all superfluous or premeditated display. What she says is the pure truth, reduced to its most simple expression, and related incidentally, in the measure of strict necessity, for the information and edification of that son to whom her narrative is addressed, without any other design, or any personal vanity or emotion.

Though I could bring many proofs of this difference between the characters and writings of the two ladies, I will present only one, which is sufficiently striking to demonstrate the truth of my observation. I have quoted elsewhere Mrs. Hutchinson's narrative of her first acquaintance with the colonel, and the preliminaries of their marriage; I now give Madame de Mornay's narrative of the same occurrence in her own life. She was twenty-six years of age, and had been a widow for seven years; for M. de Feuquières, whom she had married at seventeen, died eighteen months after his marriage. She happened to be at Sedan when Duplessis Mornay was there also. "M. Duplessis," she says, "continued to come to see me, and, for nearly eight months, not a day passed but we spent two or three hours together; he had even written to me since his journey to Cleves. I was then planning a visit to France on business, and wished to hasten my journey, because I feared that our familiarity would occasion evil reports. Whilst I entertained these thoughts, he declared to me that he was desirous to marry me, which I received as an honour, but nevertheless told him that he could not have my answer until I was first informed by letter of the wishes of his mother, Madame de Buhy, and his brother, M. de Buhy, that I might be assured that our marriage would be agreeable to them. . . . After having told him that I should esteem myself happy if God should permit those on whom I depended to give their consent to the matter, I requested time, before I gave him a final answer, to write to Madame de la Borde, my mother, and my other relations, that I might learn their will. So I wrote to them all that it was a matter I ardently desired; but that nevertheless I would not consent without their permission. God so showed us that He had ordained our marriage for my great benefit, that we had a reciprocal con-

sent from all those of whom we asked it. During these arrangements some time passed; and many at Sedan, seeing that M. Duplessis contrived to visit me, began to think that he intended to marry me; some even spoke to him of other matches, of rich girls and heiresses, and would have desired to be able to turn his thoughts from me elsewhere, seeing that, besides the graces he had received from God at his birth, he was destined to rise higher. But after he had opened his mouth to me, he would never lend his ear to any other proposition that was made him. Some even offered, to learn if he thought of me, in case he wished to marry me, to inform him of the true state of my affairs. But he answered that when he wanted information he would apply to myself for it, and that property was the last thing he should think of in marriage; the first was the character of the person with whom he would have to pass his life, and the fear of God and a good reputation were far beyond riches."*

The woman who spoke so simply, and with such austere reserve, of the strongest emotions which had ever filled her soul, and the most important event that had happened in her life, was as enthusiastic as she was grave; she followed her husband in all his dangers, took part in all his labours, loved for him alone, received from him alone all his joys, and died of grief at the death of their son.

I shall not carry this comparison any further; this is, I think, its essential feature. M. and Madame Duplessis Mornay were not only virtuous and pious, they were modest; and modesty is a virtue unknown to revolutionaries. This is the real and chief difference between them and Colonel Hutchinson and his wife. Revolutions are engendered by men of presumption, and beget presumption. Even the best revolutionaries have a vain confidence in themselves, and in all they think and desire, which urges them blindly along the course they have chosen, and shuts their eyes to everything that might arrest or divert them. Modesty is a great enlightenment; it keeps the mind continually open, and renders the heart ever docile to the teachings of truth. M. and Madame Duplessis Mornay, as Christians, and strangers to every revolutionary feeling and action, possessed this precious safeguard of good sense and virtue. Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson did not possess it, for, though Christians,

* Memoirs of Duplessis Mornay, vol. i., pp. 86-89.

they were revolutionaries. Hence arose their blindness, their infatuation, and their misfortunes, which, though worthy of sympathy, were natural, and, I say it with sorrow, deserved. The world, and, if I may be permitted to speak with reverence of the supreme justice, God himself is severe in punishing the faults of the good. They have no right to complain: it is an honour to be thus treated.

SIR THOMAS HERBERT.

[1605—1682.]

In the fact that great men monopolise the interest of history we see one of the chief causes of its errors and omissions. Not only is it true that history cares little for any but great men, but it is from them, their ideas, feelings, conduct, and life, that it describes and estimates the character of the mass, and the general condition of society. This test is not infallible. Men of superior powers, who have taken the lead in their age, are not always the most faithful representatives of that age; they give us no adequate conception of the state of the people who surround them. That which constitutes superiority in an individual is precisely his native originality, strongly-marked individuality which prevents us from identifying him with the multitude whom he influences. Doubtless he is united to his age by an infinite number of ties and relationships; doubtless his nature is conformed to the same type and confesses the same sympathies as belong to those who follow in his train; were it not so, how could they follow him? Originality which should divorce the individual from the sympathies of his time would not elevate, but isolate him. The great man, however, possesses the same ideas, impressions, wants, as those which belong to the people below him; but events do not affect him as they do the majority of mankind. Occupying a position different from that which they can command, his judgment is different from theirs; and that originality which gives him his power, at the same time prevents him from being a just expression of the condition of the masses—a perfect mirror of his nation, his epoch, his party.

Far be it from me to deny to great men any portion of that

honour and supremacy which justly belongs to them. They are the strength and glory of humanity, which must find at once its safety and its dignity in learning to appreciate, respect, and follow them; but in order to become acquainted with an age or a people we must also know something of its second-rate and obscure men. The history of the people, properly so called, is that of men whose life is without event; it is in the beliefs, sentiments, and lot of unimportant individuals and unknown families, that the lot, the sentiments, and the beliefs of the country are to be found; here must we look for the vicissitudes of its opinions and affections, and all the changes in its moral and material existence. We are ignorant of the real nature of events, their causes as well as their effects, so long as no record or memorial is found to transport us into the midst of this unknown public which seems to be recognised only as the stage on which these events are transacted, but which, especially in modern times, influences their course in a manner sooner or later decisive.

Sir Thomas Herbert was not, at first among the Presbyterian party, nor afterwards at the court of Charles I., a man entirely obscure. But he did not distinguish himself there by his talents or by his aptitude for business; neither his career nor his character were marked by any brilliant striking features; he was but little removed from the crowd; and if he had not, by accident rather than choice, taken part in the events which are related in his Memoirs, hardly any trace would have been left of him.

He was born at York, in 1605, and was connected with the illustrious family of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke. Early in life he found a patron in William, Earl of Pembroke, and head of that house, who furnished him with the means of undertaking a long journey in Asia and Africa, of which, on his return, young Herbert published an account.* The death of his protector, which occurred soon after his arrival in London, did not alter his circumstances; Philip, Earl of Pembroke, showed him the same kindness as his predecessor had done. Engaged in the service of the Parliamentary party, to which he remained attached on account of his aversion to

* "Some years' travels into divers parts of Asia and Africa; describing especially the two famous empires, the Persian and Great Mogul (1626)." It appeared in London in 1634, folio, illustrated. It was reprinted four times between 1634 and 1677.

episcopacy, Thomas Herbert was employed, during the civil war, sometimes as commissary of Fairfax's army, sometimes in some of the negotiations which were entered into with the royal party, such as referred to the lesser incidents of the war, not to the great political interests in agitation. He had filled various posts of this kind when, in 1646, he accompanied the Earl of Pembroke and the other commissioners, whom the Long Parliament sent to carry its proposals to Charles I., that the Scots should give him up. What happened to Herbert at this time; how he left the service of the Parliament, and became (as valet-de-chambre) attached to the person of Charles, who had been deprived of his old servants; the respect and affection which he conceived for the prince, and his devotedness to him; the minor details of their common life up to the period of Charles's execution,—all these facts are related in the Memoirs with a dignified simplicity, without any design of exalting himself, or of attributing to his own actions any political importance. They are the sentiments which a man might entertain who had, from infancy, been devoted to the cause and person of the king.

It was not till 1678 that Sir Thomas Herbert was accidentally induced to publish his Memoirs, under the title of "Threnodia Carolina." Parliament was about to vote 70,000*l.* for the erection of a monument to Charles I. The celebrated antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, wrote to Sir Thomas Herbert, asking him if he had ever heard the late king mention any place where he would wish to be buried. The answer sent by Herbert contained so many curious and hitherto unknown particulars, that Sir William Dugdale requested him to write an account of the last two years of Charles's life. Herbert sent, about the same time, to Anthony Wood, author of the "Athenæ Oxonienses," a detailed account of the trial and death of the king. These letters, when collected, were published as Herbert's Memoirs. They were read with avidity, and have been often since reprinted. They are analogous, both as to the nature of the facts which they relate and the position of the author to the "Journal de ce qui s'est passé au Temple," written by Cléry, valet-de-chambre to Louis XVI.; but although scenes of an equally melancholy character are related in the two narratives with a similarly real and unaffected tenderness, that of Herbert is infinitely less dramatic and pathetic than that of

Cléry. The depth of suffering into which Charles I. was plunged is far less than that endured by Louis XVI. and his family. Herbert had taken it for granted that the misfortunes which he had seen could not be surpassed, and that he had exhausted the catalogue of sufferings in the exhibition of Charles's calamities. I will only indicate two features in this deplorable comparison. Though vanquished, dethroned, condemned, executed, Charles I. remained king up to the last hour of his life; recognised as such by the English people, by his judges, by his executioner. The gross outrages which attended the last scenes of his life were isolated acts, and, we may say, comparatively rare; as he retained his own self-respect, so he retained a kind of courteous treatment at the hands of his enemies, who did not add disgrace to their injustice by wanton insolence. Further, Charles was alone in his imprisonment and condemnation; he mounted the scaffold alone. Neither his wife nor his children fell, after him, into a yet more calamitous condition, and into the hands of still more remorseless executioners. Charles I. experienced the extremity of misfortune as a king; but Louis XVI. and his family drained the cup of *human* woe. The narrative of Herbert fills the mind with a feeling intensely sad, but serious and calm; that of Cléry, on the other hand, overwhelms us with indignation and compassion.

The publication of the "Threnodia Carolina" took place a few years before the death of Sir Thomas Herbert. There is no evidence that he took any part in public affairs after the Restoration. Charles II. had conferred on him the title of baronet, in 1660; and he lived at York, entirely occupied in historical researches into the antiquities of his country. Among other things, he assisted Sir William Dugdale in the composition of the "Monasticon Anglicanum." He died on the 1st of March, 1682, after having given to the public libraries of Oxford and York Minster manuscripts which, it is said, give evidence of considerable erudition.

We may regard Sir Thomas Herbert as the type of a large class of estimable men of his time, who were driven into opposition by the vices of the government and court of Charles I., and who were induced to return to Charles by the vices and evils of the revolution. When the chiefs of the Parliament of 1640, after having bravely exposed themselves to danger in a cause which was truly the cause of the

general principles or party attachments. Sagacity for personal interests, foresight of the future, good sense not fettered to any political creed or combination, had been substituted for the spring of enthusiasm and the unflinching consistency of sect and faction. When revolutions thus come to look upon their principles with distrust, and to doubt their power, union exists between individuals alone; parties quickly dissolve and commingle; opinions which were formerly the standards of adverse sects are no longer the occasions of disunion or aversion; and individuals care to form only those personal connexions which shall secure them adherents or protectors, when the events which they foresee shall have been accomplished.

Such was, in 1659, the state of mind in England. Monk offered to those who considered themselves unbiassed, a chief as unbiassed as they;—they rallied around him with the more confidence in proportion as he conducted himself towards them with reserve, and showed himself indifferent to, and removed from, any engagements or convictions. Cavaliers, Presbyterians, or Independents, members of the Parliament and of the army, those who desired the Restoration or considered it inevitable, hastened to adopt Monk as their patron; "for he was a man," said his own soldiers, "in whose steps we may follow with safety." Price's Memoirs, in fact, give us a great idea of Monk's ability and prudence. They afford a lively and accurate description of a great political manœuvre carried on by a single man, whose constant aim was, without compromising any existing interest, to leave to its own gradual accomplishment an event foreseen by all, but of which no one dared or was willing to speak before the day of success. England still regards, not without reason, the reigns of Charles II. and James II. as one of the saddest periods of history. Yet it is no less true that, in 1660, the follies and crimes of the revolution had rendered the restoration of the Stuart a national necessity. Monk was the clearsighted interpreter of an almost universal wish, and at the same time an instrument in fulfilling that decree of Providence which ordains that, before a nation shall receive the blessing which it seeks for by disorder, it should bear the penalty of those evils which disorder has produced.

After the return of Charles II., Price enjoyed his share of the favours heaped upon Monk and his dependents by the

king. On the 10th of May, 1660, he was appointed to preach at Westminster, before the House of Commons, a thanksgiving sermon in honour of the Restoration. A short time after he was nominated member of Eton College; subsequently he obtained a lucrative prebend connected with Salisbury Cathedral, and lastly the valuable rectory of Petworth, in Sussex. It was not until 1680, about ten years after the death of Monk, that he published his Memoirs.* In his dedication to the Earl of Bath, he mentions the inducements by which he was led to publish. Those who wished to appropriate to themselves all the benefits of the Restoration, wished also to monopolise the credit of having accomplished it. Monk's chaplain was justly indignant at the ingratitude of the Royalists to the memory of his former patron, and the "Life of Monk," by his other chaplain, Gumble, was dictated by the same feeling. Monk had doubtless shown greater fidelity in his personal relations than in his political alliances, for his dependents remained constant in their attachment to him. A sermon, preached at Petworth on the 9th of September, 1683, to give thanks to Heaven for the discovery of the Rye-House Plot, is the last trace we have of Price's continued existence. Nevertheless, he lived long enough to see the Restoration bend in its turn under the weight of that tyranny which it vainly attempted to impose upon England. He died in June, 1691, three years after the expulsion of James II. He probably remained a Cavalier; but the English nation had changed its opinion, and if Monk had been in 1688 what he was in 1660, his good sense would doubtless have led him to coincide with the nation.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.

LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

[1608—1674.]

I HAVE no intention of relating the life of Lord Clarendon, it is written already in the events of history and in his own works. There is no man, if we except Cromwell, who has occupied a more prominent position in English history; no one

* Entitled "The Mystery and Method of his Majesty's happy Restoration."

who has so carefully handed down his own history in that of his time.

Posterity has done him full justice; if his name is mentioned in his own country it is always as "the Great Earl of Clarendon," and perhaps he has secured this high renown by his writings, still more than by his political career. No one of those crises which determine the destiny of nations was moulded and guided by his influence; many men have served their country with as much ability and success; but there are few men who, after a long exercise of power, have yet so far preserved the depth of their convictions and their esteem of their fellow-men as to feel the want of making themselves rightly understood and appreciated after their death. Long-continued possession of greatness brings with it indifference; few aged state ministers retain any care either for the public or for truth. Clarendon however, proscribed, infirm, impoverished, without the expectation of seeing his country again, held firmly to whatever he had said or done, and was anxious that posterity might estimate him aright. He related his life not only because he had been conspicuous in affairs and delighted to dwell on the recollections of his glory, but in order to show that he had judged and acted wisely, in order to defend and justify not only his actions but also his ideas. In pursuing this object he displayed greater sincerity, greater energy of mind, and a higher tone of moral feeling, than is usually seen in aged dignitaries who are too often shattered by disgrace and sated by the enjoyment of power.

The fact is, that Clarendon possessed and retained that which is so frequently wanting or soon lost in positions of eminence and activity—determinate opinions and a faith in duty. He was often mistaken, and committed or allowed many iniquities, but truth and honour were not in his eyes mere shadows. In the midst of a revolution and in the heart of a court, he more than once obeyed those stern and disinterested convictions which regulate the thinking of a philosopher and the conduct of an upright citizen. This is the explanation of that unquestioned superiority which has assigned to him a place peculiarly his own among great statesmen, and has succeeded in giving to his memory a greater estimation than his political weight and personal influence on the government of his country would otherwise justify.

When the Long Parliament met, Clarendon was among

those who, sensible of the real grievances of the nation, were anxious that they should be redressed. In spite of his relations to Archbishop Laud and his well-known zeal on behalf of the Established Church, he joined himself to the Opposition. But with a mind characterised rather by pertinacity than comprehensiveness, and a character severe rather than generous, he believed that a respect for laws already in existence would amply meet the rights of the public, and that no new guarantees were required in order to secure respect for these ancient laws. Convinced that the government ought to reform its conduct, a reform of the government itself never entered his thoughts; he therefore misapprehended, at the very outset, the true necessities of England at this crisis, and the real tendency of the national mind. The day had come when abuses could only be remedied by bold innovations; and Clarendon, on his entrance into public life, was equally hostile to abuses and innovations.

The more the revolution advanced, the more confirmed did he become in his misapprehensions—the more did his opinions seem legitimate. The innovations which arose were often mistaken and excessive. The mistakes offended Clarendon's good sense, the excesses shocked his moral sensibility. He gave himself up from that time to the royal cause, repeatedly maintaining that it was the cause of Old England—of the ancient and excellent constitution of the country.

When, after the expiration of twenty years of lawless triumph, Charles II. ascended the throne, Clarendon regarded the revolution as a failure:—it had trampled on justice, it had issued in defeat; the success of its opponents was complete, Providence had declared itself on their side.

Clarendon did not take any part in the struggle between James II. and his country, in which Providence uttered its final decree; but he lived long enough to witness the dissipation of the hopes and illusions which he had entertained for his cause, as, before him, the Presbyterians, the Independents, and all the revolutionary parties had in their turn experienced the same disappointment.

Raised in 1660, by the revolution, to a pinnacle of power, Clarendon received it with a rooted dislike of all that had transpired during the preceding twenty years, and with the determination to restore all things in State and Church as nearly as possible to that position in which the revolution

had found them. New men and individual interests appeared to him alone entitled to attention or regard. With reference to institutions and laws, it was only necessary, in his opinion, to restore what had been lost. James I. and Charles I., it is true, had used the royal prerogative imprudently, and often unjustly, and it was fitting to avoid their faults; but still it ought to be restored unimpaired; twenty years of struggle and suffering were to be endured by the English people, and issue in nothing but a tardy avowal of its crimes and its errors.

Such was, and continued to be, Clarendon's theory; but his probity and good sense did not allow him to conform his practice to his theory. Every day brought him into collision with new features of national life; every day showed that a just deference to the claims of men could only be gained by a compromise of things. He adopted, on principle, most of the prejudices and pretensions of the old Royalist party; but, when he came to apply them, facts met him which he had not foreseen, and compelled him to uphold what he had promised to extirpate; and thus the first minister under Charles II., reinstated together with his master after fifteen years of absence, was soon the patron of revolutionary interests, and the abhorred adversary of the court and the Cavaliers.

This position, which brought misery and downfal to Clarendon, has since been his glory. He supported it with ability and courage. Often inconsistent and unjust towards the national party, he was, towards his own, decided, firm, and even virtuous. A severe censor of the dissipated habits of Charles II.; avowedly Protestant, notwithstanding his dislike of the Presbyterians, in an ungodly or secretly Catholic court; grave and upright in the midst of unprincipled and frivolous courtiers; attached to the ancient laws of the country, though utterly opposed to the new spirit of liberty; restrained from extravagance by a sense of reason, though his disposition was naturally hard, and even vindictive; he continually opposed his influence to that spirit of turbulence, that wanton and capricious tyranny to which the government of England was at that time incessantly led by the vices of the king and the passions of the Cavaliers. When he had left his country the great Chancellor could not subdue the evil genius of the Restoration, nor did the thought of so doing even enter into his mind; his object was, as attached

to ancient English laws, to oppose the corruptions of his party with all the power, ability, and virtue, which he possessed.

After seven years his virtue became too troublesome, his ability was no longer needed,—his merits and his faults alike conspired against him, and he lost his power. Every one used his influence to promote his downfal; the national party would not sustain him, the king was glad to be rid of him. When Clarendon had with difficulty obtained in France an asylum from the ingratitude of his master and the hatred of his enemies, living in sadness, though undisturbed, at Montpelier, at Moulins, at Rouen, he abandoned every undertaking, except that of transmitting to posterity an accurate account of his times and himself. "The History of the Great Rebellion," and the "Memoirs of his Private Life and Ministry,"* occupied the seven remaining years of his life. He brought to his literary occupations the same notions, the same feelings, and almost the same kind of ability as he had shown in his public career; and his writings correspond singularly with his actions. Consistency, perhaps even immobility, was probably the distinguishing feature of his mind. His opinions and character on his entrance into public life were those which he carried with him when he left it; in him reason had outstripped experience; experience neither enlarged his mind nor gave elevation to his ideas; his antipathy to all innovation was more than a principle, it possessed his whole nature—a nature which was wise, upright, well harmonised, but frigid, inflexible, limited, a stranger to strong spiritual impulses and high intellectual ambition. He had that proud sense of wisdom and integrity, which, when it is not the attribute of a large and powerful genius, is the parent of narrow views and unyielding prejudices. A juris-consult and theologian, he paid regard to rules and forms, but disdained principles —not from any contempt for truth, but because questions of a general and fundamental character never entered into the

* "The History of the Great Rebellion" was first printed at London, in 1702, 3 vols., folio, and has been often reprinted since. Many passages were suppressed in the first editions, several of which may appear falsifications; but the text has been completely restored in the edition published at Oxford, in 1845, according to the original manuscripts deposited in the library at Oxford. The "Memoirs of the Private Life" of Lord Clarendon appeared, for the first time, in 1759, under the title of "Continuation of the History of the Great Rebellion." The best edition is that published at Oxford, in 1837.

region of his thoughts. In spite of his sternness and inflexibility, he possessed some capacity for intrigue, and defended himself with adroitness against the plots of the court. His works have been blamed for reserve and even falsehood; and doubtless they are not entirely free from these faults, especially the "History of the Great Rebellion," written in a more official manner than the "Memoirs." But considering his position, Clarendon has, on the whole, the merit of sincerely aiming at impartiality; and if he has shown this in his judgment of persons much more than in his representations of public feeling and events, it is because the structure of his mind fitted him to appreciate and understand men better than nations.

More than once during his exile, Clarendon asked permission, which was always refused, to return and live in obscurity in England. On the near approach of death the desire of revisiting his native country became a melancholy and passionate longing in the heart of this old man, who had sincerely loved and laboriously served it. He established himself at Rouen in order to be nearer the soil of England; and from thence, as a last attempt, he wrote in the following manner to Charles II.:—"Seven years was a time prescribed and limited by God himself for the expiation of some of his greatest judgments, and it is full that time since I have with all possible humility sustained the insupportable weight of the king's displeasure. Since it will be in nobody's power long to prevent me from dying, methinks the desiring a place to die in should not be thought a great presumption."*

Charles II., insensible to any emotion of gratitude, offered a cold refusal to these entreaties of a man who had devoted to him his life. His refusal was not dictated by the fear of any hatred which courtiers or his people might entertain for Clarendon, but by the desire to spare himself the annoyance of feeling that in England, perhaps within a few leagues of his residence, there resided a faithful servant and an old friend whom he had basely abandoned. Clarendon died at Rouen on the 7th of December, 1674; his greatest honour now is that he often resisted that contemptible king whom, in his last days, he vainly attempted to move.

* Clarendon Papers, iii., Supp. xliv.; Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, vol. iii., p. 257.

HENRY HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.

[1638—1709.]

DURING his exile on the continent, while attending upon Charles II., as he wandered in poverty from one country to another, according as their governments were at peace or at war with Cromwell, the great Earl of Clarendon, who was as yet nothing but plain Edward Hyde, unable probably to pay for a secretary, did not wish, or could not find any other to act as such, except his eldest son, Henry Hyde, then seventeen years of age. He was born on the 2nd of June, 1638, just at the time when the murmurs of that storm were beginning to be heard which was to cause his father a life of care and agitation. In early life he was made to share in labour and vicissitude. It was in 1655 that Edward Hyde, then Chancellor of the Exchequer for the proscribed king, began that vast correspondence with Spain, France, and the Lower Countries, as well as with England, from which he probably expected little, but which at least preserved to his master the shadow of royalty, and to himself the shadow of an honourable connexion with royalty. In this correspondence young Henry Hyde acted as secretary; he employed his days in writing in cipher, or in deciphering letters, and he displayed in these somewhat tedious employments a discretion and intelligence which won for him the fullest confidence of his father. It appears even that more than once the Chancellor left to him the care of answering, as he judged suitable, the secret communications which reached him from England.

When, in 1660, the restoration of Charles II. had justified the anticipations of the Chancellor, and rewarded his fidelity, his son Henry, the companion of his good fortune as he had been of his reversals, married Theodosia, daughter of the illustrious and unfortunate Lord Capel; and soon afterwards, in 1662, after the marriage of Charles II. with the Infanta of Portugal, was appointed chamberlain to the queen. We may wonder that the Lord Chancellor, instead of seeking for his eldest son important political offices, should be contented with his obtaining a situation at court; and this circumstance suggests a doubt whether he had a very high opinion of the qualifications of his son Henry. Other facts give further reason for this doubt. Bishop Burnet, while doing full justice

to the discretion and fidelity which Henry Clarendon had shown during exile, in the capacity of secretary to his father, says, "His judgment was not much to be depended upon, for he was much carried by vulgar prejudices and false notions. . . . And the king always spoke of him with great sharpness and much scorn." The English editor of Lord Henry Clarendon's Memoirs bestows much pains in confuting this testimony; and it may be that the animosity of Burnet against the opponents of the revolution of 1688 had some share in producing this opinion. There is, however, no indication that the talents of Lord Henry Clarendon deserved any very high esteem; nor that, if he had had a different name, he would have obtained any importance in his time, or any place in history.

In 1667, at the time of his father's disgrace, he was member of the House of Commons, and he entered into the Opposition ranks without losing the situation which he occupied under the queen. His name frequently appears in the Parliamentary debates of that period; and if his speeches have in them nothing remarkable, they at all events prove that he had neither surrendered his mental freedom nor sold himself to the court,—a rare merit at that time, especially for a man devoted to the Stuarts by descent, and a courtier by position. In 1674 he became Earl of Clarendon, on the death of his banished father, and continued, in the House of Lords, to vote with the Opposition; with sufficient moderation, however, to keep a way of reconciliation with the court always open. He was one of those upright men who, without boldness or foresight, mourn over the afflictions of their country, but dread still more the remedies for them; who wish they could reform power without ever offending it, nor wresting from it any of those rights which they confess it abuses. Such had been, in reality, though with far more mental elevation and vigour, the politics of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon; we meet with it again in his son, stripped of the talent which graced it, and also without the plausible reasons which, fifteen years before, the excesses of the revolution afforded for it. Towards the close of the reign of Charles II. the vices of the government were the chief grounds for alarm and antagonism; Henry Clarendon did not approve of them; but when England showed itself determined no longer to submit to such rule, when the struggle between the country and the court

assumed a definite and serious character, he took the side of the court party.

In 1680, the favour of the Duke of York procured for him a place in the privy council, and he was one of the number who rejected the famous Bill of Exclusion. He was also one of the councillors whose dismission was demanded by the House of Commons on the 7th of January, 1681.

In 1685, the accession of James II. redoubled the fears of all who were friendly to the civil and religious liberties of their country. Lord Henry Clarendon, who sympathised with these fears, was nevertheless the object of the new king's favours, as James wished to reward him for having opposed the Bill of Exclusion. He accepted the reward, and was first appointed Keeper of the Privy Seal, afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. There he became acquainted with the whole extent of the designs that were being formed against England. Sincerely attached to the Established Church, and respecting, if not the liberties, yet at all events the laws of his country, he saw the government of James II. direct all its efforts towards the establishment of Catholicism and absolute power, and alternately using the one as a means to advance the other. He conducted himself with as much honesty as his position allowed, writing with frankness to the king or his ministers, representing to them the danger as well as the unconstitutional nature of their proceedings, and endeavouring to diminish their criminality or ward off the effect of them, but without ever entertaining the thought of formally refusing concurrence in them. When a spirit of servility has taken possession of a man, his good sense, and even his moral integrity become useless to him; he sees the danger and advances onwards to it; he observes the evil and lends himself to it; he has lost the free disposal of his own conduct, he serves the projects which he abhors, and is ruined with the infatuated men whom he has warned. If James II., annoyed by the continual remonstrances and the timidity of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, had not recalled him and substituted Tyrconnel, an avowed Papist, Lord Henry Clarendon would never have thought of retiring upon his own accord, and the revolution of 1688 would have found him in the service of a power to which he could never give his approval.

When Lord Clarendon returned to England in the begin-

ning of 1687, he gained in private life a little of that independence which he would never possess by native force of character: he has himself related his life from that period: to the details which are contained in his journal, referring to his own conduct as well as to the general events of his time, nothing need be added. On the approach and during the course of the revolution of 1688 he was what he had always been—an honest nobleman and sincere Protestant, convinced that the Established Church ought to be saved and the government of the king reformed; disposed even to accept, in order to obtain a better chance of success, the assistance of the Prince of Orange and the insurrection, but full of nervous apprehension, inclined to halt with indignation as soon as, in order to accomplish the work, the axe was laid to the root of that corrupt tree which, often as it had been assailed, had never ceased to increase. We may smile at the credulity with which he went forth to meet the Prince of Orange, flattering himself that he would confine himself to the office of mediating between James II. and his people; but, the revolution of 1688 once accomplished, we must honour the fidelity which Lord Clarendon showed towards the dethroned monarch; a fidelity the more creditable in that it alienated him from the court to which he was attached, and that, after having quitted the court, he took no active part in the plots of the Jacobites, convinced at once that he was interdicted from serving a new master, and from disturbing the repose of his country, in order to recal a power which he had found to be mischievous whilst he believed it to be legitimate. He died on the 22nd of October, 1709, on his estate at Cornbury.

In 1763, the papers which Lord Henry Clarendon had left, on his death, were published at London, in two volumes, quarto. His correspondence with James II. and his ministers, during his government of Ireland, forms the greatest part of this publication; it is worth reading, but its interest is of an entirely special character, and confined to the affairs of Ireland. The Journal of Lord Henry Clarendon, on the contrary, is one of the most lively and truthful documents which have reached us relating to the revolution of 1688; nowhere can we better trace from step to step, through the familiar and daily details of a nobleman's life, the rapid progress of that memorable event, conducted at first by a few

individuals as a conspiracy and an intrigue, but sustained and consummated by the expressed concurrence of the English people, and which has established in England that noble form of government to which it has owned, for more than a hundred and fifty years, its peace as well as its liberties, its welfare as well as its renown.

GILBERT BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

[1643—1715.]

Revolutions commence with infatuation and end with incredulity. In their origin proud assurance is dominant; the ruling opinion disdains doubt, and will not endure contradiction: at their completion scepticism takes the place of proud disdain; there is no longer any care for individual convictions nor any belief in truth. Such is the sad condition of man—faith blinds him and experience corrupts him.

Nevertheless—and this secures the honour as well as the safety of humanity—some minds are always to be found in these grand epochs who escape both these evils; who, in the blind impetuousness of the first period preserve freedom of thought, and, in the unmanly incredulity of the second, retain fixed and sincere convictions. These are minds of a superior order, whatever may be their defects, who know how to trust in truth without forgetting the weakness of man, and to distrust the feeble powers of man without ceasing to believe in the omnipotence of truth.

Bishop Burnet is one of these men. Perhaps he owed this happiness to the favourable combination of circumstances which attended his youth. He was born on the 18th of September, 1643, at Edinburgh, of an ancient and reputable family in the county of Aberdeen, and was brought up in the midst of political parties without being prematurely engaged with or hastily plunged into any. His father, a learned juris-consult, was a sincere and moderate Royalist; his mother was a zealous Presbyterian, and Lord Waristoun, his uncle, was one of the most vehement opponents of Charles I. Burnet thus learned, from his infancy, to understand the language, and perhaps also at different times to sym-

pathise with the aims and sentiments of the most opposite parties. He says of himself: "As I had been bred up by my father to love liberty and moderation, so I spent the greatest part of the year 1664 in Holland and France, which contributed not a little to root and fix me in those principles. I saw much peace and quiet in Holland, notwithstanding the diversity of opinions amongst them, which was occasioned by the gentleness of the government, and the toleration that made all people easy and happy."*

If the persons from whom Burnet had received in his youth so many contrary impressions had been, like so many others, undeceived and corrupted by events, he would, perhaps, have learned to respect no opinion, and, pursuing fortune only disdainfully, to ridicule all regard for principle. But the different convictions in the midst of which he lived and grew from 1643 to 1660, during the course of the first revolution, were and always continued serious and disinterested; so that he yielded them respect without succumbing to their authority, and that while his ideas were enlarged, he was never, even in his most ordinary and intimate relationships, induced to treat with suspicion or scorn any true earnestness and faith.

From the restoration of Charles II. to the fall of James II., Burnet's life was active and busy, and was spent in close connexion with great personages and great events without being involved in their destinies. He has given a minute account of it in his "History of his own Time." At first sight this narrative does not give us that impression concerning the author which I have just indicated; we are even tempted, in reading it, to render him, if not a small share of esteem, yet certainly but little attention. He appears fickle, restless, awkward, indiscreet, continually meddling in intrigues, at one time with the popular party at another time with the court, familiarly connected with men on whose conduct he bestows the greatest blame, keeping up in order to gratify his vanity relationships the most opposed to his convictions, inconsiderate in his movements and in his language, setting no bounds to his activity, which is often without an aim, and of a character as little becoming the superiority of his mind as the dignity of his position. These were, so to speak, the exterior faults in Burnet's character, and he has taken no

* Burnet's History of his own Time, vol. i., p. 207, folio edition.

pains to conceal them. But when we regard him more closely, another man appears and shows himself. Burnet's religious opinions are those of the Episcopalians, and yet we cannot find in him any of the vivid and arrogant passions of the bishops; his political principles are those of the Presbyterians, but he is a stranger to their narrow views, their insurmountable prejudices, their puerile and obstinate antipathies. He is familiar with a number of licentious noblemen, while his true friends, the only ones to whom he remained permanently attached whatever might be their condition, are the most upright men of the time. His life is full of intrigues and vicissitudes, yet nowhere can we perceive that he has yielded or changed in his principles, and his disinterestedness manifests itself on all occasions when his fortune might have been completed by the sacrifice of his freedom; he refuses to be a bishop as long as bishops are made the instruments of tyranny; he preaches tolerance to persecutors and reason to fanatics. Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, treated him with favour,—he told them the truth: the favour of the princes is withdrawn,—he speaks of them without disguise, but without anger. Sometimes his language would lead us to believe that the vices of the court were not displeasing to him; yet his manners are quite pure, and the thought which remains with him and governs him, in his familiar intercourse with Charles II., is how he may most impressively represent to the king the faults which have brought disorders into his kingdom, and induce him to return to virtue. "I had reason to believe," says Burnet, in 1681, "that he (the king) was highly displeased with me for what I had done a year before. Mrs. Roberts, whom he kept for some time, sent for me when she was a-dying: I saw her often for some weeks, and, among other things, I desired her to write a letter to the king, expressing the sense she had of her past life: and at her desire I drew such a letter as might be fit for her to write; but she never had strength enough to write it: so upon that I resolved to write a very plain letter to the king: I set before him his past life, and the effects it had on the nation, with the judgments of God that lay on him, which was but a small part of the punishment he might look for: I pressed upon him that earnestly to change the whole course of his life: I carried this letter to Chiffinch's,* on the 29th of

* Valet-de-chambre to Charles II.

January, and told the king in the letter that I hoped the reflections on what had befallen his father on the 30th of January might move him to consider these things more carefully. Lord Arran happened to be then in waiting, and he came to me the next day, and told me he was sure the king had a long letter from me, for he held the candle to him while he read it; he knew at all that distance that it was my hand. The king read it twice over, and then threw it into the fire; and, not long after, Lord Arran took occasion to name me, and the king spoke of me with great sharpness, so he perceived that he was not pleased with my letter.* Nor was the king pleased with my being sent for by Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, when he died: he fancied that he had told me many things of which I might make an ill use; yet he had read the book that I writ concerning him, and spoke well of it. In this state I was in the king's thoughts when Lord Halifax carried me to him, and introduced me with a very extraordinary compliment, that he did not bring me to the king to put me in his good opinion so much as to put the king in my good opinion,—and added, he hoped the king would not only take me into his favour, but into his heart. The king had a peculiar faculty of saying obliging things with a very good grace: among other things, he said he knew that, if I pleased, I could serve him very considerably, and that he desired no service from me longer than he continued true to the Church and to the law. Lord Halifax upon that added that the king knew he served him upon the same terms, and was to make his stops. The king and he fell into some discourse about religion. Lord Halifax said to the king that he was the head of the Church; to which the king answered that he did not desire to be the head of nothing, for, indeed, he was of no church. From that the king run out into much discourse about Lord Shaftesbury, who was shortly to be tried: he complained with great scorn of the imputation of subornation that was cast on himself. He said he did not wonder that the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was guilty of those practices, should fasten them on others. And he used upon that a Scot's proverb very pleasantly, 'At doomsday we shall see whose a— is blackest.' The discourse lasted half an hour

* The complete copy of this letter, which does credit to Burnet's virtue, and even reflects some honour on Charles II.'s toleration, will be found at the end of this article, p. 167.

very hearty and free, so I was in favour again. But I could not hold it. I was told I kept ill company: the persons Lord Halifax named to me were the Earl of Essex, Lord Russell, and Jones. But I said I would upon no consideration give over conversing with my friends, so I was where I was before."*

This incident gives us a faithful representation of the character of Burnet as it appeared at the court of Charles II. Under a somewhat undignified exterior, and with appearances of flippancy, we can recognise an independent spirit, a sincere heart, and one of the most upright, as well as one of the most enlightened men who have ever lived in times of political dissension, of corruption and frivolity.

When the revolution of 1688 was accomplished, Burnet, who had very actively and efficiently concurred in it, did not trouble himself further with it, except only to secure to his country its salutary results. He divided his life between the State and the Church, the House of Lords, and the bishopric of Salisbury. In both these functions he conducted himself in the same manner as he had before he obtained preferment; sometimes inconsiderately, and with too great eagerness to act, or to appear to obtain the ascendency, which he would have well employed, but always acting with probity, generosity, and consistency; faithful to his political friends, and discharging with conscientious care the duties of his bishopric; continually occupied at court in his endeavour to protect its former enemies, and the nonconformists in his diocese; discarding, both as a matter of party and of conscience, all persecution, every measure of severity, and devoting a portion of his time and of his revenue to the work of bringing up in the same sentiments the young candidates for holy orders, whom he afterwards appointed to livings. His blunders, his unrestrained speech, and also his frankness, sometimes brought upon him the contempt of the high clergy, and of William III., who rather regarded him with confidence than serious consideration. Nevertheless, whenever the English Church felt itself threatened by any danger, we cannot but acknowledge that Burnet had a good right to enforce upon the bishops the duty of tolerance, of regular residence in their diocese, of ameliorating the condition of the poorer part of the clergy; and when, in 1698, William wished to find a

* Burnet's History of his own Time, vol. i., pp. 507-508.

tutor for the young Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne, he chose Burnet; and the king had some difficulty in overcoming the conscientious scruples of the bishop, who desired either to refuse the charge which had been offered to him, or to resign his bishopric, in order to devote himself entirely to his new duties. Burnet only consented to accept this honour on conditions which allowed him to attend to both offices; and he lived thus till the 17th of March, 1715, alternately brought into difficulties by faults which did little harm to any but himself, and into honour by the talents and virtues by which his patrons and subordinates always profited more than himself. He died, after a few days' illness, of pleuritic fever, and showed, during the short continuance of his disorder, qualities which had been seldom seen during his life—the most unruffled serenity, and a perfectly conscious seriousness. He was married three times, and left behind him a large family, by whom he had been tenderly beloved.

His conversation and familiar life were characterised by a singular, and sometimes very embarrassing absence of mind. The famous Olympia Mancini, niece to Cardinal Mazarin, Countess of Soissons, Prince Eugene's mother, had been, in 1680, imprisoned in Paris on a suspicion of poisoning, excited by her connexion with Mesdames Bruivilliers and Voisin. When her son, the Prince Eugene, came over to England, towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, Burnet requested the Duke of Marlborough that he would procure him an opportunity of meeting a person whose fame resounded through all Europe. "To this the duke agreed, upon condition that Burnet would be on his guard against saying anything that might give disgust. Being accordingly invited to dine at Marlborough House, with Prince Eugene and other company, he resolved to sit silent and *incognito* during the whole entertainment. The prince, however, seeing a dignified clergyman at table, inquired who he was; and understanding he was Bishop Burnet, of whom he had often heard, he addressed his discourse to him, and asked him in particular when he was last at Paris. To this question our prelate answered with precipitation that he could not recollect the year, but that it was at the time when the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned. Scarcely had he pronounced these words when, his eyes meeting those of the Duke of Marlborough, he instantly recognised his blunder, and was so

totally deprived of all remaining discretion, that he redoubled his error by asking pardon of his highness. The conclusion was, that seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, he retired in the utmost confusion." On another occasion, when Mr. James Lindsay, the last Earl of Balcarras, in his early youth, was introduced to Bishop Burnet by Lady Stair, the bishop, after the common compliments, asked her in the presence of a large number of people, "Pray what is become of that wicked wretch, Lady Wigton?" Now, the Countess of Wigton was the young gentleman's sister. Dr. Burnet was himself so far sensible of his weakness, that he sometimes avoided the persons whom he might offend by it. After Lady Frances Pierpoint was married to the Earl of Marr, the bishop never went to visit her, and gave Lady Stair this reason for his seeming neglect, "That he did not like Lord Marr, and could not answer for his not babbling out something with regard to him that might give offence."*

The celebrated Marquis of Halifax, the patron and friend of Burnet, amused himself with making a portraiture of him and his character, which he sent to the bishop himself, and which was found among his papers after his death. Thomas Burnet, his third son, has published this portrait at the end of the life of his father, which he wrote,† and I will do myself the pleasure of transcribing it, as it is characterised as much by truthfulness as by friendship.

"Dr. Burnet is, like all men who are above the ordinary level, seldom spoken of in a mean; he must either be railed at or admired: he has a swiftness of imagination that no other man comes up to; and as our nature hardly allows us to have enough of anything without having too much, he cannot at all times so hold in his thoughts, but that at some time they may run away with him; as it is hard for a vessel that is brimful, when in motion, not to run over; and therefore the variety of matter that he ever carries about him may throw out more than an unkind critic would allow of. His first thoughts may sometimes require more digestion, not from a defect in his judgment, but from the abundance of his fancy, which furnishes too fast for him. His friends love him too well to see small faults; or, if they do, think

* Kippis' Biographia Britannica, vol. iii., p. 33, folio. London, 1784.
† Burnet's History of his own Time, vol. ii., pp. 725-726.

that his greater talents give him a privilege of straying from the strict rules of caution, and exempt him from the ordinary rules of censure. He produces so fast, that what is well in his writings calls for admiration, and what is incorrect deserves an excuse; he may in some things require grains of allowance, which those only can deny him who are unknown or unjust to him. He is not quicker in discovering other men's faults than he is in forgiving them; so ready, or rather glad, to acknowledge his own, that from blemishes they become ornaments. All the repeated provocations of his indecent adversaries have had no other effect than the setting his good-nature in so much a better light, since his anger never went further than to pity them. That heat which in most other men raises sharpness and satire, in him glows into warmth for his friends, and compassion for those in want and misery. As dull men have quick eyes in discerning the smaller faults of those that nature has made superior to them, they do not miss one blot he makes; and being beholden only to their barrenness for their discretion, they fall into the errors which arise from his abundance, and by a mistake, into which their malice betrays them, they think that, by finding a mote in his eye, they hide the beams that are in their own. His quickness makes writing so easy a thing to him that his spirits are neither wasted nor soured by it; the soil is not forced; everything grows and brings forth without pangs, which distinguishes as much what he does from that which smells of the lamp, as a good palate will discern between fruit which comes from a rich mould, and that which tastes of the uncleanly pains that have been bestowed upon it. He makes many enemies, by setting an ill-natured example of living which they are not inclined to follow. His indifference for preferment, his contempt not only of splendour, but of all unnecessary plenty, his degrading himself unto the lowest and most painful duties of his calling, are such unprelatical qualities, that, let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a Dissenter. Virtues of such a kind are so many heresies in the opinion of those divines who have softened the primitive injunctions, so as to make them suit better with the present frailty of mankind. No wonder, then, if they are angry, since it is in their own defence; or that from a principle of self-preservation they should endeavour to suppress a

man, whose parts are a shame, and whose life is a scandal to them."

It was not till 1724 that Thomas Burnet, the bishop's third son, published the "History of his own Time." This work is divided into two parts,—the first includes the period between the accession of Charles I. to the revolution of 1688; the second part contains an account of the reigns of William III. and of Anne, as far as the year 1713. It is, in my judgment, the most instructive and truthful book that we have with reference to that period; the only one which can be considered, not as a means of discovering the truth, but as containing, or nearly so, the truth itself. In most memoirs we must disabuse our minds of the colouring under which the facts are presented, and of the conclusions of the writer; in the work of Burnet, however, except where he treats of the Catholics, the facts generally appear under their true aspect, and the conclusions of the author, whether moral or political, are just. The first revolution, from 1640 to 1660, is only sketched, and that only to serve as an introduction to the events which happened after the return of the Stuarts till their expulsion; but this short sketch gives us a lively and accurate picture of men and parties drawn by a hand which combines sagacity and just appreciation of the subject with an impartiality which we shall in vain seek for in other writers of this period. As to the restoration, there is no truth in a remark which has been often made, that it may rightly complain of the history which Burnet has left of it; he writes as a Whig, undoubtedly, but he has none of that absurd credulity, those selfish and malignant passions which belonged to his party. In spite of the somewhat gross bluntness of occasional expressions, he has treated Charles II., James II., their councillors and their friends with an equity and mildness which posterity has rarely accorded. Posterity judges a government as a whole according to its principles and results, without minutely examining in order to discover whether this or that king, this or that minister possessed certain amiable qualities, whether he had, amidst all that appears scandalous, some glimmerings of justice and good sense, if some excuse may not be found which may modify its condemnation of some of his faults; it has brought the last two Stuarts before its tribunal and condemned their memory with scorn. This is also the result to which Burnet conducts his readers; but

at the same time he allows them to see all that can moderate the severity of such a result. He has lived with the men of whom he writes: some of them have treated him with kindness; others have charmed him by the fascinations of their mind; he understands their errors, their faults, even their vices; and whatever he may say or think of them, we find always, in his feelings and in his words, that there is lurking something of that involuntary indulgence which clings to personal relationships, and which has little in common with that justice which is founded on a more exact knowledge of characters and positions. He was, in other respects, a man whose mind was free and unprejudiced,—capable of entering into the very thoughts of his enemies,—easily detached from the judgment he had formed by impartial and vivid impressions,—a stranger to blind prejudices and bitter hatreds,—whose spirit was too equitable, and whose moral feelings were too sensitive to allow himself to be blinded or enslaved by his own private opinions.

In one point alone do they pervert the natural fairness and candour of his reason,—he sometimes, in his estimate of the Catholics, partakes of the prejudices and passions of his contemporaries. We very soon perceive this in the "History of his own Time," when he gives his account of the famous Popish plot; and more clearly in his "History of the Reformation of the Church of England." This last work, of which the first volume was published in 1679, procured for Burnet an honour which no other writer had received previously nor has obtained since; he had the thanks of both houses of Parliament, with a desire that he would prosecute the undertaking and complete so valuable a work. There is at first sight ground for suspicion, when we see such a popularity and success in the midst of the excited fanaticism which then possessed all minds, and this suspicion is justified by the work itself. It abounds with ingenious remarks, elaborate research, and eloquent passages; we must even admit that, taken as a whole, and in the general aspect of the facts which it presents, the author has the mastery over his opponents; but, notwithstanding all this, it is the work of a partisan, full of narrow views, partial statements, biassed opinions, and which, in spite of its prodigious success, does not now deserve the esteem either of the philosopher or of the historian. All that we can say in favour of Burnet is, that the Catholics whom

he controverted were not more enlightened nor more impartial than himself. The second volume of this work was published in 1681, and the third in 1714. Burnet himself published an abridgment of the first two volumes in 1682. There are three French translations of this:—one published in London, in 1683 and 1685, in two volumes, quarto; another at Geneva, in 1685, in four volumes, 12mo; a third at Amsterdam, in 1687. There is also a Latin translation of it by Mittelhorzer, in folio, Geneva, 1686.

Burnet has left a great number of other works, namely: 1st. Fifty-eight sermons; 2nd. Thirteen discourses, or treatises on matters connected with Protestant theology; 3rd. Eighteen controversial writings on the Popish question; 4th. Twenty-five historical treatises,—I have mentioned the most important; his "Memoirs of James and William, Dukes of Hamilton," edited from papers in possession of the family, also contain many curious details with reference to the English revolution; it is, on the whole, a very readable book. 5th. Lastly, twenty-six essays on moral, political, literary, and miscellaneous topics.

The author of the article on Burnet, in M. Michaud's "Biographie Universelle," says, that the son of the prelate, Thomas Burnet, published his "Essays and Meditations on Morality and Religion" at the same time as the "History of his own Time." This is a mistake. I find in an arranged catalogue of Burnet's writings, drawn up in 1753, and appended to a new edition of the "History of his own Time," published at London in 1818, the following passage: "The bishop left finished and prepared for the press a book, entitled, 'Essays and Meditations on Morality and Religion;' with directions in his last will that it should be printed, but I cannot find that this order was ever executed."

The following is the letter which Burnet sent to the king, and which was published by his son Thomas Burnet in his life of the bishop affixed to the "History."*

"29th of January, 1689.

"May it please your Majesty,

"I have not presumed to trouble your Majesty for some months, not having anything worthy your time to offer; and now I choose rather this way, since the infinite duty I owe you puts me under restraints in discourse, which I cannot so

* Vol. ii., pp. 686-689.

easily overcome. What I shall now suggest to your Majesty, I do it as in the presence of Almighty God, to whom I know I must give an account of all my actions; I therefore beg you will be graciously pleased to accept this most faithful zeal of your poor subject, who has no other design in it than your good, and the discharge of his own conscience.

"I must then first assure your Majesty, I never discovered anything like a design of raising rebellion among all those with whom I converse; but I shall add, on the other hand, that most people grow sullen, and are highly dissatisfied with you and distrustful of you. Formerly your ministers, or his royal highness, bore the blame of things that were ungrateful; but now it falls upon yourself, and time, which cures most other distempers, increases this. Your last speech makes many think it will be easy to fetch up petitions from all parts of England; this is now under consultation, and is not yet determined; but I find so many inclined to promote them, that, as far as I can judge, it will go that way. If your Majesty calls a new Parliament, it is believed that those who have promoted the petitions will be generally elected; for the inferior sort of people are much set upon them, and make their judgment of men from their behaviour in that matter. The soberer sort of those who are ill-pleased at your conduct, reckon that either the state of your affairs beyond sea, or your exchequer at home, will ere long necessitate your meeting your Parliament; and that then things must be rectified, and therefore they use their utmost endeavours to keep all quiet. If your Majesty has a session in April for supporting your allies, I find it is resolved by many, that the money necessary to maintain your alliances shall be put into the hands of commissioners, to issue it as they shall answer to the two houses; and these will be so chosen, that, as it is likely that the persons will be very unacceptable to you, so they being trusted with the money, will be as a council of state to control all your councils. And as to your exchequer, I do not find any inclination to consider your necessity, unless many things be done to put them into a better disposition than I can observe in them. The things that will be demanded will not be of so easy a digestion, as that I can imagine you will ever be brought to them, or indeed that it will be reasonable or honourable for you to grant them. So that, in this disorder of affairs, it is easy to propose difficulties, but not so easy to *find out that* which may remove them.

"There is one thing, and indeed the only thing in which all honest men agree, as that which can easily extricate you out of all your troubles; it is not the change of a minister or of a council, but it is (and suffer me, sir, to speak it with a more than ordinary earnestness) a change in your own heart, and in your course of life. And now, sir, if you do not with indignation throw this paper from you, permit me (with all the humility of a subject prostrate at your feet) to tell you, that all the distrust your people have of you, all the necessities you are under, all the indignation of Heaven that is upon you, and appears in the defeating all your counsels, flow from this, that you have not feared nor served God, but have given yourself up to so many sinful pleasures. Your Majesty may perhaps justly think, that many of those who oppose you have no regard for religion, but the body of your people consider it more than you can imagine. I do not desire your Majesty to put on a hypocritical show of religion, as Henry III. of France did, hoping thereby to have weathered the storms of those times. No! that would be soon seen through, and as it would provoke God more, so it would increase jealousies. No, sir, it must be real, and the evidences of it signal; all those about you who are the occasions of sin, chiefly the women, must be removed, and your court be reformed. Sir, if you will turn you to religion sincerely and seriously you shall quickly find a serene joy of another nature possess your mind than that which arises from gross pleasures; God would be at peace with you, and direct and bless all your counsels; all good men would presently turn to you, and ill men would be ashamed, and have a thin party. For I speak it knowingly, there is nothing has so alienated the body of your people from you, as what they have heard of your life, which disposes them to give an easy belief to all other scandalous reports.

"Sir, this counsel is now almost as necessary for your affairs as for your soul; and though you have highly offended that God, who has been infinitely merciful to you, in preserving you at Worcester fight, and during your long exile, and who brought you back so miraculously, yet he is still good and gracious; and will, upon your sincere repentance and change of life, pardon all your sins, and receive you into his favour. Oh! sir, what if you should die in the midst of all your sins? At the great tribunal, where you must appear, there will be no regard to the crown you now wear; but it will aggravate your punishment, that, being in so emi-

nent a station, you have so much dishonoured God. Sir, I hope you believe there is a God, and a life to come, and that sin shall not pass unpunished. If your Majesty will reflect upon your having been twenty years upon the throne, and in that time how little you have glorified God, how much you have provoked him, and that your ill example has drawn so many after you to sin, that men are not now ashamed of their vices, you cannot but think that God is offended with you; and if you consider how ill your counsels at home, and your wars abroad have succeeded, and how much you have lost the hearts of your people, you may reasonably conclude this is of God, who will not turn away his anger from you, till you turn to him with your whole heart.

"I am no enthusiast, either in opinion or temper; yet I acknowledge I have been so pressed in my mind to make this address to you, that I could have no ease till I did it: and since you were pleased to direct me to send you, through Mr. Chiffinch's hands, such informations as I thought fit to convey to you, I hope your Majesty will not be offended, if I have made use of that liberty. I am sure I can have no other design in it but your good; for I know very well this is not the method to serve any ends of my own. I therefore throw myself at your feet, and once more, in the name of God, whose servant I am, do most humbly beseech your Majesty to consider of what I have written, and not to despise it for the meanness of the person who has sent it; but to apply yourself to religion in earnest; and I dare assure you of many blessings both temporal and spiritual in this life, and of eternal glory in the life to come: but if you will go on in your sins, the judgments of God will probably pursue you in this life, so that you may be a proverb to after ages; and after this life, you will be for ever miserable; and I, your poor servant that now am, shall be a witness against you in the great day, that I gave you this free and faithful warning.

"Sir, no person alive knows that I have written to you to this purpose; and I chose this evening, hoping that your exercise to-morrow may put you into disposition to weigh it more carefully. I hope your Majesty will not be offended with this sincere expression of my duty to you; for I durst not have ventured on it, if I had not thought myself bound to it, both by the duty I owe to God, and that which will ever oblige me to be,

"May it please your Majesty," &c.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

[1649—1721.]

Two royal favourites of the name of Sir George Villiers, father and son, have given an unhappy celebrity to the name Buckingham which both bore successively.* But their fatal influence on the government of their country was not the only outrage which they committed on morality and reason; both joined to it that irregular splendour by which, at certain times, the flippant insolence of men attached to the court delights to ornament the flagrancy of their life, and for which it is indebted to the blended display which they make of their accomplishments and their vices.

Vices and accomplishments contributed also to the reputation of a third Duke of Buckingham, who was distinguished rather in literature than in politics; I refer to John Sheffield, born in 1649, at first Earl of Mulgrave, and created afterwards Duke of Buckingham by Queen Anne. The career and the character of this man do not present anything specially worthy of attention, they do not show us that he possessed any strong individuality, he does but embody with some fidelity the leading features of his age. Being of a lively and bold disposition, and gifted with a handsome figure, he went to the wars, gave himself up to women and mirth, conforming thus to fashions which had been introduced in his time to the English court from the court of France, and he several times took part in public affairs without leaving behind him any very obvious traces of his influence. After having as a Tory united with the court in showing respect for Catholicism, so long as the favour of the prince was accessible by means of the Catholics, he joined the nation in its hostility to the Catholics when they on the contrary attempted to exclude from all favour every Protestant, however indifferent he might be to Protestantism. James II. had arrived at that point when he would not accept the assistance of any to his projects, unless they would adopt his beliefs. But in order to gain adherents on these terms, more devotion and

* The first, a favourite of James I. and Charles I., was born on the 20th of August, 1592, and was assassinated at Portsmouth by Felton on the 28th of August, 1628. The second, his son, and a favourite of Charles II., was born on the 30th of January, 1627, and died on the 16th of April, 1688.

audacity was required than the king could infuse into his partisans. Of those attached to his person, Lord Mulgrave was considered especially trustworthy. He had been appointed, on the accession of James II., Lord Chamberlain and member of the Privy Council. When the negotiations were being carried on which prepared for the revolution of 1688, one of the agents employed by the Prince of Orange to treat with the disaffected lords proposed that Lord Mulgrave should be admitted into their confidence; upon which the Earl of Shrewsbury said, "If you do, you will spoil all; he will never join with us." After the revolution of 1688, King William, relating this circumstance to Lord Mulgrave, asked him, "Pray, my lord, what would you have done if my agent had acquainted you with the whole business?" "Sir," said Lord Mulgrave, "I should have discovered it to the master I served." He had no fear of losing favour with his new master by giving such an answer. The king replied, "I cannot blame you."* His attachment to the interests of his old master did not carry him beyond the bounds of that resignation which events, when they have been once accomplished, demand. He spoke in the House of Lords in favour of the Prince of Orange, and that he should reign conjointly with his wife. But without committing himself entirely to the new government, voting and speaking often in aid of the opposition, he knew how to keep up the position of a man whose alliance is sought for and conciliated by power, but whose constant adherence can never be reckoned upon. Buckingham had no great liking for William III., and even viewed only with a kind of frivolous disdain that taciturn adroitness, that vigorous circumspection, not to be disturbed by any expressions of flattery, and the frigid exterior of that genius which only betrayed itself by great actions. He consented, however, to accept from the king a pension of three thousand pounds, and a seat in the Privy Council. Under Queen Anne, to whom, it is said, he had made his addresses in his youth, he entered more conspicuously into public life; withdrew, therefore, returned, and took part in all the ministerial movements of a reign directed far more than the preceding had been by court influences. This was the appropriate sphere for the Duke of Buckingham: skilful in ruining his friends, unscrupulous as to the agency he em-

* Biographia Britannica, art. Sheffield, vol. vi., p. 3659.

ployed, but, too proud to lower his own personal position, he sometimes compromised it by his flippancy, and knew how to retain it by his audacity. In his youth the freedom of his pleasantries with the mistresses of Charles II. had brought on him the displeasure of the king; and, on one occasion, it is said the king went so far as to take an opportunity to send the Earl of Mulgrave to Tangier in a vessel which was unfit to endure the voyage. The earl, warned of the danger, and not having been able to obtain a better vessel, was unwilling to give up an expedition which he had himself solicited; but he advised several volunteers, who had engaged to follow him, not to expose themselves to such dangers, since their honour was not equally concerned. Many profited by his advice, others persisted, as a matter of honour, in their first resolution. Among these last was the Earl of Plymouth, a natural son of Charles II. The weather was so favourable to the travellers that, notwithstanding the miserable state of the vessel, which leaked in numerous places, they arrived in health and safety at Tangier; but during the whole passage the earl would not allow the king's health to be drunk at his table.

Literature occupied the time of the Duke of Buckingham which was not given to intrigues with the world or with the court. His rank, his friendships with the literary men of his time, the eulogies of Pope and Dryden, have given to his verses far more celebrity than they deserve to possess. As to his few writings in prose, none of them are beyond what we should expect from a man of the world accustomed to be easily satisfied with the most simple efforts of thought: two alone still possess any real interest. The first, entitled "Memoirs in the Reign of Charles II.," seems to have had for its object merely to relate a fact personal to the author, but which is not without importance, as bearing upon the history of the time. We find in it some details, delicately hinted at, concerning what takes place behind the scene, which is the true history for a courtier, and which, under the frivolous, as well as corrupt government of Charles II., were in fact the basis and true cause of events. Such Memoirs, referring to such a time, are as instructive as they are amusing; and it is to be regretted that Buckingham did not extend them to a greater length.

In the fragment which he has written on the "Revolution

of 1688," we can recognise a seriousness which was reflected from the times which were approaching, and the tone of a man who begins to interest himself in the destiny of his country. Nothing can better demonstrate the necessity of the revolution then accomplished in England, than the almost affectionate feeling of pity for James II., and of enmity for the Prince of Orange, which shows itself without disguise in this short narrative, without being accompanied with the least expression of regret for the government which fell. We might be inclined to say that the author endeavours to represent an historical event long since consummated, and which is no longer able to inspire any sentiment except the desire to form a correct estimate of the conduct of the principal actors. Such was, in fact, the character of the revolution of 1688—it was at the time of its accomplishment as much a necessity as if it already belonged to the past. This rendered its progress so tranquil and easy.

After having enjoyed, rather as a courtier than as a statesman, the uninterrupted favour of Queen Anne, the Duke of Buckingham, on the accession of George I., retired entirely from court life, and died in 1721, aged seventy-two years. He had been married three times; the last was during the reign of Queen Anne, to a natural daughter of James II. The periods of lying-in were generally, it appears, very dangerous to his last wife, the only one by whom he had any children; and the author of a kind of biography, wishing to defend him from the charge of avarice which had been brought against him, says, that during the pregnancy of his wife he was always at the pains to secure for her the services of an excellent physician,—an attention, he adds, in which many of those who passed for being more generous than he were deficient. The corruption of morals leads to a refinement of egotism and coldness which the most distrustful observer of human nature could not of himself discover.

SIR JOHN RERESBY.

Sir John Reresby would have been entirely unknown had he not undertaken to write his own "Memoirs." The *manuscript* of this work originally contained long personal

details, but the editor did not think them worthy of being laid before the public. "Sir John," he says, "having very minutely acquainted us with his birth, education, and travels, which could neither affect the reader nor be admitted as part of what we promised to print of him, we shall set out from the year 1658." The editor was right. It does not appear that the private life of Sir John Reresby possessed interest of any kind, moral or romantic; and it is only that part of his "Memoirs" which refer to the period between the death of Cromwell and the fall of James II.—from 1658 to 1689—that has a truly historical interest. To listen to the testimony of a member of Parliament employed by the court, as Sir John Reresby was, from 1675 until the revolution of 1688, must be an important help to our comprehension of such an epoch; and the personal interests which occupied him during this period, interchange, in a pleasing and instructive manner, with the recital of public affairs. Among the crowd of men who are introduced into the political arena by means of a representative government, a large number are to be met with possessed of very moderate capacities, but who have shown sufficiently a respectable share of good sense in the ordinary circumstances of life, and are, by local partiality, pushed into a prominence which brings them into connexion with the most important events of the country. Destined to swell the ranks of the party to which they have attached themselves, these men are of little importance to a government, unless it is engaged in a struggle with public opinion, and compelled to seek elsewhere for a power capable of sustaining it. Such a government does not address itself to the public, being usually guided by certain ideas of reason and justice, which it is unable practically to embody, or by general interests, which it is unwilling to satisfy. Accordingly it seeks individual interests, of a varied and isolated character, entirely destitute of the power necessary to procure for themselves obedience, and consequently disposed to serve. Political movement thus transforms itself into a kind of stock exchange jobbery, in which each man has his individual place and history. The history of Sir John Reresby is such as might be expected from the position of a man determined to use, for the advancement of his fortune, such of his opinions as were pleasing to power, and to keep back such as were distasteful to

it. A Tory by personal inclination, interest, and vanity, Sir John was naturally disposed to render to power all the devotion which it might ask, and, at the same time, he does not conceal from himself the danger of those false measures to which, however, he never refuses his support. Induced to prefer the discriminating conduct of the Marquis of Halifax to the violent opinions of the Duke of York, dissatisfied with the favour of the Duchess of Portsmouth, but steadily bent on pursuing such favour wherever it might conduct him, he proffered his services while he reserved his judgment; and after the revolution of 1688, being grieved at the downfal of his old masters, he felt himself injured by the small amount of eagerness shown by his patron, the Marquis of Halifax, in employing him in the service of the Prince of Orange, whose accession he deplored. In other respects, Sir John Reresby was an honourable man—using the word in a low sense—wanting only in the feeling of political duties, —a feeling which was obliterated after the periods of revolutionary and despotic violence, during which he remained without occupation. He presents himself before us with all the simple frankness of a man perfectly satisfied as to the propriety of his impressions, because he is conscious they are shared in by all around him. Nothing can be more curious than the details of his relations with Charles II. and his ministers; the advice which he gives; the familiarities which win him; the confidences which he receives; the arguments which convince him. As an intelligent and active man, but habitually vulgar in his feelings and notions, he is a sufficiently accurate type of that class of men who sustain power without hindering its decay, and who may be advantageously employed, so long as they are not the sole prop of a government.

The editor of Sir John Reresby's Memoirs, by closing them at the year 1689, seems to indicate that that year was the last of his public life. A time had arrived when servility, in its turn, was to be dispensed with; and whatever prudence Sir John Reresby might flatter himself he could display in his conduct, the services about which the court of the Stuarts had employed him in Yorkshire, rendered him probably little fitted to become the associate of a government which had been called by and designed to act upon fixed principles.

ON THE "EIKON BASILIKE."

ATTRIBUTED TO CHARLES I.

Only a few days had passed since the condemnation of Charles I., when the Eikôn Basilikè appeared as his work and portraiture,—as a triumphant revelation concerning a man who, in the eyes of his party, had by his death taken his place among the noble army of martyrs. The effect was prodigious: forty-seven editions in rapid succession showed that the popularity and admiration which it had secured were proportionate to the excited feelings in sympathy with which the work had been produced. Numerous translations carried the echo throughout Europe; and all the writers of the time, English and foreign, united in the expressions of high esteem and veneration entertained by all Europe for the character and talents of the unfortunate prince, whom all agreed in believing to be the author. Bayle, the least enthusiastic and most sagacious of critics, referring to the passage in which Milton calls in question the authenticity of the Eikôn Basilikè,* adds, "The mere sentiments of this work would not have made any impression abroad; but every one was persuaded that Charles I. had written the book which appeared under his name. This was so honourable to his memory, and seemed so to establish his claim to be considered a martyr, that Milton, professing his belief that it was a forgery, was thought only to have resorted to the trick of an advocate, who denies whatever tells favourably for his opponent."†

Some modern writers, struck with the unanimity of opinion regarding this work in the seventeenth century, have appeared to think that if the Eikôn Basilikè had been published before the death of Charles I. it would have saved him. We, who are remote from the times and persons involved in a struggle, may easily assent to such a supposition; but whoever has watched their progress and observed how inevitably they are driven forward to the point towards which they started, will attach little importance to such an obstacle.

In great epochs the first step determines the goal: the collateral events which happen on the road are comparatively

* Preface to "Eikonoclastes." Milton's Prose Works. Vol. i., p. 315. Bohn's Standard Library Edition.

† Bayle's Dictionary, article "Milton," note 11.

insignificant. Cromwell and his party, in 1649, were not in a condition to recede, but they were not equally without grounds for alarm, even after their victory. This startling display of the feelings and power of the Royalist party could not but cause their own party some disturbance. They had aimed a blow at it which they hoped would be its ruin; great, then, was their surprise, when they found themselves obliged to argue with it. Their writers set themselves to the task of refuting it. Milton published, in 1649, a bitter reply to the Eikôn Basilikè, under the title of "Eikonoclastes," and in his preface he calls in question the authenticity of the work; the astrologer William Lilly, re-suggested the doubt two years after, in his "Observations on the Life and Death of Charles I." Public indignation rejected this as a blasphemy, and the two Republicans, unable to afford any other support to their opinions than conjecture, were branded with the reproach of having given an impotent exhibition of malignity.

Nevertheless, if they had no means of demonstrating their opinion, neither had their adversaries any more decisive proofs of theirs. Under Cromwell the Royalists exerted themselves in destroying or concealing any proofs that might exist of the royal authorship of the Eikôn Basilikè. After the Restoration, the Republicans were prevented by shame from producing any objections which might revive the controversy and lead to a discovery of the truth. The dominant feeling of the public overruled all doubts, and fashion, which is almost as powerful as interest, consecrated every opinion which was cherished by the Royalists. In vain was it that some voices were raised to protest against this universal assumption; in vain was it that some even of the Royalists had reasons for denying or questioning the authenticity of a work which was regarded as the glory of its author; these hints could not reach further than the narrow circle of conversation. The only result was a kind of uneasiness in those who affirmed the authenticity of the book—an uneasiness which betrayed itself in the efforts of some among them to establish by facts what no one would venture strongly to contest; but their opinion, which they felt was poorly supported, was impatient to attack an incredulity which, though unexpressed, gave them annoyance.

The most positive testimony that can be quoted is that of Royston, the printer, who had, on the 23rd of December,

1648, received the manuscript of the Eikôn Basilikè from the hands of Dr. Symmonds, who said that it was the work of the King, and that he had received it from Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury, and chaplain to Charles I. Symmonds died a short time after, poisoned, it is said, on this account. Duppa died, also, in 1662, without having been called upon for a public explanation. With them all evidence which could lead to certainty had disappeared. The widow of Dr. Symmonds confirmed the testimony of the printer Royston. Her husband, she said, had often told her that the king was the author of the Eikôn Basilikè, but would not inform her from whom he received it. As to the existence of the original manuscript, the facts produced were still more uncertain. Sir Thomas Herbert had found, among the books which Charles had left him at his death, a manuscript copy of the Eikôn Basilikè, but nothing had fallen from Charles that could justify the suspicion that he was its author; and the terms in which Herbert expresses his opinion on this point indicate rather the manner of one who wishes to believe, than of one who is really convinced. A work published in 1649, entitled "The Princely Pelican," intended probably as an answer to Milton's Eikonoclastes, relates that the manuscript of the Eikôn Basilikè, taken by the Parliamentarians at the battle of Naseby, with other papers of the king, had been restored to him by an officer of the army, who was found, after the Restoration, to be Major Huntington.* Some other evidences of a less decisive character, and of but little authority, were given in support of this.

* Such, at least, was the declaration of Huntington, who added, that the chapters containing reflections were in the handwriting of Sir Edward Walker, with interlineary additions and corrections by the king, but that the prayers were entirely in the king's handwriting. But Sir Edward Walker, who wrote in favour of the authenticity of the Eikôn Basilikè, says nothing of this fact, which, however, would be decisive; and, on the other hand, he relates that a work of his (Historical Discourse on the Civil Wars), composed at the request of the king, presented by him to the king in 1645, and by the king to Lord Digby, who was ordered to take care of it, was lost at the battle of Naseby, and restored to the king, two years afterwards, by an officer in the army. It appears, moreover, that this work of Sir Edward Walker's contained corrections in the handwriting of the king. Huntington, then, supposing that his testimony was sincere, must have confounded facts, and related, with reference to the work about which he was then writing with some warmth, what his memory supplied concerning another manuscript. Besides, it is not impossible that he should have found among the papers restored to the king after the battle of Naseby some documents afterwards employed in the composition of the Eikôn Basilikè, which might have contributed to Huntington's mistake, and to that of the anonymous author of "The Princely Pelican."

These proofs were sufficient for a public, to which none of a different kind were presented. The Eikôn Basilikè had been printed, *cum privilegio regis*, as one of the works of Charles I. The question seemed to have been decided, when, in 1686, at the sale of Lord Anglesea's library, the following note, written by his Lordship, was found in his copy of the Eikôn Basilikè: —"King Charles the Second and the Duke of York did both (in the last session of Parliament, 1675, when I showed them, in the Lords' House, the written copy of this book, wherein are some corrections, written with the late King Charles the First's own hand), assure me that this was none of the said king's compiling, but made by Doctor Gauden, Bishop of Exeter, which I here insert for the undeceiving others in this point, by attesting so much under my hand.—ANGLESEA."*

If, at the period of this discovery, distance of time had rendered the truth more difficult to elucidate, it had also rendered it more easy to discuss. The tide of events had turned; the revolution of 1688 was preparing, and opinions obnoxious to the reigning house met with no opposition from the public. Otherwise we might be permitted to doubt whether James II., the Catholic son of Charles I., would place a very high value on any proofs which the king his father might have given of his firm attachment to the Protestant religion. It was not, however, till after the revolution of 1688, that the controversy on the authenticity of the Eikôn Basilikè was rekindled; then only the antagonists of the house of Stuart believed that they could treat the subject with greater freedom, while its partisans attached more importance to the relics of it which still remained to them. Neither Bishop Gauden, nor his wife, nor his son, were living; but Dr. Walker, his friend and confidant, maintained the veracity of the note written by Lord Anglesea: he had seen Gauden at work on the Eikôn Basilikè; he had accompanied him on one occasion to the house of Dr. Duppa, to whom Gauden communicated his manuscript; and on that day, in leaving the Bishop of Salisbury, with whom he had a long private conference, Gauden had said to Walker that Duppa desired him to add to the work he had commenced two chapters, one on "the

* It may cause surprise that the note of Lord Anglesea, written evidently thirteen years after the death of Dr. Gauden, should designate him Bishop of Exeter, since he died Bishop of Worcester. But Gauden, as we shall see, was Bishop of Worcester for only three months, and, probably, he had been customarily spoken of under his first title.

Ordinance against the Common Prayer-Book," and another on "the Denying the King the attendance of his Chaplains." Duppa was, in fact, commissioned to write these two chapters while Gauden performed the rest. Lastly, Walker had received from Gauden himself the last part of the manuscript of the Eikôn Basilikè, in a sealed parcel, and had remitted it, on the 23rd of December, 1648, to the person whose business it apparently was to pass it on to the printer (Royston), through the hands of Dr. Symmonds.

The particulars given by Dr. Walker were in part confirmed by a paper by Mrs. Gauden, found, it was said, by Mr. Arthur North, her son-in-law, among the papers of her son, and the object of which seemed to be to solicit the assistance of the court after the death of her husband,—which, however, she never received. According to Mrs. Gauden, the Eikôn Basilikè had been composed by her husband in order to counterbalance the advantage which Cromwell possessed with the public by his reputation for piety, and to produce a corresponding favourable opinion on behalf of the king. He had at first given to his work the title of "Suspiria Regalia," and intended to publish it as a manuscript found in the king's apartment after his removal from Holmsby. This project was communicated to Lord Capel, who approved of it, but thought that the book should not be printed without the consent of the king, who was then in the Isle of Wight. The Marquis of Hertford was secretly charged to carry the manuscript thither, and he brought back as an answer to Gauden, that the king, to whom Bishop Duppa, then attending on his person, had read several chapters of the work, approved it entirely as a faithful expression of his thoughts, and desired its publication, but not under his own name; and that, having been informed of the project of the author, he had requested time to think over it. Gauden was then determined to print the copy which he had preserved, thinking that its publication might be useful to the king, whose position was becoming every day more perilous; he only changed the title from Suspiria Regalia into Eikôn Basilikè; he remitted the manuscript to Symmonds, who sent it to Royston as the veritable production of the king; and they were hastening on its publication when the work, partly printed, was discovered and seized. They were therefore obliged to begin

afresh, and were not in a condition to publish the Eikôn Basilikè till a few days after Charles's death.

Such is, in substance, the narrative of Mrs. Gauden. Positive as it appears, its authority alone would not be suficient to decide the question. The personal interest of Mrs. Gauden in the matter was great; the disappearance of nearly all the witnesses left her a clear stage to make what assertions she pleased; besides, whatever confidence we may place in her testimony, the paper which contained it is known to us only through the medium of Ludlow and Toland, both of them imbued with those party prejudices which make credulity so easy; and neither of them had seen anything but extracts. But the account given by Dr. Walker, and printed in 1692, that is, a year before Ludlow's pamphlet, leaves but little doubt of the fact that Gauden had at least very much to do with the composition of the Eikôn Basilikè. This narrative, moreover, tended to explain other facts which, if well understood, might lead to a kind of certainty.

Much astonishment was felt when, after the Restoration, Gauden was presented with the see of Exeter. At the commencement of the revolution he was chaplain to the Earl of Warwick, and had embraced with ardour the opinions of his patron, and the opportunities which they gave him of pushing himself forward. A sermon, preached by him in 1640 before the House of Commons, had led to his being presented with a rich silver tankard. In 1641 he was promoted to the valuable rectory of Bocking. The enthusiasm of his Parliamentary sentiments did not, however, so far destroy his prudence as to induce him to trust the preservation of his fortune to the chances of party; though presented to his benefice by the Parliament, he found means to have his appointment confirmed by Archbishop Laud, who was then in the Tower. He was nominated a member of the Assembly of Divines, he adopted the Covenant, but took care to leave his acceptance doubtful; and having declared himself in favour of, not exactly the abolition, but the reform of the episcopacy, he was returned for the Assembly. Nevertheless, his attachment to the cause which he had at first chosen remained sufficiently manifest to cause him some alarm respecting his living at Bocking; but, at the same time, his secret connexions secured to him means of proving, in case of need, his full and sincere *return* to the most loyal convictions. He composed on the

10th of February, 1649, a "Just Invective against the Murderers of Charles I.;" it was not, however, published till 1662; and if, on the 5th of January, 1649, he issued under his own name a "Religious and Loyal Protestation against the Proceedings of the Army," the rest of his conduct was apparently so contrived as to protect his living at Bocking, for he remained in possession of it under all changes of government, and it was there that he composed his work in favour of episcopacy, which, published in 1659, was considered by far-sighted persons as one of the certain signs of the approaching Restoration.

The public conduct of Gauden was not then such as to merit any favours from the court of Stuart; it showed him rather to belong to those men whom the resentment of parties, always more active than their gratitude, might justly exclude from any share in the fruits of victory; therefore Bishop Sheldon and several other heads of the Anglican Church opposed his promotion. But some secret motive required that he should be humoured, and he was made Bishop of Exeter. However, Gauden, who rated his services at a higher value, complained bitterly of a promotion which, while elevating him in dignity, diminished, or at least did not sufficiently increase, his revenues. Several of his letters to Lord Clarendon, inserted in the State Papers of that minister, indicate, more or less clearly, what claims he considered himself to have on the royal munificence, and the expectations which he had formed, that what had been done in a princely manner would be rewarded with equal liberality; at last he demands *in commendam*, till something better is provided, that a benefice worth four or five hundred pounds sterling should be added to his bishopric. His papers, also found by Mr. Arthur North, contain an answer by Lord Clarendon on this subject, whose writing, it is said, was recognised by his son. Clarendon, appearing to approve of the arrangement proposed by the bishop, as a convenient method of delivering himself from his importunities, adds, "The particular you mention has indeed been imparted to me as a secret: I am sorry I ever knew it; and when it ceases to be a secret, it will please none but Mr. Milton." If, as has been remarked, doubts rest on the perfect authenticity of Mr. Arthur North's papers, nevertheless the sentiment attributed here to Clarendon is more than proved by the absolute silence maintained in his History of the Great

Rebellion with reference to the Eikôn Basilikè, a publication which all parties had justly regarded as a great event for the royal cause. Clarendon had been informed concerning the secret of the Eikôn Basilikè by Dr. Morley, his chaplain, to whom Gauden had confided it. This did not prevent Dr. Morley from obtaining for himself, in 1662, the see of Winchester, a prize on which Gauden had fixed his ambition. Gauden was obliged to content himself with the bishopric of Worcester, and so little could he satisfy his cravings that he died, apparently from mortification, at the end of a few months, the victim of that restless ambition and vanity which displays itself in his letters to Clarendon, and having, it seemed, but a small chance of ever attaining to any distinction amidst the crowd of those who were pressing forward, anxious to undertake any kind of service. Gauden was then employed by his new party to establish those principles of toleration which the court had adopted; he had just published a declaration in favour of liberty of conscience, to be extended even to the Papists, and was preparing another, tending to exempt the Quakers from all oaths. Death spared him the peril of another step forward or of a new recantation.

Nothing connected with the life and writings of Dr. Gauden could lead to the utterance of his name, were it not for his connexion with the Eikôn Basilikè; there is every reason to believe that to him we must attribute the editing as well as the publication of that work, but it must remain uncertain whether the entire composition of it belongs to him. On this point his letters give no positive information, and the part which appears to have been taken in the work by Dr. Duppa, the chaplain of Charles I., in whom that prince had the greatest confidence, may warrant us in supposing that the unfortunate monarch was not entirely unaware of the intention thus to portray him, from which his partisans naturally expected considerable assistance to their cause. Perhaps some materials from the hand of Charles I. had formed the basis of the work, and whether Clarendon was aware of the fact or not, Gauden had no reason that could induce him to reveal it, and had great interest in keeping it secret. Of this the narrative of Mrs. Gauden says nothing; but this narrative, which is not in other respects, as we have seen, fully trustworthy, is equally silent as to the connection of *Gauden* with the Bishop of Salisbury,—a silence which may

indicate something which it was prudent to conceal. Walker appears to suppose that the work belonged entirely to his friend; but if we adopt the narrative of Mrs. Gauden, it is evident that Walker was not cognisant of the whole matter, for he expressly states that Gauden never knew certainly whether the king had seen his manuscript, which is a direct contradiction to Mrs. Gauden's statement with reference to the answer brought by the Marquis of Hertford. Lastly, Sir Philip Warwick and several others have recognised in the Eikôn Basilikè things which they had heard from the king's own lips: the identity of doctrine among different members of the same party might serve to explain these apparent similarities; but they contribute to sustain a supposition natural in itself, and which—if the controversy had an interest for us now, such as it possessed in England forty years after the events had happened—might receive, by a minute discussion of facts, a sufficient degree of probability.

But our curiosity is neither so patient nor so insatiable; and out of the numerous dissertations that have been written for or against the authenticity of the Eikôn Basilikè, the two principal considerations which remain for us are the political importance and the literary merits of the work. This merit has been so generally acknowledged that, of all the arguments employed by the partisans of the Stuarts to disavow the co-operation of Dr. Gauden, this is the one to which least has been said in reply. No one of those who have maintained most pertinaciously that the Bishop of Exeter was the author of the Eikôn Basilikè has thought of denying the distance that exists between the doctor's acknowledged works and this which they thus attribute to him. "This is certain," says Burnet, "that Gauden never writ anything with that force, his other writings being such, that no man, from a likeness of style, would think him capable of writing so extraordinary a book as that is."* If, in fact, Gauden deserved the reproach cast upon him by his contemporaries of diffuseness, bombast, and affectation, such faults must have been carried to an extraordinary degree in order to make themselves remarked at a time when they were generally characteristic of the style of the period, and especially of theological writings; and we must confess that the Eikôn Basilikè is in this respect distinguished by a perspicuity and wisdom of

* Burnet's History of his own Times, p. 51, fol. ed.

which few illustrations are to be found in the writings of the Presbyterian school. Nevertheless, the wisdom of this book is sometimes disfigured by a hunting after metaphors, and a too constant use of antithesis; its perspicuity is more than once obscured by cumbrous and lengthy sentences, by the extent and frequency of parentheses; the learned unwieldiness of the Presbyterian style is sometimes perceptible, and, if we may judge by comparison, the specimen which Charles I. has left us, in his controversy with Dr. Henderson, of his mode of treating theological questions, would do little to establish his claims to the composition of the Eikôn Basilikè, which has still less the appearance of being written by a king, although the Bishop of Exeter says of the former that it does not belong to the royal author. Charles's style, as it appears in his controversy with Dr. Henderson, is simple and devoid of ornaments; the sentences are short and clear, such as generally belonged at that time to the style of the Cavaliers, who, for the most part, made little pretension to theological science.

The composition of the Eikôn Basilikè would also be a strong presumption against the authenticity of the work, at least in the state and form in which it is given to us. We may discover in it a species of artifice but little in harmony with the real nature of the impressions of which it pretends to offer the unvarnished representation. Several chapters, said to be written on the suggestion of the moment, are evidently inapplicable to the position which they are intended to illustrate. Thus, two chapters are devoted to the fatal resolution which Charles took in April, 1646, of proceeding to the Scottish camp. The first, which is supposed to be written at the time of the king's departure from Oxford, expresses the hopes of the unfortunate prince with reference to the last asylum which remained to him; in the second is painted his calm and resigned indignation against the men who had betrayed his confidence. It is highly improbable that, on the eve of such a step, any one would think it necessary to commit to writing, for his own private perusal, an account of the motives which led to it; and we can hardly imagine that the captive monarch, after the event, would occupy his leisure in giving expression to his feelings in a manner most suited to dramatic effect.

As to the character of its ideas, the Eikôn Basilikè, to use

the language of a writer of our own time, "contained nothing beyond the familiar meditations and the limited observations of a court divine."* Gauden, who was early thrown into the ranks of the opposition, was not a court theologian; but we have seen that he planned his work with the aid of the Bishop of Salisbury, and it was doubtless owing to the assistance, perhaps also to some original pieces put into his hands, that the doctor's work acquired that colouring of royalty which, in some respects, we cannot refuse to recognise in it. The divine right of kings, which is assumed in the Eikôn Basilikè as an incontrovertible dogma, presents itself moreover under the form of interior and individual feeling, expressed with that mixture of dignity and personal prejudice which such an opinion would necessarily produce in the mind of a sovereign strongly attached, as Charles was, to moral ideas, and accustomed to regard his own person as the first object of his attention. Nevertheless, this disguise is not always so perfectly preserved but that the religious personality will sometimes show itself instead of the royal, and lead the theologian to refer to spiritual interests what the the king would probably have referred to the interests of his crown. For instance, the egotism of repentance, if I may be allowed the expression, which is observable in the chapter on the death of the Earl of Strafford, shows clearly the habits of thought belonging to a theologian who often sees in crime nothing but expiation, nothing but the personal interests of the sinner, and in whose eyes all traces of evil are effaced when the offender can believe himself ransomed from punishment.

It is in some prayers, veritably composed by Charles himself, that we must seek for the mode of sorrowful expression which his penitence would lead him to adopt with reference to this criminal weakness. If he places in the same rank the self-reproach which he felt for having consented to the abolition of episcopacy in Scotland, we must recollect that it was in defence of that institution in England that the unhappy prince, up to the last moment, sacrificed the hope of approaching peace, and certainly the hope of liberty. "Was it through ignorance," says he, in one of his prayers, entitled "A Prayer and Confession in and for the Times of Affliction;" "was it through ignorance that I suffered innocent blood

* Malcolm Laing's History of Scotland, vol. iii., p. 407.

to be shed, by a false pretended way of justice, or that I permitted a wrong way of thy worship to be set up in Scotland, and injured the bishops in England? O no! but with shame and grief I confess that I therein followed the persuasions of worldly wisdom, forsaking the dictates of a right informed conscience. Wherefore, O Lord! I have no excuse to make, no hope left, but in the multitude of thy mercies."*

If we compare these prayers with those which conclude the chapters of the Eikôn Basilikè, we shall be struck with the difference between them. In the former we find the natural utterance of a soul trembling under an oppressive sense of its own weakness, in the presence of its Creator; the others seem to have been composed in the presence of the public. Without insisting on the continual abuse of antithesis, we recognise without difficulty the desire to obtain honour and favour in the eyes of men by a mention of Divine mercy, rather than any effort to obtain that mercy. It is not thus that a man prays for himself; and it is evident that the mind of the author, having no concern with heaven, did not think it necessary to raise its thoughts from earth.

We are unable to say whether it was from any regard to the public, or only to his own private opinions, that Gauden sacrificed those of the king with respect to episcopacy: in the prayer, unquestionably attributable to the king, which I have just quoted, the aversion of Charles I. to all measures contrary to episcopacy, is far more strongly marked than it is in the Eikôn Basilikè. But it is in the royal controversy with Mr. Henderson that we shall find the king's principal argument in favour of the episcopal hierarchy. "No one thing," says Charles, "made me more reverence the Reformation of my mother, the Church of England, than that it was done according to the Apostle's defence (Acts xxiv. 18), neither with multitude nor with tumult, but legally and orderly, and by those whom I conceive to have the reforming power."† This is, undoubtedly, such a motive as should actuate a king; and in omitting to avail himself of it, and thus giving to his book a far greater appearance of truthfulness, the author of the Eikôn Basilikè must have been influenced by very urgent reasons.

* Works of Charles I., vol. i., p. 196, folio. London, 1662.

† Charles's first letter to Henderson. Dated from Newcastle, May 29, 1646. *Works of* Charles I., vol. i., p. 156.

It is not for us now to judge accurately as to the causes of th immense sensation which this work produced at the time of its publication. Undeceived as to its origin, far removed in time from the events which gave it birth, we can no longer appreciate those vivid emotions which would be produced in the hearts of loyal English subjects, in the midst of their sufferings, by the least trace of a prince to whom the public grief was unwilling to attribute anything but virtue. It is needful to pass through and mingle in such an epoch in order to share this feeling in all its intensity. When engaged in these scenes, the excited spirit becomes susceptible to impressions which cannot preserve themselves through any succeeding ages. By the wise arrangements of Providence it has been ordained that the sufferings of humanity should not form a depth of woe destined to increase from generation to generation. But the astonishing reputation of the Eikôn Basilikè—the part which Charles I. himself probably took in it—the knowledge, at any rate, which he had of it before its publication, which is equivalent to an assent to it,—all these things make this work one of the most important monuments of that period, and certainly one in which the feelings and the ideas, the state of mind and heart, of the Royalist and Anglican party, are the most faithfully expressed.

ON THE MEMOIRS OF JAMES II.

King James II. was born with that activity of mind which is often found united with mediocrity of talent, and which, according to circumstances, renders mediocrity honourable or dangerous. It displayed itself alternately in good and disastrous effects; it was useful to him when an exile, and it deprived him of his throne; it led him to devote to honourable employment in France, under Turenne, those years of youth and adversity which his brother wasted in the dissipations of a court; it urged him on afterwards in England to precipitate that fatal catastrophe of the fortunes of the Stuarts which the indolence of Charles II. would have postponed. Always serious and careful of himself, even in the midst of those disorders which preceded and accompanied his devoted-

ness to the Papacy, James had constantly committed to writing the events of his life; and nine or ten manuscript volumes in his own handwriting—which were the chief objects of his solicitude when, in 1688, he fled from England before the fortunes of the Prince of Orange—were the fruit of this journalising. On his departure he entrusted them to the Comte de Thérèse, the ambassador from Savoy, who transmitted them to Leghorn, from whence they were sent to France, Some months before his death, James placed them at the College of Scottish Jesuits at Paris, in the hands of Louis Innes, the Principal of the college, so often mentioned in the writings of Voltaire as the Jesuit Innes. These manuscripts, which are represented, in a note found among the papers of Mr. Fox, as amounting to ten volumes of Memoirs and four of Letters, remained, after James's death, in the Scottish College, where they were seen by different individuals in a magnificent binding, engraved with the arms of Great Britain. At the time when the French revolution began to threaten establishments of this kind with danger, the manuscripts of King James were removed to St. Omer, whence they were to be sent to England. They were entrusted for a time to a Frenchman, a friend of Mr. Stapleton, the Principal of the Jesuit College at St Omer, and were concealed by him in his cellar; but, before the individual in whose charge they were placed could find an opportunity of embarking them, he was imprisoned upon suspicion. His wife, frightened by the fact of having such a charge, began by destroying the binding, a cause more than sufficient at that period to excite against the retainer of it the most dangerous accusations. She then removed the papers to her country residence, where they were buried in her garden; but soon, her alarm increasing as the state of France became more terrible, she burnt them. Thus perished the original source of the most precious information we could have respecting the interior movements of the English court, after the restoration of Charles II.

However all traces of them were not destroyed; the manuscripts of the "Memoirs of James II.," too voluminous, doubtless too chaotic, and perhaps also too unreserved for the uses for which they were required, had undergone a new arrangewent (by whose orders and for what purpose is not known), in which long extracts, literally transcribed from the original manuscript, were united to other portions, extracted either

from the Memoirs, or the Letters, so as to form a complete and consecutive work, containing the life of James II., from his birth till his death. After the death of the Duchess of Albany, widow of the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, which took place on the 29th of January, 1804, this last-mentioned manuscript passed, along with the other papers of the house of Stuart, out of the hands of the heirs of James II. into that of Abbé Waters, procurator-general of the English Benedictines, to whom the duchess had bequeathed them by her will. George IV., then Prince of Wales, entered into a negotiation at Rome with the Abbé Waters to obtain possession of these papers, which he consented to yield on condition of receiving a pension for life, of which he only received one payment, and died very soon afterwards. The war and other circumstances prevented for a long time the removal of these papers, which did not arrive in England till 1810, when they were deposited in the library of Carlton House. From thence was taken the manuscript which was printed in 1816* by Dr. Clarke, chaplain at Carlton House, and librarian of the Prince of Wales, then Prince Regent.

The time when the Memoirs of James II. were re-edited is uncertain. There is no reason, however, to doubt that the last part, at least, reckoning from 1688 inclusive, was not revised after the death of James, nor even of his widow, Queen Mary of Modena. The proof of this is found in a sentence in the manuscript, in which, on the occasion of the birth of the Prince of Wales, the writer speaks of the resemblance which the prince had, as he grew older, "to the late king, his father, and the late queen, his mother." We even find, in the part referring to the year 1685, several interlineary corrections, in the handwriting of James's son, known in France as the Chevalier de Saint George; which indicates that all this part had been corrected under his eyes, and by his orders. Lastly, among the papers deposited at Carlton House, there is to be found registered the authority or injunction given, in 1707, by this same Chevalier de Saint George to Louis Innes, that he should remove to St. Germains, for some months, the portion of the Memoirs and other manuscripts of James II. relating to 1678 and the succeeding years, in order that they might be, says the prince, "examined and investigated by such persons as we shall nominate for the purpose." We

* In 2 vols. 4to. London, 1816.

might infer from this that the persons nominated concerned themselves only with that part of the Memoirs which is alluded to; but still the question remains, whether the work was done under the inspection and by the order of James, or only after his death and by the direction of his son.

Two passages in Burnet's "History of my own Time," leave us little reason to doubt that James himself, before his accession to the throne, had caused extracts to be made from his principal journal and his Memoirs. "The Duchess of York," says Burnet, "was a very extraordinary woman. . . . . She writ well; and had begun the duke's life, of which she showed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal; and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on."* And again: "He entered with great freedom with me about all his affairs: and he showed me the journals he took of business every day with his own hand; a method, he said, that the Earl of Clarendon had set him on. The duchess had begun to write his life. He showed me a part of it in a thin volume in folio. I read some of it, and found it writ with a great deal of spirit."†

Another fact may throw some light on this question. There appeared in 1735 in the appendix, and among the authorities to Ramsay's "History of Turenne," the "Mémoires du Duc d'York, contenant le récit de ses campagnes en France, et dans les Pays-Bas." This fragment, printed from a manuscript given by James himself to the Cardinal de Bouillon, with the exception of some slight alterations, which we shall presently indicate, will be found entire in the manuscript of Carlton House. It is accompanied by a preface written by the Cardinal himself, which is as follows:

"James II., King of England, having honoured me by relating to me, in the year 1695, divers particulars, and some considerable actions in the life of my late uncle, M. de Turenne, which were unknown to me, as not being mentioned in those Memoirs I had by me of his own handwriting, I made bold to represent to that prince that I was extremely sorry I was debarred, by the profound respect I had for his Majesty, from most humbly begging that he would be pleased, for the sake of that kindness he had for the late M. de Turenne, to commit to writing, at such hours as would be least incommodious to him, those particulars and those actions of his

* Burnet, vol. i., p. 170. † Ibid., pp. 459-360.

life to which I was an utter stranger; and I further said that I would not scruple to take the liberty of asking this favour of anybody but his Majesty, whom I ought to respect even more than the memory of the late M. de Turenne, which I had regarded, up to that moment, as the thing in the world that was most dear to me. Upon this his Majesty, out of his unparalleled goodness and generosity, told me he would with pleasure do what I wished, as soon as he possibly could, and even acquainted me, that as he had already written in English, by way of Annals, the memoirs of his own life, he would from them extract and translate into French whatever related to the campaigns he had made in the army of France, commanded by M. de Turenne, and those he afterwards made in the Low Countries, in the army of Spain, till the peace of the Pyrenees was proclaimed, and King Charles II., his brother, restored and placed on the throne of Great Britain. It was an agreeable surprise to me, on the 27th of January, in the next year, 1696, when going to St. Germain-en-Laye, to pay my respects to that great and religious king, he took me into his closet, where he told me he would now perform the promise he had made me the preceding year, and at the same time he put into my hand the sheets hereto annexed, into which, he assured me, he had transferred everything that he had found in his Memoirs concerning the late M. de Turenne, from the year 1652 inclusive, to the year 1660; adding, that he gave it me with gladness, not only on account of M. de Turenne, whose memory, he said, would be all his life long most dear and precious to him, as taking him to be the most consummate general and the greatest man he ever knew, and the best friend he ever had, but also in regard of the personal friendship he had for myself in particular. He, however, recommended to me never to permit these Memoirs to be perused by any person whatever till after his decease. Having returned his Majesty my most humble thanks for this favour, I promised him I would obey his commands, which promise I faithfully kept as long as he lived. This gift, from the hands of so great a king, appeared to me so valuable, and so greatly tending to the honour of the late M. de Turenne and of our whole family, that from that very moment I resolved, as I told his Majesty when I received from him this rich present, I would entail it for ever on the eldest branch of our family, as I accordingly do by these presents, being at Rome, the

16th of February, in the year 1715, and having there, by the providence of God, found again this inestimable book, which I had mislaid, and despaired of ever seeing more.

(Signed) "THE CARDINAL DE BOUILLON,
"Dean of the Sacred College."*

The preface informs us that the fragment, printed under the title of "Memoirs of the Duke of York," was revised and translated by James II. himself, which is confirmatory of the manuscript at Carlton House, at least so far as its editing is concerned. The extract is given as having been literally transcribed from the original Memoirs in James's handwriting. It appears certain, therefore, that at the end of the year 1695, when James undertook for the Cardinal de Bouillon the narrative of his campaigns, the editing of the manuscript at Carlton House had not commenced; for James would probably have made use of the same hand which he had employed in preparing the rest, to help him in drawing up the manuscript which he wished to give to Cardinal Bouillon. We may remark, perhaps, as a singular circumstance, that this manuscript, which had been lost in some unknown way, was found again at Rome, in 1715, where likewise the Carlton House manuscript, with the other papers of the House of Stuart, except the original Memoirs given to the Scottish College, have been since found. We cannot, however, infer anything from this against the authenticity of the manuscript at Carlton House. It is evident that that is the original version from which the manuscript of the Cardinal de Bouillon is only a translation. This last manuscript is, in the first place, more exact in its use of proper names, which may give us ground for supposing that James II., supposing the translation was his own, had it revised by some French secretary; further, in the Cardinal's manuscript the Duke of York is never mentioned except in the third person, whilst in the Carlton House version of the manuscript he is always alluded to under the form of the first person—a fact the more remarkable in that the third person is always employed in the other extracts derived from the original manuscripts; lastly, the Carlton House manuscript gives in de-

* The English translation of this document has been taken, with few alterations, from the translation of Ramsay's History of Turenne, which appeared in *London in 1735.* 2 vols., 8vo.

tail several circumstances of purely personal interest relating to the Duke of York, which are entirely omitted in the Cardinal's manuscript. Everything, therefore, favours the supposition that the Carlton House manuscript is more immediately the work of James; but at the same time there is every reason to regard the editing of that part of his Memoirs as a separate work, undertaken for the first time in compliance with the wish expressed by the Cardinal de Bouillon, and altogether unconnected with that complete revisal, of which, perhaps, he gave the first suggestion to the king. We know nothing, certainly, with respect to the authorship of this work; some attribute it to Louis Innes; and it has been affirmed to have been superintended by Dryden, probably the son of the poet of that name, himself also a poet, but of no reputation.

We cannot but deeply regret the loss of the original manuscripts which gave the first impressions of King James himself. It is difficult to believe that the Memoirs actually existing were compiled with equal ingenuousness; experience had then taught the descendants and partisans of King James, among other things, the necessity of sometimes withholding what they knew. Nevertheless, this last narrative, incomplete as it may be, contains a great number of fragments unquestionably derived from the original author, and is in other respects so fully stamped with his ideas and feelings, that it would be difficult to find anywhere else so faithful a representation of them.

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